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THE LETTERS  
OF  
RADCLIFFE AND JAMES  
1755-1783

Orford

PRINTED BY HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

LETTERS

OF

RICHARD RADCLIFFE

AND

JOHN JAMES

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD

1755-83

*With Additions, Notes, and Appendices*

EDITED BY

MARGARET EVANS

**Oxford**

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## PREFACE.

THE following correspondence forms part of a large number of family letters which have gradually come into my hands during the last two years. Those have been selected for publication which bear in any degree on University life at the time. As the Provost of Queen's has kindly undertaken to write a Prefatory Note, I will content myself with giving a short account of the four men whose correspondence is now published. Both in this Preface and in the Index I shall refer to 'John James, senior,' as 'Dr. James,' and to his son John as 'James.' The one or two notes printed in italics are by James himself.

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RICHARD RADCLIFFE, the writer of the first sixteen of the letters, was the son of Francis Radcliffe of Ulock, and Anne, daughter of Mr. Jackson of Torpenhow, Cumberland. He was born in 1727, and was educated at St. Bees (see p. 34). On October 7, 1743, he entered as Batler at Queen's, was elected Taberdar April 21, 1748, and proceeded B.A. the same year. On October 30, 1751, he took his Master's degree. From his first letter to his friend Dr. James, we find that in 1755 he was curate of Bucklebury, in Berkshire, but was on the point of taking another cure in the same county, at White Waltham, where he took up his residence in January, 1756. He did not however remain there long, as a few months later his Vicar, Dr. Dodwell, put him into the living of Colsterworth in Lincolnshire, during the minority of his son Henry Dodwell. Radcliffe was Rector of Colsterworth for ten years, and then remained on for eleven years more as young Dodwell's curate, until in 1777 the living of Holwell in Dorset, in the gift of Queen's College, became vacant and fell to his share, he having been then all but thirty years on the Foundation, 'without,' as he says (p. 31), 'having had the offer of any preferment from College.' On July 24, 1762, he was elected Fellow,

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Dawson 1705

and in 1776 undertook the office of Bursar. The duties of that office, however, were not so onerous as to require constant residence; he did not therefore give up his curacy, but divided his time between Queen's and Colsterworth, being resolved 'to live in Oxford no more than is absolutely necessary.' It was in October, 1777, that Holwell Rectory became vacant, and that Radcliffe, after due inspection, decided to take it. He was formally inducted in January, 1778, but did not enter upon residence until Christmas of that year, to which circumstance we owe his account of the fire at Queen's, which occurred the very day before he had decided to take his departure. No other letters of his to Dr. James are forthcoming, but there exists one to Mrs. James, written from Holwell on the occasion of the death of her husband in 1785. Eight years later Radcliffe himself died, aged sixty-six, after a lingering illness (see *Gent. Mag.* November 1793). In the register of burials at Holwell the following extract, which has been kindly communicated by the Rev. H. A. Redpath, occurs:—

'*Nov.* 18, 1793. The Rev'd Richard Radcliffe, Rector of this parish, at the feet of the Revd. Mr. Pullen [Rector 1732-1754]. He was a man greatly respected and esteem'd by all who knew him, and he had an extensive acquaintance in Cumberland, where he was born; in Oxford, where he was educated; in Lincolnshire and Berkshire, where for many years he had the cure of souls: and most of all in this neighbourhood, because here he was known best of all, and was constantly relieving his indigent parishioners. It was thought that no day of his life after his income enabled him that he sat down to his dinner without having previously done some deed of charity.'

Radcliffe himself says that on his arrival 'there was nothing that deserved the name of a school in the whole parish,' and speaks of 'shocking instances of distress' and lack of religion among many of his new parishioners.

Besides the ties of College friendship between Radcliffe and Dr. James, the former was godfather to Dr. James' third son, William; his nephew, John Wilson, subsequently married the eldest daughter, Elizabeth (p. 28).

His friend, DR. JAMES, to whom his letters and many of the subsequent ones are addressed, was two years his junior, being

born in 1729. He entered as Butler at Queen's College, June 6, 1745; was elected Taberdar June 27, 1751; proceeded B.A. June 28, 1751, and M.A. Feb. 7, 1755. In the College Register, under date April 11, 1754, is the entry: 'Agreed that D<sup>s</sup> James have leave to accept of a curacy in the county,' and in a letter to Mr. Boucher, Dr. James says: 'My curacy was Stanford Dingley, not far from Reading, where I served for £35 per annum.' In 1755 he was appointed Head Master of St. Bees' School, where, as Mr. Radcliffe says (p. 28), he had 'a glorious reign of seventeen years.' The school certainly flourished under him, as the following extract from Mr. Boucher's unpublished autobiography shows. He says that Dr. James engaged him as usher

'after the Easter holidays in 1756. My salary from him was £10 a year; and entrances and cock pennies amounted to as much more. The second year I got nearly £30. In all my life I never have spent my time, or lived more rationally, than I think I did for the two years that I was at St. Bees. The school, owing to the mismanagement of Mr. James's predecessor, was at a low ebb: there were not thirty boys when I went there. Mr. James himself did not exceed me in an earnest and ardent desire to see it raised. We both took most faithful pains, rising constantly by six and ending our labours only when we could no longer see. The consequence was I left the school with upwards of 80 boys, and Mr. James afterwards increased his number to 130 and upwards. It is now [1786] again, I understand, sunk to about threescore: so fluctuating are schools.'

In *The Christian Guardian*, August, 1831, under a memoir of the Rev. William Richardson, we read that—

'Dr. John James was most indefatigable as a master, and spared no pains to make his pupils sound scholars, accomplished gentlemen, and good Christians. He was early and late in his desk, and ruined his health by his sedentary life.'

In a letter to Mr. Boucher, who had then gone to America, dated Dec. 3, 1759, Dr. James says:—

'St. Bees is grown much, of great brilliance and politeness,—a ball in the school once a month, begun in the summer, and to be continued, and a company of tragedians acting *Cato*. With the profits we intend to purchase a library, decorate the school and yard,' &c.

In 1757 Dr. James married Miss Ann Grayson, of Lamonby Hall, by whom he had a family of seven sons and daughters (see pedigree table at the end of this Preface). In April, 1770, he writes to Mr. Boucher :—

‘I am going to quit St. Bees. I wish I cou’d add that the change was as advantageous as it is certain. In point of profit it is much less so ; but my health is of infinitely more importance to me, and the Bishop of Chester [Edmund Keene, Master of St. Peter’s College, Cambridge, and Rector of Stanhope] having offer’d me a chapel at Kendal worth about £70 per annum, I hardly thought myself at liberty to decline it. It will, however, be a twelvemonth yet before I can remove to it, and when I am there I shall not be totally free from the fatigue of my present employment, as I intend not to part with my own little boys ’till they are qualify’d to go into the world ; and as it will not make much difference in regard to trouble, but a great deal as to advantage, I think of adding to them just half-a-dozen or eight if I can meet with encouragement on my own terms. Robert Scott [see p. 28, n. 4] is to succeed me here—to serve his father I requested that favour of the Provost [Dr. Fothergill], and he has indulged me in it. This summer he comes from the College, and will be with me in the school some time before the whole business devolve upon him. The fatigue here is really become excessive, as well as the oppression upon the mind. I have near 120 scholars—how is it possible I can rest satisfy’d that justice is done to all?’

A year later, March 20, 1771, still dating from St. Bees, he writes to Mr. Boucher :—

‘You will want to hear accounts of my Kendal scheme, in regard to which I am just now enabled to tell you that my views have taken a different train. It was but on Saturday that a gentleman came over on purpose to offer me a little vicarage in the neighbourhood of Penrith, of which a promise had been obtained for me from the Lord Chancellor [Henry Bathurst, Lord Apsley, afterwards Earl Bathurst] even without my knowledge, if I chose to accept of it. It is not much better than my chapel at Kendal, but in point of situation, as well as other conveniences, has so manifestly the advantage that I cou’d not hesitate a moment, and you are soon to look upon me as Vicar of Kirk Oswald. By this day’s post I have written to the Bishop [Edmund Law, Master of Peterhouse] to secure, if I can, the nomination of the chapel, which I propose to resign, to my Usher, Mr. Fisher [see p. 30,

note], a worthy, ingenious young fellow, in whom I have been particularly happy for now, I believe, full seven years. My situation and connections will keep me 'till the next year where I am, after which I propose to reside. Alas! you know how difficult it is to get rid of old habits: my plan is when I am settled to institute a little academy for just twenty boys, on such terms as shall at least make me amends for what I shall suffer by withdrawing from this place. I propose to have an assistant in orders, who shall be able to teach writing, accounts, &c., in short qualify for business as well as help me in fitting for the University.'

Dr. James does not seem, however, to have taken up his residence either at Kendal or Kirk Oswald, for on Jan. 26, 1773, he writes to Mr. Boucher from Arthuret:—

'While I thought of nothing but removing to Kirk Oswald, an offer was made me by Mr. Graham, of Netherby, of a perpetual cure in this place with an elegant convenient house, £100 per annum clear, and about thirty acres of ground. . . . The teaching business I have not actually declined, having still about 20 young men attending me on certain terms, who are lodged in the neighbourhood.'

In another letter, Dr. James mentions that his terms were seven guineas a year and one guinea entrance. On Feb. 2, 1782, Dr. Graham, Rector of Arthuret and Kirk Andrews, died, and on Feb. 15 his son Charles presented the livings to Dr. James (see p. 193, note), who was inducted on the 25th of March (see Ferguson's Registers and Account Books of Kirk Andrews-upon-Esk, Transactions of Cumberland and Westmoreland Ant. and Arch. Soc. vol. viii. 1886). Between his presentation and induction he came up to Oxford to take his degrees of B.D. and D.D. as grand Compounder (see Letters LXXXVIII, LXXXIX, and Appendix K). Dr. James held the livings of Arthuret and Kirk Andrews until his death, Jan. 1, 1785; he was buried in the chancel of Arthuret Church.

His son, JOHN JAMES, by and to whom the greater part of the following letters were written, was born at St. Bees, March 21, 1760. He was brought up at home, being educated by his father, first at St. Bees' School, and subsequently at

Arthuret, where, as we have seen, Dr. James took pupils. He was a delicate boy, and when he was eleven years old his parents hardly thought he would get over a bad attack of illness on the brain. Dr. James, writing of him at this time to Mr. Boucher, says:—‘Notwithstanding the violence and seat of his complaint, his faculties are rather stronger and more lively than ever. It was but about a month since that he dictated a little Ode on the Spring of about thirty lines, while his mamma wrote them down.’

He entered as Commoner of Queen’s, Oct. 6, 1778, his Tutor being Dr. Nicholson, a friend and contemporary of his father’s.

James’ College life and studies are so minutely described in his letters that there is no need to discuss them here. We find him constantly referring to his father for advice as to his course of reading, and keeping the latter well informed as to the various new publications. To his intimacy with his father’s old pupil, Mr. Boucher, he owed much, spending several vacations under the friendly roof of the Hermitage at Paddington, and being incited by him to write for the Prize Poem, for which James was the successful competitor in 1782, in which year also (July 4) he took his degree of B.A.

He then returned to Arthuret, and remained with his father for half-a-year, helping him with his pupils. From a letter from Dr. James to Mr. Boucher, dated Aug. 15, 1782, the former had evidently meant his son to return to Oxford for at least another term, to ‘attend lectures in Chemistry, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy,’ but this seems to have been given up at Mr. Boucher’s earnest request that he should come to him as his usher. James, therefore, took up his residence at Paddington in January, 1783, and after his marriage on April 15, 1784, to Miss Elizabeth Hodgson, niece of Ewan Clarke (see p. 86, n. 1), he became Mr. Boucher’s partner.

In 1783 he wrote for the English Essay prize, ‘On the Use of History,’ but was not successful; and in June of the same year he was ordained deacon at the Temple Church by the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Thurlow. The date of his ordination

as priest appears in the Winchester Rolls and Registers (kindly communicated by Mr. C. W. Holgate):—

‘1784. On Sunday the 13th day of June—John James, B.A., of Queen’s College in Oxford—admitted to the Holy Order of Priests by Right Hon. and Right Rev. Brownlow North, Lord Bishop of Winton, in the chapel within Winton House at Chelsea.’

On his father’s death in 1785 Sir James Graham presented James to the livings of Arthuret and Kirk Andrews; he did not however hold them long, for in November of the same year he met with an accident, which was the cause of his early death a year later. He was kindly riding in very bad weather to take some medicine to one of his wife’s relations, the Clarkes of Wigton. ‘Heavy rain coming on,’ he writes to Mr. Boucher, ‘I rode my horse in a very smart trot. The horse slipt a little behind and recovered itself at the moment I came down into my seat, by which means I received a very considerable shock, and tho’ I felt no harm, was somehow possessed with a sense of danger.’ A few days later violent hæmorrhage came on, and after a severe illness of two months and more, during which time he was bled every few days, he and his wife went to the hot wells at Clifton, hoping to derive benefit from drinking the waters there. They do not seem to have done him much good, as in July he writes to Mr. Boucher from Southampton, having been recommended to try sailing on the Channel in rough weather in order to bring on sea-sickness, which he says ‘operates powerfully on numbers;’ but we soon find him complaining that ‘the weather is disobligingly mild and calm,’ and though he makes several short voyages, going so far even as ‘to keep close in the cabin’ all the way, the desired result was not obtained. He finally determined to go across to Havre; his account of his trip and of the people seems worth printing. It is taken from two letters to his mother and to Mr. Boucher. He writes to Mrs. James from France:—

‘HAVRE DE GRACE, *July 14, ’86.*

‘We are actually I believe arrived in the land of France, unless our senses deceived us most wonderfully and our voyage from Southampton be like Don Quixote’s visits to the famous cavern of Montesinos. The

scene is so strange around us that it requires some consideration to be assured that there is not some enchantment in it.

‘We left Southampton on Wednesday evening at 8 o’clock, and set sail in the packet about half-past ten. There was but one more passenger, who has proved a most useful fellow, very civil, and being free from sickness very ready to lend us his assistance. He is also a very extraordinary man—speaks and writes ten languages, and as long as he continues here will be very convenient to us as interpreter. The wind was fair but very gentle. We had hoped to reach Havre by noon yesterday, but for want of a good breeze were disappointed. To this circumstance Will and Eliza [his brother and his wife] owe but little thanks, as it only served to detain them longer in a state of annihilation. For myself my capricious stomach was but little affected, to my no small concern. It is a pity that when I search after sickness it flies me, and fastens on those who want it not.

‘We did not get here till early this morning. Two nights, passed in the small cabin of a small sloop, with a little narrow bed to lie on and four people sleeping around me, were likely to have undone me one would think. Yet tho’ I thoroughly felt the inconvenience, *me voilà* not the worse but I really think better, in better health and spirits.

‘We came on shore at 7 o’clock. Our luggage was delivered to two porters, who marched on with Will behind them as the other passenger stayed to take care of us, being detained. Poor Will had no sooner got to the second gate than the luggage was seized and carried into the custom-house. Will tried but almost in vain to explain matters, and to request they would wait till the other gentleman arrived. He at last made himself understood, and in a short time the goods were released. We are lodged at the Hotel of the Emperor—Madame Née, the mistress, a fat, rosy woman, very funny and slovenly. The room where we are all put to dine &c. in is up one pair of stairs, floored with tiles that are covered with dirt, three handsome pier-glasses, a table of fir very bad and black, a balcony before three fine windows, and three beds at one end with yellow damask curtains, in two of which Eliza and I are to sleep. One would imagine we were in Scotland. Moreover there are two fine marble slabs under the piers and a set of common bass-chairs in poor condition, with one however of walnut, armed and seated with a crimson velvet cushion. Now after this you will not discredit the travelling accounts of the strange incongruous manners of the French in furniture, nor in dress I think were you now looking into the street. The lowest women are powdered. They wear a gaudy cap like a grenadier’s, of paper to all

appearance and some seemingly guilt, at the top of which hangs a lappet of muslin or something of that kind. Their other dress is as gaudy as they can make it, their petticoats scandalously short in our eyes, and wooden slippers without heels. Thus attired they work like porters, carrying things, sweeping streets, &c. &c. . . . How long our stay will be I cannot tell you. A packet will doubtless start in a week's time or thereabouts, in which we shall be glad to be reconveyed to England. The vessel we came in carries this letter.'

To Mr. Boucher he writes ten days later :—

'On our return we were becalmed in a pretty rolling sea. I confined myself to the cabin and followed all the rules, but did not feel the slightest nausea. We were two nights on board and better than two days, during the last of which our little stores were so exhausted that I had nothing to live upon but tea and coffee without milk. This, added to the want of proper sleep and perhaps a little cold I caught at Havre, somewhat weakened me, and rather increased my fever. . . . We were much displeas'd with our treatment at Havre, and have returned with very different ideas of Madame Née from what you gave us. She was inattentive, and even rude, and brought us in such a bill as no innkeeper in England would have done. We were half poisoned by the dirt of her house, which yet is said to be one of the best. On the whole I feel a thousand comforts in having returned to Southampton.'

We get one more glimpse of foreign inn-life at that time from Mr. Boucher's reply to this letter. He says :—

'Why did not Will kick Madame Née? I once did. One good end has been answered by your short visit to her : you have now some idea of what you have to look for in the foreign countries of Europe. I do assure you I have been in hundreds of worse and dirtier houses than this woman's at Havre, in very few that were cleaner and better.'

James, however, had no further experience of foreign inns, though at this time he was planning to go to Lisbon for the winter, for, after a short visit to Mr. Boucher at Epsom, he died at Brompton on the 23rd October, 1786.

The following is extracted from the parish books of Paddington :—

'October 27th, 1786. The Revd. John James, A.B., Rector of the parishes of Arthuret and Kirk Andrews-upon-Esk in the county of Cumberland, to which valuable livings, vacant by the death of his father, the Revd. John James, D.D., he was presented in the beginning

of 1785 by his liberal patron, Sir James Graham of Netherby, before which he had for a short time been curate of the parish of Paddington. He was a young man of an amiable disposition, great learning and exemplary piety and virtue. The writer of this account was his class-fellow at school and his cotemporary at the University; had been blest with his friendship for thirteen years. [Was this Golding? at this time Mr. Boucher's curate, see p. 52 and Appendix D.] He died of a pulmonary complaint at Brompton in Middlesex in his 27th year, and was interred in the family vault of his worthy and respected friend the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Jonathan Boucher.'

The following inscription to his memory is to be found in Paddington Church:—

In a Monument  
in this Church-yard  
belonging to the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Jona<sup>n</sup>. Boucher, A.M.  
are laid the Remains of the Rev<sup>d</sup>. John James, A.M.<sup>1</sup>  
some Time Curate of this Parish;  
and afterwards Rector of Arthuret  
and Kirk-Andrews upon Esk,  
in the County of Cumberland.

He dy'd the 23<sup>d</sup>. Oct<sup>r</sup>. 1786, in the 27th year of his age.

Then follows a quotation from the Wisdom of Solomon, ch. iv. vv. 8-13.

JONATHAN BOUCHER, to whom most of the letters written by Dr. James and his son are addressed, is a better-known man than either of the other three whose lives have been given. A notice of him will be found in both Chalmers' and Leslie Stephen's Biographical Dictionaries, as well as in the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1804, the latter being written by his friend Sir F. M. Eden. In Notes and Queries for Feb. 7, 1874, June 24, July 29, Aug. 19, 26, 1876, some very interesting extracts are given from his unpublished autobiography relating to the part he took in the American War.

Mr. Boucher was born at Blencogo, in the parish of Bromfield, Cumberland, March, 1738. His father was a yeoman, or 'statesman,' as he would be called in the North, who also

<sup>1</sup> This must be a misprint for A.B. James could not have taken his Master's degree as he would not have completed the twelve Terms required by statute until the summer of 1786 when as we have seen he was so seriously ill.

acted as village schoolmaster. He picked up what learning he could, in the intervals of farm-labouring, at Bromfield and Wigton schools, and 'before I was twelve years old,' he says, 'I had resolved I would not pass through life like the boors around me.' At sixteen he had already begun to keep school for himself with thirty-two boys at ten shillings each per annum; his own board in Wigton, he says, came to £5 per annum. A year later he went to Workington in order to learn mathematics.

'I boarded,' he says, 'at the Rev. Mr. Ritson's, who was to instruct me; and I was to pay, for board and education, at the rate of a guinea a month. Here I went thro' all the practical branches of navigation; and also land-surveying, in which I had much practice. It was an odd combination, and seemed ominous of my being afterwards to compass land and sea in quest of a little bread. This Mr. Ritson was a character, and thought so, even in a part of the world that is fruitful in characters. He was bred a shoemaker, and had, long after he was married, worked at his trade, in a very low way, in a low village. But, he had a thinking head, and a strong turn to mathematical investigations; and, having taught himself, he next attempted to teach others. This he did with such success and reputation that, at forty years of age, Mr. Stanley, of Workington, gave him a title; and he went into orders. Not long after, he was appointed schoolmaster at Workington, and minister of a chapel at Clifton, both of which, together, did not bring him in £40 a year; with his private pupils he made it about £50, and on this he not only brought up his family, but saved £1000 or upwards. I remember, indeed, our diet was both ordinary and scanty: for a month or more, that I was surveying land every day, and in very severe weather, we worked from sun to sun, without eating or drinking; and I do not remember ever to have dined at his house when there was not salmon and potatoes mashed, or when there was anything else.'

Mr. Boucher remained here till, as we have already seen, he became Dr. James' usher at St. Bees in 1756. In 1759 he left Dr. James to go out to Port Royal in Virginia as a private tutor. Two years later he was offered the Rectory of Hanover in King George's county, and, there being no bishops in America, had to return to England to take orders. He subsequently held three or four other livings in turn in America, where he

resided until he was forced to leave the country in 1775. He also took pupils, having as many as thirty boys boarding in his house, among whom, he says, 'I had the son-in-law [the stepson, Mr. Custis] of the since so celebrated General Washington, and this laid the foundation of a very particular intimacy and friendship which lasted till we finally separated, never to unite again, on our taking different sides in the late troubles.' In 1772 he married Miss Eleanor Addison (see p. 59, n. 4). Two years later, he says, 'the Governors of King's College in New York were pleased, unsolicited, to confer on me an honorary degree of Master of Arts, expressly because of the services I had rendered to Church and State:' services that soon brought on him the hatred of the 'patriots' of his parish.

The story of the events which led to Mr. Boucher's flight from Virginia is given in full in the extracts from his autobiography, communicated to *Notes and Queries* (Feb. 7, 1874) by his grandson, Jonathan Boucher. He relates how he was prevented from preaching in his own pulpit on the occasion of a public fast-day, when he was preparing to ascend the steps with his 'sermon in one hand and a loaded pistol in the other, like Nehemiah.' Seeing himself surrounded by 200 armed men under the command of Mr. Osborn Sprigg—

'It occurred to me,' he says, 'that there was but one way to save my life. This was by seizing Sprigg, as I immediately did, by the collar, and with my cocked pistol in the other hand assured him that if any violence was offered to me I would instantly blow his brains out, as I most certainly would have done. I then told him that, if he pleased, he might conduct me to my house, and I would leave them. This he did, and we marched together upwards of an hundred yards, I with one hand fastened in his collar, and a pistol in the other, guarded by his whole company; whom he had the meanness to order to play on their drums the *Rogue's March*, all the way we went, which they did. All further that I could then do was to declare, as loud as I could speak, that he had now proved himself to be a complete coward and scoundrel.'

One is glad to find that on the Sunday following he preached the sermon he had prepared for the occasion. It is published in his '*Thirteen Discourses on the causes and consequences of the American Revolution*,' London, 1797.

On the 10th of September, 1775, Mr. Boucher and his wife with her uncle and cousin, the Mr. Addisons referred to in some of the letters, left Virginia never to return, and arrived in England on the 20th October.

‘In February, 1776,’ he writes, ‘the curacy of Paddington becoming vacant by the resignation of my friend Dr. Myles Cooper [see p. 119, n. 2] in my favour, I removed thither, and took a house in Paddington at £20 a year. I had my pension, which I obtained in common with Loyalists in general, of £100 a year [afterwards raised to £120] and the curacy, which was then about £60 a year, but I afterwards raised it to upwards of £100 a year by reading prayers every Sunday to the Hon. Mrs. Trevor in Curzon Street.’

Mr. Boucher too took pupils, among whom were the sons of Sir Thomas Broughton, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Galloway. In 1779 he was appointed assistant secretary to the S.P.G., with a salary at first of £100 a year, but which was afterwards reduced to £60. The next events of any interest mentioned in the autobiography are the death of Miss Barton, who left him a fortune of about £500 a year (see p. 187, n. 1), and his taking John James as his usher. In 1784 his wife died; her epitaph, which is in Paddington Church, is given with Mr. Boucher’s at the end of this notice. He married again twice, his third wife being John James’ widow.

In 1785 he was presented to the living of Epsom by Mr. Parkhurst, author of *Lexicons of the Greek and Hebrew languages*, in whose life, prefixed to the *Hebrew and English Lexicon* (7th Edition, London, 1813), we are told he made this appointment because Mr. Boucher had ‘distinguished himself in America during the revolution for his loyalty, and by teaching the unsophisticated doctrine of the Church of England to a set of rebellious schismatics, at the hazard of his life.’

Mr. Boucher’s autobiography ends in March, 1789, shortly before his marriage to Mrs. James. He died April 27, 1804, and was buried in Epsom Parish Church, where the following inscription was erected to his memory:—

‘Near this place are deposited, in the hope of a blessed resurrection to eternal life, the remains of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, M.A., nineteen

years Vicar of this parish. He was born at Blencogo, in Cumberland, 12th March, 1738, and died 27th April, 1804.

A faithful steward of the mysteries of God, he ever maintained and enforced, both by his writings and discourses, that form of sound doctrine once delivered unto the saints; while in his opinions and practice he exhibited a bright example of Christian charity.

Few men ever possessed a larger store of knowledge, or greater liberality of communication. His loyalty to his king remained unshaken even when the madness of the people raged furiously against him; and for conscience sake he resigned ease and affluence in America to endure hardship and poverty in his native land, but the Lord gave him twice as much as he had before, and blessed his latter end more than his beginning.'

The first Mrs. Boucher's epitaph, in Paddington Church, is as follows:—

In Memory of Eleanor,  
the Beloved Wife of The Rev<sup>d</sup>. Jona<sup>n</sup>. Boucher.

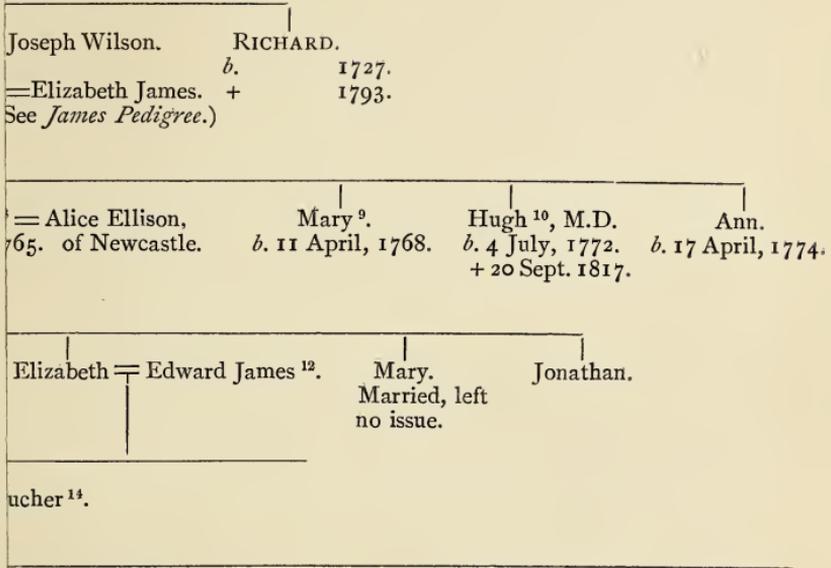
She was of the respectable family  
Of the Addisons in Maryland:  
was born on the 13th of Ap<sup>l</sup>, 1740;  
and dy'd on the 1st of March, 1784.

On the cold Pillow that supports the Dead  
My Eleanora rests her weary Head,  
She was amid those Flowers whose gentle Form,  
Shrunk from the Pressure of that Civil Storm,  
Which ancient Systems into Ruins hurl'd,  
And shook the Basis of th' Atlantic World.  
From these rude Scenes, though Int'rest urg'd her Stay,  
And Friends entreated, still She turn'd away;  
Turn'd from the Comforts of a Native Home,  
An Exile with the Man She lov'd to roam.

It now only remains for me to express my thanks to the various relations who have entrusted me with the family letters and other manuscripts from which this volume has been compiled, as well to the friends who, as will be seen, have kindly supplied information for many of the Notes. My special thanks however must be given to the Provost of Queen's, to whom, not only the Prefatory Note but also all the Appendices and the greater part of the Notes, are due.

MARGARET EVANS.

EDIGREE.



fe. He married (1) Eleanor Addison (see p. 59, n. 4), 1772; (2) Mary p. 75, n. 2, and App. G. <sup>11</sup> See p. 88, n. 3. <sup>12</sup> A distant second class in Literis Humanioribus in Easter Term, 1842; was elected r, Senior Proctor of the University 1856-7, and was presented to the

years Vicar of this parish. He was born at Blencogo, in Cumberland, 12th March, 1738, and died 27th April, 1804.

A faithful steward of the mysteries of God, he ever maintained and enforced, both by his writings and discourses, that form of sound doctrine once delivered unto the saints; while in his opinions and practice he exhibited a bright example of Christian charity.

Few men ever possessed a larger store of knowledge, or greater liberality of communication. His loyalty to his king remained unshaken even when the madness of the people raged furiously against him; and for conscience sake he resigned ease and affluence in America to endure hardship and poverty in his native land, but the Lord gave him twice as much as he had before, and blessed his latter end more than his beginning.'

The first Mrs. Boucher's epitaph, in Paddington Church, is as follows:—

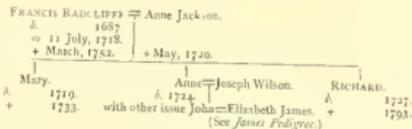
In Memory of Eleanor,  
the Beloved Wife of The Rev<sup>d</sup>. Jona<sup>n</sup>. Boucher.  
She was of the respectable family  
Of the Addison in Maryland:  
was born on the 13th of Ap<sup>l</sup>, 1740;  
and dy'd on the 1st of March, 1784.

On the cold Pillow that supports the Dead  
My Eleanora rests her weary Head,  
She was amid those Flowers whose gentle Form,  
Shrunk from the Pressure of that Civil Storm,  
Which ancient Systems into Ruins hur'l'd,  
And shook the Basis of th' Atlantic World.  
From these rude Scenes, though Int'rest urg'd her Stay,  
And Friends entreated, still She turn'd away;  
Turn'd from the Comforts of a Native Home,  
An Exile with the Man She lov'd to roam.

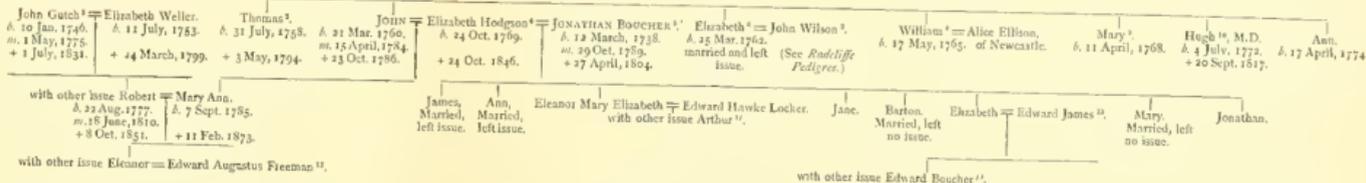
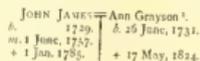
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MARGARET EVANS.

RADCLIFFE PEDIGREE.



JAMES PEDIGREE.



<sup>1</sup> See p. 5, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 199, n. 4.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 15, n. 3.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 86, n. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Mrs. James was Mr. Boucher's third wife.

He married (1) Eleanor Addison (see p. 59, n. 4), 1772; (2) Mary

Forman, 1787. Both died without issue.

<sup>6</sup> See p. 84, n. 3.

<sup>7</sup> See p. 28, n. 5.

<sup>8</sup> See p. 22, n. 5.

<sup>9</sup> See p. 64, n. 4.

<sup>10</sup> See p. 73, n. 2, and App. G.

<sup>11</sup> See p. 88, n. 3.

<sup>12</sup> A distant

relation of John James.  
<sup>13</sup> Father of the Editor.  
<sup>14</sup> Edward Boucher James entered Queen's College as Scholar June 21, 1838; he obtained a second class in Literis Humanioribus in Easter Term, 1841; was elected Tabernar, June 2, 1842; proceeded B.A. June 2, 1842; M.A. Jan. 29, 1846; elected Fellow, Feb. 1, 1849. He was a Tutor of the College, Dean and Senior Bursar, Senior Proctor of the University 1856-7, and was presented to the Vicarage of Carisbrook, Isle of Wight, March 13, 1858. He is the author of several articles in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.



## PREFATORY NOTE.

WHEN, some two years back, Mrs. Arthur Evans asked me to furnish such information as the College books afforded about Provost Fothergill, Thomas Nicholson, and 'J.P.,' I little thought that the investigations thus begun would lead on to a tolerably exhaustive study of life at Queen's College during half a century. This, however, is what the work, whose results are scattered up and down the notes and appendices of this volume, has amounted to. And yet no one can feel more keenly how very imperfect those results are, and how very far I am from being able, as I hoped, in this prefatory note to summarize that life or generalise from the infinite number of particulars I have had to master. All I can hope here to do is to give some account of the materials available so far for this study, to indicate some of the points of interest which these letters suggest, and to add a few particulars bearing on points in the letters as to which information has come in since the text and notes of the volume have been in type.

I. The College books from which Mrs. Evans originally looked for information about the persons mentioned in the letters are almost wholly deficient in anything like picturesque detail. Such a sketch of a career as is given in Appendix A is quite unique. No other person in the century fills up so many entries as Docker. Neither the Register, nor the Entrance Book, nor the Long Rolls (i. e. the College yearly accounts) nor the Batell Books (i. e. accounts of individual members with the College), will without much assistance from elsewhere, do more than provide the skeletons for College Biographies. The Entrance Book does not even supply the information given in the University Register of Matriculations, and the notes added to the bare name and date of entrance, which form the staple of the book, are often of later date and

not always to be relied on. The College nearly lost the credit of Wall, the writer on Infant Baptism, from an erroneous note added to his name in the Entrance Book which confounded him with another Wall with a different christian name.

The scanty information derivable from the official documents of the College has been supplemented from the University Registers and from Mores' collections in the Bodleian.

Through the kindness of the Keeper of the Archives I have had free access to the treasures in his charge. For the Register of Matriculations I was also assisted by the transcripts made by the late Colonel Chester which are now in course of publication by Mr. Joseph Foster. During the time when I was most busy upon the notes to this volume Mr. Foster was kind enough to entrust me with the precious volumes containing the manuscript transcripts from 1715 to 1869. Where a quotation from the Register of Matriculations has (Chester) added to it, it should be understood that the transcript is the authority and not the Register itself. By the publication of these transcripts Mr. Foster is conferring a great boon on students of recent academic history. However imperfect the biographical details and references he has added may be, and however impossible it may be to keep free from error, a book which comprehends so many myriads of statements, if the book were (as it is not) no more than an alphabetical index of those who have matriculated at the University it would be of inestimable value, and very unlikely to be ever superseded. He has been kind enough in the preface greatly to exaggerate the amount of help I was able to give him. In helping him I felt I was helping all future students of the history of Oxford.

Edward Rowe Mores, whose name occurs more than once in the notes, has done more than anyone hitherto for the student of the history of Queen's College. He was born Jan. 13, 1730, the son of the Rev. Edward Mores, Rector of Tunstall in Kent. He was educated at Merchant Taylors School and entered the College as a Commoner, June 24, 1746. He proceeded B.A. 1750, M.A. 1753. He arranged and catalogued the muniments of the College, and his five little duodecimos are still the guide of those who wish to find

their way among the multitudinous documents of the College. The Bodleian has six small quartos and three duodecimos of collections relating to the College, largely consisting of excerpts from the College documents, but augmented by materials drawn from a great variety of sources. For the present volume what has been of most service is a series of notes added to a poor transcript of the Entrance Book, giving many particulars not to be got from any other source as to his contemporaries and acquaintances in College. He published at the age of 18, *Nomina et Insignia gentilia nobilium equitumque sub Edvardo primo rege militantium. Accedunt classes Exercitus Edwardi tertii Regis Caletem obsidentis. E theatro Sheldoniano, 4to, 1748.* On the flyleaf of the Bodleian copy of this book are two copperplate portraits of Mores inserted, 'R. van Bleeck pinx,' 'J. Mynde sc.' Mores died in 1778. The fullest account of him is in Nichols' *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, vol. 1, pp. xxv, sqq.

Other sources of information have become available by degrees. The longer the publication of the book could be postponed the more advantage could be taken of them. I trust that the publication itself may draw forth much more of the best illustrative material which now lies hid in private chests and escritaires.

The autobiographical sketch in Bowring's *Life of Bentham*, of his life at Queen's, is full of personal detail; but Bentham's College life fell between the time that Radcliffe and James senior remembered, and the time of which young James wrote. Still, a reader of these letters will get some additional touches from this part of Bentham's life. He refused, it is true, a studentship at Christ Church of the kind which young James sought. But he found the College a stupid one, and the people in it as stupid. 'They were all either stupid or dissipated. I learnt nothing. I played at tennis once or twice. I took to reading Greek of my own fancy, but there was no encouragement: we just went to the foolish lectures of our tutors, to be taught something of logical jargon.'

Gibbon's narrative of his fourteen months at Oxford in his *Memoirs of My Life and Writings* gives an equally severe account of things at Magdalen. Wordsworth's two volumes

on University Life and Studies in the Eighteenth Century add numerous details, which every one must piece together for himself. Green's two series of papers on Oxford in the Last Century, though dealing more with the outside of civic and academic life, perhaps supply as many generalisations as the materials, which are easily available, afford grounds for.

But it is to private collections of letters, such as those which are published in this volume, that we must look for the most lively descriptions of the inner life of Oxford and its students. I deem myself very fortunate in the success which so far has rewarded my search after such collections. Besides an odd letter or two, I have, through the kindness of the owners, been allowed to transcribe two considerable collections of letters full of interesting detail for the history of the College. The letters of the Fothergills of Lockholme though not affording much in the way of illustration to the James correspondence will afford useful material to the student of the history of the College in the earlier part of the century. A collection of the letters of friends to Richard Riland has come into my hands too late to be fully used for this book. Through the kindness of the Rev. W. K. Riland Bedford, Rector of Sutton Coldfield, I have been allowed to print in the Appendix on the fire a letter from Murthwaite to Riland giving a third account of that event, and to add to this note one or two extracts which will further elucidate some points not completely worked out in the notes to the book. I had been put on the track of what promised to be an interesting correspondence belonging to the family of Fleming of Rydal Hall, when I was informed by Mr. Maxwell Lyte that he had secured it for the Historical MSS. Commissioners, and that till they had had what they wanted from it no access could be granted to me.

The reader will see that every use has been made of the ordinary sources of information. The files of Jackson's Oxford Journal, the Gentleman's Magazine, the Annual Register, have been examined as far as time allowed. The officials of parishes, of companies, of colleges, have been most kind in the trouble they have taken to ascertain such points as could not be made out without reference to them. Dr. Murray has

given much of his valuable time to answering queries with reference to the vocabulary of the letters. Mr. Ferguson, the Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle, and Mr. W. Jackson, F.S.A., have been most helpful in many ways.

The history of the College has been so largely the history of Cumberland and Westmoreland that the best books on the counties have been continually referred to. I much fear that my own acquaintance with the counties has been too slight to save me from negligences and ignorances of which any of my predecessors would have been ashamed.

II. The period of time over which these letters extend is nearly covered by the tenure of two Provosts. Dr. Joseph Smith, who was Provost when the first two letters were written, died in November, 1756, and was succeeded by Joseph Browne; and young James died before Provost Fothergill. Radcliffe does not refer to Brown's election, which was effected with some difficulty, as is shewn in the following extract from the College Register:—

Dec. 3d, 1756. Dr. Joseph Smith, late Provost of the College, deceased on the 23d Day of November last. Eight Days afterwards the Fellows (fourteen in Number) proceeded to a Scrutiny, in which the number of Votes for Dr. Joseph Browne and Dr. George Fothergill was equal. The second Scrutiny being had the next Day, there was an equal Number of Votes as before. There was the same Equality on the tenth and last Day's Scrutiny; upon which the Question was put, If either of the Candidates had a Majority of the Seniors; and as the Number of Seniors has never yet (as far as we know) been determin'd by good and sufficient Authority, the electors unanimously agreed upon *Six* as the properest number of Seniors; and it appearing that this number was equally divided between the two Candidates, and Dr. Browne being the Senior Candidate, he was (as the Statute directs) declared duly elected Provost; to which the Electors unanimously agreed.

JONATHAN DENNIS, PROVOST-PLACE.

WILLIAM KNAIL,	THO. FOTHERGILL,	THO. BARNETT,
GEORGE DIXON,	ISAAC KNIPE,	JACOB JEFFERSON.
CHRIS. HALL,	JAMES RAWES,	
RICHD. BOLTON,	J. RICHMOND,	
THOMAS BOLTON,	WILLIAM SEWELL,	
BOLTON SIMPSON,		

The passage of the Statute above referred to runs thus:—

Si forsan nullus sit de nominatis in scrutinio hujusmodi qui majorem partem habeat eligentium, sed quod duo vel tres nominati habuerint voces eligentium aequales, tunc eligatur ille in Praepositum et pro Praeposito habeatur qui plures voces habuerit Seniorum in Collegio praedicto. Et si non appareat nec apparere possit quis illorum sic nominatorum habuerit plures voces dictorum seniorum, tunc eligatur ille de hujus modi sic nominatis qui senior est in Collegio supradicto.

George Fothergill, Browne's competitor, was at this time Principal of St. Edmund Hall. He was elder brother of Thomas, afterwards Provost, who it may be presumed was one of the seven Fellows who voted for him. No reference to this episode occurs in any of the letters of either of the brothers so far as I have seen them. I had thought that there was no reference to George Fothergill in the Radcliffe correspondence, but the following letter addressed by him to Riland makes me identify him with the 'Old Snod' of Letter V, p. 14:—

DEAR SIR,

I have of late been encouraged by favourable intimations from different societies in this place, as well as from my good neighbours at Queen's, to think of offering myself at a proper time for the Professorship of History upon a vacancy which is supposed not to be far off. Should it happen in the winter season, it would be a great addition to my pleasure, in case of success, to have obtained so honourable a patronage without putting my more distant friends to the trouble and inconvenience of a journey for that purpose. Yet I flatter myself it would give you some concern, should it hereafter appear that your old tutor had lost a thing, in his situation of so much consequence, for want of your voice in his favour. I will therefore take the liberty of desiring to know, whether you can hope to order your affairs so as to oblige me by your appearance here, in case I should at the time find myself more hard pressed than I would yet willingly hope I shall be; on which last supposition you will permit me to send you as early notice as I can of the vacancy and day of election.

In the meanwhile, with all the good wishes of the approaching season to Mrs. Riland and your brother, as well as yourself,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend and humble Servant,

GEORGE FOTHERGILL.

EDM. HALL, Oxford, *Dec.* 8, 1758.

P. S. Should you have any elector in your neighbourhood, I should be obliged to you for your good offices.

Frewin, who was to have caused the vacancy, appears to have outlived the man who hoped to succeed him.

Radcliffe's letters and the notes give us some idea of Browne. On his death in 1767, 'Dr. Thomas Fothergill was (Oct. 15) unanimously elected Provost' (College Register). He had been an 'instructor of Bentham's,' and is described as having 'a jolly rubicund complexion, though a very bashful man. Fothergill's conversation was pithless and insipid. In his old age he took to himself a wife; and it was the general wonderment that he had found courage to ask anybody to marry him' (Bowring's *Life of Bentham*, p. 376). His portrait is in the Common Room Gallery, and represents him as more robust than his elder brother whose portrait is in the dining-hall at St. Edmund Hall. In the Riland Collection there are three letters of his which bring out better qualities than Bentham was ready to ascribe to him. He was upwards of eighty years old when he died in 1797. He was Vice-Chancellor from 1772 to 1776.

TO MRS. RILAND,

at MR. WARD'S, Mercer in Birmingham.

[Cross Post.]

(With Speed.)

FOTHERGILL (MR.), *Mar.* 23, 1758.

MADAM,

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that Mr. Riland has had a good night's rest, and thinks himself much better this morning. His apothecary is of the same opinion, and says he does not fear now

but he will recover. I am therefore desired by your son to beg of you not to give yourself the trouble of coming, as he hopes in a little time to get well again, and is not in want of any thing. You need not be under any concern about remitting him money, because I can supply him with everything of this kind that shall be necessary.

I desire my compliments to Mr. Riland,

And am, Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS FOTHERGILL.

QUEEN'S, Oxford, *March 23, 1758.*

Dr. Pitt has not yet been with him this morning.

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TO the REV. MR. RICHARD RILAND,  
At Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire.

[Cross Post.]

DEAR SIR,

I had the Favour of your Letter, and am much obliged to you for your kind congratulations with me upon my being elected Provost. When I get into the lodgings, which will be soon, I shall be at all times glad to see you there.

Your account with me since Midsummer, 1760, to the end of the present quarter, which will be in about three weeks time according to the College reckoning, amounts to £7 3s. 5d., including a turn of disputations in the public schools, and a small wine bill to our common room man in the year 62, which I paid. Mr. Murthwaite, who is to succeed me as tutor, will, I suppose, keep your account for the time to come, otherwise I shall think it no trouble to do it.

I desire my best compliments to your mother,

And am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS FOTHERGILL.

QUEEN'S COLL., Oxon, *Nov. 28, 1767.*

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The REVEREND MR. R. RILAND,  
Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, Warwickshire.

[Cross Post.]

QUEEN'S COLL., Oxon., Dec. 26, 1782.

DEAR SIR,

I was duly favoured with your letter of the 20 instant, and am sorry to say that I cannot give you any satisfactory account of our friend, Mr. Murthwaite. He left us some time in August, with a full intent, as was thought, of taking the living of Sulamstead, and marrying a widow lady of the name of Fortescue. But some weeks after this he sent word that he should leave the three vacant livings to his three juniors. Soon after which we heard that he had left this part of the world and was gone, some said, abroad; others into Ireland. But be this as it might, the first tidings we heard of him were that he was at Edinburgh, and would not return to College till next summer, and even of this he spoke with uncertainty. Since then he has been at Berwick-upon-Tweed, where he stayed five weeks. Whither he went afterwards we cannot tell. But we suppose to his father's or to the house of some other friend in the north. What his reasons were for taking these steps, I believe, he has made known to nobody. I am heartily concerned for him, as he is in a bad state of health, and little able, I fear, to struggle with difficulties.

I wish you the compliments of the season,

And am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS FOTHERGILL.

Thomas Fothergill's colleague as Tutor was Jacob Jefferson, the 'gloomy personage—sour and repulsive—a sort of Protestant monk' of whom, as usual, Bentham (*Life*, p. 37) has but little good to say. When Jefferson went to Carisbrook at the end of 1768 he was succeeded as Tutor by Nicolson of whom we hear so much in young James' letters. Two letters from him occur in the Riland correspondence with reference to Monkhouse's unsuccessful candidature for the office of Keeper of the Archives. They contain references to several persons mentioned in the James letters, and may be thought worth inserting here.

REV. MR. RILAND,

Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

DEAR SIR,

Dr. Monkhouse and Mr. Murthwaite being both from home, I trouble you with a line; you are not now to be informed that the former is a candidate for the office of Custos Archivorum, which will be disposed of on the *fifteenth* of February. I doubt not but you would willingly do him any service that may be in your power. Do you know Dr. Hindon or Hinton, who has the great church at Birmingham? We are told that he has declared that he has not yet been applied to, and we know not how to come at him—if you can help us in this or any other matter relating to the ensuing election, pray do—as you will thereby oblige us all. A pupil of G. M., named James Coward, is coming to be curate to Dr. Digby, at Coleshill; he is a very honest lad of whom we have a very good opinion; his [sic] M.A. upon our Foundation<sup>1</sup>. Kit Atkinson, of Wakefield, was here last week—says Harry Scott is under confinement, being wrong in his mind—of the melancholy cast. Tom Hodgson has not been out of his bedchamber this half year; has no memory nor knows anybody. I forbear to make any reflections, they are needless when I am writing to you.

Believe me, dear Sir,

To be with true regard,

Your faithful friend,

THO. NICOLSON.

QUEEN'S COLL., *Jan. 16th* [1781].

DEAR SIR,

I beg your acceptance of my warmest acknowledgements for the obliging favour of your letter and kind attention you have paid to the subject of mine. I was in hopes that G. M. would have returned and given you a full account of our situation with regard to the matter in debate, but he has been gone three weeks, and 'we wot not what is become of him.' I may venture to tell you that the affair will be warmly contested, as no steps have been omitted on either side that were judged likely to ensure success, and that every single vote begins

<sup>1</sup> A Foundationer ceased to be Taberdar on proceeding M.A., and became Master upon the Foundation. The chaplaincies generally fell to them and any patronage which no Fellow desired.

to be thought of great consequence. By our list, which appears fair and reasonable, we shall poll 200, and hope for a considerable accession to it, that is of a dozen or so, before the time of election, viz. the 15th Feb. Our opponents talk in a higher stile, both as to numbers and rank, of having two peers, Radnor and Craven, and ten members of Parliament in their list; this we don't pay much regard to, as the votes of twelve curates will be as effectual. Dr. Newman is reported to be now trying his strength, having it in contemplation to represent the University in Parliament on some future occasion; this, however, I mention but as a report. I never shall pass through Sutton Coldfield without calling, I never did but once, when I had a stranger with me, and was in haste. But my journies are less frequent than heretofore, and places *farther* distant. I hope G. M., wherever he is, has not neglected the canvass; on his return, you will probably hear from us again. With respectful compliments to Mrs. Riland and the young ladies,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your faithful friend and obliged servant,

THO. NICOLSON.

QUEEN'S COLL., *Jan. 23.*

I hope your neighbour Mr. Jackson is not in worse health than usual, he has long been infirm.

While Nicolson was waiting for his fellowship he seems to have succeeded Boucher as usher to the elder James at St. Bees. James writes to Boucher, Dec. 3, 1759: 'Nicolson has been with me since Whitsuntide, and likes the place: he is exceedingly good-natured, and has qualities to make me some amends for the loss of his predecessor:' and Jan. 5, 1761: 'Nicolson, your successor, is often with us, and two days in the week we chop logic together.'

A very large proportion of the Riland correspondence consists of letters from Murthwaite to Riland. A specimen is given in the Appendix on the Fire. They extend over a period of thirty-six years from 1756 to 1792, the last being to Riland's widow on the death of her husband. Murthwaite was a fellow-alesman of Fothergill, which may account for his being preferred over Nicolson, who was his senior, to succeed Fothergill in the Tutorship which he vacated when

he was elected Provost. Murthwaite had a reputation for scholarship and appears to have had some cultivated tastes, but he was wayward and irregular in his habits, entangled himself in pecuniary embarrassments by purchasing with borrowed money a small estate in his native dale, and was a long time in getting over the results of this imprudence. It was this which made him refuse the three livings in 1782 (p. 218), and it probably affected his efficiency as a College officer.

When Nicolson went to Newbold Pacey, he was succeeded as Tutor by Septimus Collinson, for whom see p. 177, n. 4. Of this Provost no portrait existed in the College till October, 1887, when a miniature of him in wig, gown, and bands, in which the 'good-humoured obliquity of vision' which Cox records is sufficiently indicated, was presented to the present Provost by John Collinson, Esq., of 90 Cromwell Road, London, grandson of the painter, who was a nephew of Provost Collinson.

Of the other members of the College who come before us in the James correspondence there are letters to Riland from Hodgson, which, as they are short and refer to topics mentioned by Radcliffe, may find a place here. Hodgson died in 1786.

DEAR SIR,

Your enquiry after the election-day of a Professor of Law, I shall, with pleasure, acquaint you with, as it is esteemed here a very handsome acknowledgement of Queen's College. Know then, that the election is to be on Friday, the twentieth of this instant, October. Whether there will be an opposition to Dr. Blackstone or not, does not yet appear; but as his supposed opponents are sullen and won't speak, it is thought advisable by his friends, to guard against a surprise, as well as may be, by sending for as many M.A.'s as are within a convenient distance. Accordingly Nicolson, Hodgson, Murthwaite, Todd, &c., are wrote to upon the occasion, so that you'll meet your old acquaintance, and oblige Queen's College at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Bellas were at Oxford lately to meet Lantey Hill; but unfortunate for me, I chanced to be out of College. You write so strongly in favour of a single life, that you convince me of your intention to change

it for a better, or worse. This is strange logick, but love does not understand it. I wish you a good wife and a good curate, and am, with compliments, to your brother,

Dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

THO. HODGSON.

QUEEN'S COLL., *Oct. 12, 1758.*

To the REV. MR. RILAND,  
at Sutton, near Coleshill, Warwickshire.

DEAR SIR,

Should you want an opportunity of meeting all your old friends at Queen's College, you may have it on the third of January next. There will be a general muster of our forces in the interest of Lord Westmoreland, and the College would be much obliged to Mr. Riland if he would make one. The election for a Chancellor will be on the third of January; and if you could come in on the first, you'll partake of the Taberdar's Feast on the second. With my compliments of the season to yourself and your brother,

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and well-wisher,

THO. HODGSON.

QUEEN'S COLL., *Dec. 19th, 1758.*

The following extracts from letters between Boucher and the elder James refer to Cooper, who seems to have been a prominent person in the American Church before the Colonies declared their independence.

JAMES, SENIOR, TO BOUCHER.

*Nov. 24, 1776.*

'Cooper it now seems is fairly burnt out of everything in yonder city, and his doubts, if he has any, about returning to it, effectually settled. I should pity him but that I believe him better circumstanced, should even nothing else be given him, than any other of the refugee clergymen. The Fellowships at Queen's College are by no means despicable, and the livings at the long run (longer indeed than one would wish) very snug and comfortable.'

BOUCHER TO JAMES, SENIOR.

*Nov. 21, 1776.*

‘Cooper’s College is not burned, that and one church were happily extinguished.’

This refers to the fire in New York, on Sept. 21, after the battle of Long Island, when the British had taken possession of New York.

BOUCHER TO JAMES, SENIOR.

*Feb. 25, 1777.*

‘Dr. Cooper, whose Oxford sermon has made some little noise, is now down in your county. I suppose he will call on you, and ere he does, you should read his sermon that you may know whether to call it a Whig or a Tory one, for his friends here are divided about it. It is, however, a very good one; and so is there another by a *country curate*, sent to me by Mr. Barwis, written by a Mr. Collinson, a Cumberland and a Queen’s man. In my judgement it far beats all that have been printed on that occasion, and I think I have read a dozen or two. Tell Cooper, when you see him, that we had a special sermon from the new Archbishop, at Bow church on the Anniversary. He spoke out for our American church, in a manner that charm’d and astonish’d us, in short, the Dr. himself must yield the palm of Toryism to him.’

---

 JAMES TO BOUCHER.
*April 2, 1777.*

‘Cooper’s sermon I have had sent me, and think it sensible, but not answering my idea on such an occasion. We are told he is soon to return to his presidency.’

---

 JAMES TO BOUCHER.
*Dec. 12, 1777.*

‘When Cooper was here [at Arthuret] he had a genteel offer, in the genteel manner too, of an appointment at Edinburgh. But the hope of returning soon in triumph to his old place, made him hesitate about accepting it, and at last, I suppose, wholly decline it.’

---

 BOUCHER TO JAMES.
*Dec. 23, 1777.*

‘Cooper set out last Saturday for his good birth [*sic*] at Edinburgh.’

Of Scott, who, as the letters<sup>1</sup> tell us, succeeded James as Head Master at St. Bees, we have in a letter from James to Boucher of July 7, 1764:—‘Robert Scott is gone to College; an exhibition of £20 p. annum, which his merit upon an examination lately entitled him to, enabled his father to send him.’

Golding, in spite of his delicacy and his ‘underwastecoats’ seems to have lived to a good old age, dying as Vicar of Newbold Pacey in 1847 or 1848.

In Barrow’s *Essay on Education* (2nd ed. London, 12mo, 1804), vol. 2, pp. 301 sqq., will be found a defence of the Universities which should be read in connexion with the strictures on academic life which occur in his letter printed in Appendix D.

For the materials of the Appendix on inoculation I am largely indebted to the references in the articles on small-pox and vaccination in Copland’s *Dictionary of Practical Medicine*.

I had hoped to have added something about Holwell. The succession of Rectors since Collinson has been:—1797, Isaac Monkhouse; 1835, John Wilson; 1857, Henry Hayton Wood; 1883, Henry Adeney Redpath. The present Rector has greatly altered the house, and restored the chancel of the church. The history of the parish is given pretty fully in Hutchins’ *History of Dorset*, to the last edition of which Mr. H. H. Wood contributed.

The College seems to have had a connexion with the West Indies in the middle of the last century. Some of Bentham’s contemporaries came from thence. Between 1742 and 1749 there were seven entries of West Indians. Falcon (note 1, p. 6) may have been induced to turn his attention to Barbadoes from the circumstance that two Barbadians<sup>2</sup> were matriculated on the same day with him. Rotherham too (note 2, p. 27) matriculated in the same year. The connexion seems to have been remembered when occasion arose, as March 28, 1781, the Register records that it was ‘Agreed at a meeting of the Provost and Fellows that fifteen pounds be

<sup>1</sup> P. 28, n. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Robertus Osborne 18 Roberti Jonathan: de Insula Barbadoes Arm. fil. and Jacobus Osborne 16 Rob<sup>ti</sup> Jonath. de Insula Barbadoes Arm. fil.

given towards rebuilding the churches destroy'd by the late storm in the Island of Barbadoes. Such gifts seem to have been more common during Thomas Fothergill's Provostship than at other times. The Vaudois Churches, the Episcopal Church in Edinburgh, the distressed American missionaries seem among others to have elicited the benevolence of the College under his rule.

Such help as I have been able to give in the production of this book has been my pleasantest labour. But I fear the little time I have been able to give to it has made me sorely tax the patience of the Committee of the Oxford Historical Society. To them and to Mrs. Arthur Evans I wish to give my hearty thanks for the kindness wherewith they have extended their indulgence to me.

J. R. MAGRATH.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD,  
*October 21, 1887.*

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- P. 64, n. 1. *For hTis read This*
- P. 92, n. 3. *For Conjecturae Strabonem read Conjecturae in Strabonem*
- P. 181, n. 1. *For Letter LXXVII, p. 174 read Letter LXXVIII, p. 178*
- P. 215, n. 1. *For see p. 173, n. 4 read see p. 177, n. 4*
- P. 236, n. 2. *For see p. 173, n. 2 read see p. 177, n. 2*

THE LETTERS  
OF  
RADCLIFFE AND JAMES.  
1755-1783.

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I.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

BUCKLEBURY<sup>1</sup>, *November 4, 1755.*

DEAR JAMES,

If thou was not a person of so very great consequence, I would take the liberty to abuse thee most heartily; and if it was not absurd to talk of politeness to a pædagogue, I would lay to thy charge the want of good breeding, for not making thy acknowledgments to Lowthian<sup>2</sup> and me for the trouble we were at upon thy account. How happy it is for some sort of folks, that they have a licence to act as they please, and, let their behaviour be never so shocking, are always excused on account of their profession! As they are above the laws of common civility, no man in his senses ever expects it from them. I indulged a hope, that the bumbrush to whom I am writing, would have been an exception, and that though he had a commission to be a tyrant, he would still have retained a little of the gentleman; but vain and chimerical was my hope. Falshood and fraud (says Cato)<sup>3</sup> shoot up in every soil: a Richardson or a Finden (say I) is to be found in every school. In short, thou hast but one way left to retrieve thy character, and to restore thyself to my favour; which is, by writing to me immediately, and letting me know how matters stand

<sup>1</sup> Bucklebury. A parish in Berkshire,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles E.N.E. from Newbury.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Lowthian entered as Batler, 1742 (O. S.), matriculated Feb. 22, æt. 17, 'Johannis fil. de Kirkoswald, com. Cumb. Pleb. fil.' B.A. 1747, M.A. 1751; was elected Taberdar 1748 and Fellow 1760. He was curate of Appledore in Kent in 1750, and afterwards Rector of South Weston and Hampton Poyle.

<sup>3</sup> Addison's Cato, Act iv. Scene 1 :

'Alas! young prince,  
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,  
The product of all climes—Rome has its Caesars.'

B

with regard to thy school<sup>1</sup>, thy lass and the old man. This, my dear friend, I have (seriously) a long time expected, and I hope thou'll deny me that pleasure no longer. In the mean time, take the following account of what I have seen and done in the summer, and of what is like to befall me in the winter.

Custom and gratitude carried me to Queen's the 15th of August<sup>2</sup>: but what a dull and desolate place is it become! The walls indeed stand where they did, and the trumpet<sup>3</sup> sounds as usual; but in other respects there is a great and lamentable alteration. Not a soul to be found of all our acquaintance, except Tom Hodgson<sup>4</sup>, who succeeds the noble Doctor<sup>5</sup> as chaplain, and performs the office with great grace and dignity. He is, I assure thee, more a hermit than the curate of Bucklebury; if it was not for his weekly excursions to Blechington<sup>6</sup>, he might as well live in the deserts of Arabia. The bottom of

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James was at this time Head Master of St. Bees school in Cumberland.

<sup>2</sup> The 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, was kept till 1858 as the general College meeting of the year, the Audit day and a great Gaudy. In 1858, the 15th of August was a Sunday, and College meetings were held on the 13th and 17th. In 1859 there was no College meeting between July 1 and October 6. August 15 continued to be called Queen's College Foundation Day in the University Calendar till 1863.

<sup>3</sup> 'Fiat autem vocatio (scil. ad prandium et coenam) per clarionem in loco competente ab uno serviente, qui ad illud fuerit deputatus, ubi ab omnibus et singulis audiri poterit aptius' (Founder's Statute). A magnificent silver trumpet was presented to the College by Sir Joseph Williamson, 1666.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Hodgson entered as Batler 1746 (O. S.), matriculated April 6, 1747, 'Roberti de Milan' (Qy. Millom, com. Cumb.) 'Pleb. fil.'; was elected Taberdar 1751, B.A. the same year; M.A. 1755. The following entries about him occur in the College Register. 'Jan. 31, 1755, Agreed at a Meeting of the Provost and Fellows that Sr Hodgson junr., be allowed to take orders, and that he shall have a title from the Society as their Chaplain.' 'April 22, 1755, Mr. Hodgson was unanimously elected Chaplain in the room of Mr. Sewell.' 'Aug. 21, 1755, That Mr. Hodgson, the College Chaplain, be allow'd to hold Archbp. Grindal's Exhibition for one year.' 'March 9, 1761, Thomas Hodgson, Master of Arts, unanimously elected Master of the Free school of Northleach.' He was collated to the living of Northleach by the Bp. of Gloucester, March 13, 1765. See also Letters, Nos. II, IV, IX, XVI.

<sup>5</sup> William Sewell (see last note), who entered as Batler 1737 (O.S.), matriculated Jan. 31, æt. 16, 'son of Thomas, of Coomb Row, Cumb. Pleb.' (Chester), B.A. 1742, M.A. 1745. He became Fellow in 1753, and Rector of Hedley in 1765 (see p. 23, n. 5). He does not seem to have taken a Doctor's degree. He died in 1800.

<sup>6</sup> Blethingdon Rectory, a living in the gift of the College from the Founder's time, is about 7 or 8 miles from Oxford; a young man like Hodgson could walk over and do duty and return. The chapel services on Sunday were taken by the Fellows in turn, so the Chaplain could take Sunday duty. The Rector of Blethingdon at this time was Philip Brown, Prebendary of Hereford, entered Batler 1724, B.A. 1728, M.A. 1731, Fellow 1737, B.D. 1747, presented to Blethingdon, 1751, died 1787.

number six<sup>1</sup>, formerly the scene of mirth and joy, is in a manner quite forsaken: all unity, friendship and society have been banished it long ago. Hodgson and I made an attempt to spend an evening in it, but were not able to succeed, though we applied for admittance before nine o'clock. The latter part of my stay in Oxford was made agreeable enough by the arrival of Barnett<sup>2</sup>, Jefferson<sup>3</sup>, and Denton<sup>4</sup>, senior: the two first came, I suppose, a fellowship-hunting; the last, with a couple of his country acquaintance, purely upon a party of pleasure. Denton is excessively sleek and jolly, and is encreased in corpulency most surprizingly; and yet he says his brother Jack<sup>5</sup> far exceeds him; if he does, Brown the barber<sup>6</sup> will give thee but a faint idea of him. Monkhouse<sup>7</sup> has been at Newton, to have t'other view of *Starve-yoad*<sup>8</sup>, and one more kiss of his old mother; he did me the honour, both going and coming, to *rap* his box at Bucklebury.

The latter end of September I spent a week at Alton<sup>9</sup>; what things

<sup>1</sup> The staircase in the back quadrangle so numbered. It is on the right-hand side as you enter. The ground floor room on the left was, and is now, the Taberdars' Common Room. It is suggested that this was not open freely to Masters of Arts, and that the reference to nine o'clock may mean that it was closed at that hour when Tom rings and College gates are shut.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Barnett entered as Batler 1738 (O. S.), matriculated Feb. 23, æt. 18, 'Joannis fil. de Kirkby Staven, com. Westmorland Pleb. fil. '; elected Taberdar 1744, B.A. the same year, M.A. 1748. His 'fellowship-hunting' was successful, as was that of Jefferson, as he was elected Fellow in 1756. He became Vicar of Brough on Stainmore in Westmoreland in 1768, and died in 1792.

<sup>3</sup> Jacob Jefferson entered Batler 1739; matriculated July 9, æt. 18, 'Tho. fil. de Rosley, com. Cumbri. Pleb. fil. '; B.A. 1744, M.A. 1748, B.D. and D.D. 1768. He was elected Fellow the same day as Barnett, became Vicar of Carisbroke in the Isle of Wight, 1768. Some account of Jefferson will be found in the works of Jeremy Bentham (vol. x. pp. 36, 37), whose tutor he was. He died in 1782.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Denton entered Batler 1740, matriculated July 7, æt. 16, 'Isaaci fil. de Sebergham, com. Cumbriae Pleb. fil. ' B.A. 1745, and M.A. 1752. See his life in Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. 419.

<sup>5</sup> John Denton entered Batler October 9, 1742, matriculated Oct. 21, æt. 16, 'Isaaci fil. de Seberham, com. Cumbriae Pleb. fil. ', was elected Taberdar 1747, B.A. 1747, and M.A. 1750, and became Fellow in 1759. He was allowed in 1773 to hold the living of Sutton-cum-Duckmanton in Derbyshire, with his Fellowship. He died while still Fellow, May 2, 1777.

<sup>6</sup> Daniel Brown, 'Tonsor' of Oxford city, matriculated April 16, 1720, Privilegiatus. (Chester.)

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Monkhouse, entered Batler, March 22, 1742 (O. S.), matriculated March 24, æt. 17, 'Gul. fil. de Longlands, com. Cumb. Pleb. fil. ' B.A. 1748, M.A. 1751, B.D. 1768, D.D. 1780, was elected Fellow in 1760, became Vicar of Sherborne Monachorum in 1780, and died in 1793.

<sup>8</sup> *Starve-yoad*, may mean a tumble-down stable in which a mare (jade) would not be kept from the cold. Enquiries have failed to get anything but conjecture.

<sup>9</sup> Alton in Hampshire where Docker was apparently curate or schoolmaster.

were talked of, what friends were toasted, it would be endless and needless to tell thee. The Hawkshead-affair<sup>1</sup> was then depending, and I have since heard to my joy and sorrow, that it is determined in favour of Docker<sup>2</sup>. Hodgson and I have agreed to wait upon him the 25th of this month, to take our final leave of him and his Betsey. How happy will you and your lasses be at a breaking up! and how frequently and earnestly shall I long to be with you! One Trollop<sup>3</sup>, formerly a Demy of Magdalen, and who married one of your Oxford beauties, has taken this house, and engaged to serve the cure; he proposes to enter upon them in the beginning of January; at which time I am to decamp, and to remove to Waltham<sup>4</sup> for good and all. As the Doctor's<sup>5</sup> scheme of fixing at Sarum is at an end, I shall have one good neighbour more than I used to have. I visit thy old lady frequently, but more to humour her than to please myself: her house lost all its charms, when it lost the honest Bishop, for in loosing him I lost the best friend I ever had, and the best man I ever knew. But if I miss thee at Standford<sup>6</sup>, I am with thee at St. Bees every day; I sit with

<sup>1</sup> Hawkshead, a Grammar-school in Furness Fells, Lancashire, founded 1585 by Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. The endowment in 1864 consisted of over 100 acres of land with a gross annual income of £254.

<sup>2</sup> Lancelot Docker entered Batler 1744, matriculated Nov. 3, æt. 15, 'Gulielmi de Newby, com. Westmorland, Pleb. fil.' proceeded B.A. 1750. For various entries in the College Registers and other particulars concerning Docker, see Appendix A.

<sup>3</sup> John Trollope, third son of Henry, a London merchant, by Elizabeth daughter of Mr. John Barne, elected Demy of Magdalen 1747, matriculated 28 July, aged 17, B.A. 1751, vacated his Demyship 1752 (Bloxam in error says 1762, but (1) he was a married man in 1755, (2) a Demy from the City of London was admitted 1752, none 1762, (3) when he takes his M.A. in 1754 he is *commensalis*, not *semicommunarius* nor *scholaris vulg. dict. demy* — so H. A. Wilson, V. P. Coll. Magd.) 'married Anne, daughter of . . . Guyon, Esq.' Debrett's Baronetage quoted by Bloxam, Magd. Coll. Reg. vi. 272. In the Marriages Gent. Mag. vol. 31, p. 44, Jan. 1, 1761. 'The Rev. Mr. Trollop of Bucklebury, Berks, to Miss Annesley.' This must have been a second marriage.

<sup>4</sup> White Waltham, in Berkshire, 4 miles S.W. from Maidenhead, united to the Rectory of Shottesbrooke 1744. Thomas Hearne was son of the parish clerk and born here 1678. Henry Dodwell, the first Camden Professor, wrote 'de Cyclis veterum' at Smewins, a moated house in this parish, formerly a hunting seat of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII.

<sup>5</sup> William Dodwell, son of Henry (Hearne's and Cherry's friend) of Trinity College, matriculated March 23, 1725 (O. S.), æt. 15, 'son of Henry of Shottesbrooke, Berks, arm. fil.' (Chester); B.A. 1729, M.A. 1732. He was collated to the prebend of South Grantham, 5th in the Cathedral of Salisbury, 1748, where he afterwards became Canon Residentiary, proceeded D.D. by diploma 1749, was installed Archdeacon of Berks 1763 and died 1785. He was Rector of Shottesbrooke, and Vicar of Bucklesbury and of White Waltham.

<sup>6</sup> Standford Dingley, 1 mile from Bucklebury, where it would seem Mr. James

thee in the library, strut with thee in the school, and walk with thee on the sea-shore. When I am permitted to enjoy the reality, I hope it will be in company with friend Nan<sup>1</sup>; I make no apology for giving her that title; thou allowed me the liberty over a pint of *mildo*, and I cannot forbear using it upon black and white. That all health and happiness may attend you both is the sincere wish of

R. R.

P.S. Ephraim Frazier's wife sends her love to thee. 'A rare man Mr. James was, sir; a brave man indeed. We shall never have one like him again; no, never no more.'

## II.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

DEAR JAMES,

It is high time to think of paying my debts, and to thank my dear friend for the favour of his two last. The truth is, for above six weeks, I was a gentleman at large, having in all that time (through the negligence of carriers) neither pen, ink, paper, nor book. If I had not most fortunately stuffed my pockets with divinity, most deplorable would have been the condition of the Walthamites: that super-abundance of joy with which they were overwhelmed upon my arrival, would have instantly been changed into mourning and woe. Cease then to wonder, that I did not vouchsafe thee an answer sooner.

The former of thy letters, according to custom, gave me pleasure from end to end. But the latter contained a reflection or two which produced a very different effect. The reflections I am hinting at, were those that related to a letter of mine; in which, it seems, I had laid a few trifles to thy charge, as rudeness, ingratitude, falshood, pride, haughtiness, and the like. This charge (though purely the effect of a sportive fancy, and as such, I am sure, considered by thee) thou intimates more than once to have given thee some uneasiness. I am sorry my friend, seriously sorry, that any thing I said should be so ill understood, as I would not for the world, wittingly and wilfully be the occasion of the least pain to thee. I hope thou hast branded the letter with infamy, and sacrificed it to Vulcan or Madam Cloacina; if not, execute thy vengeance speedily upon it, and be assured thou wilt never receive it's fellow. From the candid and charitable Miss Grayson,

had been curate. It appears from the College Register that on April 11, 1754, he had 'leave to accept of a curacy in the country.'

<sup>1</sup> Miss Ann Grayson to whom Mr. James was married, June 1, 1757.

I should have hoped for better quarter. If she thinks I have used thee too cavalierly, let her know how freely and familiarly we have heretofore conversed, and then I dare say she'll excuse me. But thou, my friend, hast every thing to hope for from her. Good nature, good sense, and virtuous disposition afford a most delightful prospect, and great reason has that man to bless his stars who meets with a partner possessed of them. All that Falcon<sup>1</sup> felt, I feel; and all his expressions, how warm soever, may, with great truth, be supposed to come from me. He cannot rejoice more heartily than I do, nor express himself more strongly than I wish to do. My situation and circumstances will seldom (perhaps never) allow me, to be an eye-witness of thy happiness; all I can do, is to congratulate thee upon it, and to pray sincerely for the completion of it. As I know the man to whom I am writing, I am not ashamed to add, that in such cases I carry my thoughts beyond the grave, and look forward to that time, when I humbly hope that thou and I, and all our dearest friends, shall meet in a better place, and never more be separated. That we shall know one another in a future state is a doctrine I firmly believe, and with which I always comfort myself upon the death or absence of a beloved friend. *Quod si in hoc erro, lubenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo*<sup>2</sup>.

About the middle of January, I took my final leave of Bucklebury; which I did with the less regret, as I had long ago lost my most valuable neighbour. Indeed there was one consideration that made me extremely serious. As I was riding over the common, and just upon the point of quitting the parish, I could not forbear asking myself, how I had discharged my duty as minister, and what account I should be able to give of it? If I had the sins of *other people* as well as my *own* to answer for, how should I appear at the last day? If but one soul has perished through my misconduct, must not I tremble to think on the dreadful consequence? These were my thoughts at that time, and I trust they will always be so far present with me, as to make me careful and diligent in the performance of my duty; that

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Falcon, entered as Batler 1745, matriculated Oct. 31, æt. 16 'Michael de Workington, com. Cumb. Pleb. fil.' B.A. 1751, elected Taberdar (acc. to Mores) Oct. 1751, but his election does not appear in the College Register. He became Catechist of Codrington College in Barbados, and M.A. by decree of Convocation, Feb. 10, 1755. He was provisionally elected Fellow, Jan. 21, 1762, to succeed on a vacancy, but died before any occurred. See below p. 21.

<sup>2</sup> This sentence is quoted from the last chapter of Cicero, de Senectute. In the original between 'hoc erro' and 'lubenter erro' come the words 'quod animos hominum immortales esse credam.'

when I come to take leave, not only of Waltham, but of all the world, I may have nothing material to reproach myself with, but be able to give up my account with joy. I am not at all afraid that this antiquated stuff will be turned into ridicule, though, I believe, it would meet with that fate from nineteen persons out of twenty.

My situation at Waltham is comfortable enough. I want nothing but such a fellow as thee, or such a lass as Nancy, to make me completely happy. On Shrove Tuesday I was summoned to Alton to renounce the devil and all his works in behalf of a young Cloth<sup>1</sup>, who goes by the name of Arthur Brett Docker. Cloth, senior, was to begin his march on the Monday following, and as the weather has favoured him beyond expectation, I hope he's now wielding the birch at Hawkshead. I have sent thee a couple of sticks<sup>2</sup> by him, having too little warning to transcribe any more. That on death [was?] extracted from Scot<sup>3</sup>, Brady<sup>4</sup> and good Bishop Taylor<sup>5</sup>; the other from and Calamy<sup>6</sup>. As great liberty has been used with all those g[entle-] men in altering their t[ex]ts, and inverting their method, thou may venture to fire them off upon any country ground in Cumberland. My request for thy assistance at St. Mary's<sup>7</sup> was made with truth and seriousness. For thus the case stands; pay, I cannot, preach my own,

<sup>1</sup> Nickname of Docker, as it would seem. For A. B. Docker, see below, p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Murray kindly writes:—STICK is occasionally found in the sense of piece, portion, cf. Germ. *Stück* as:—

1576. Gilbert Talbot to Earl of Shrewsbury in Nicholl's Progr. Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. p. 5: I have seene many fayre hangynges . . . eyther II<sup>s</sup> a styck . . . V<sup>s</sup> or VI<sup>s</sup> the styck . . . there is of V<sup>s</sup> the styck that is very fair.

1856. Kane, Arctic Explor., vol. ii. 106: A stick of frozen liver at his side.

1860. H. Stuart, Seaman's Catech., 76: Topsail yards . . . are made in one stick. STITCH, though not often, is used both earlier and more figurative in this sense.

<sup>3</sup> John Scott, D.D., Rector of St. Giles in the Fields, and Canon of Windsor, died 1694. His works were reprinted by the University in six volumes, 8vo., 1826. In the fourth volume there are several funeral sermons and a discourse on death-bed repentance.

<sup>4</sup> Nicholas Brady, D.D., Tate's colleague in the 'New Version of the Psalms,' Rector of Clapham, died 1726, 'an excellent preacher.' Chalmers, Dict. Biog. s.v.

<sup>5</sup> Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor, died 1657, published among other things 'The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying.'

<sup>6</sup> There were three Edmund Calamys, father, son, and grandson, all eminent nonconformist divines. The one here referred to is, however, probably Benjamin, D.D., son of Edmund the first, author of a 'Discourse about a Scrupulous Conscience,' 1683, Vicar of St. Lawrence, Jewry, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, died 1686. 'His sermons are still' Chalmers, Dict. Biog. s.v. 'valued as well for the beauty of their language as the excellent sentiments contained in them.'

<sup>7</sup> The Church of White Waltham is dedicated to St. Mary.

I will not, so what to do, I know not. No news from college this half-year, except that poor Tom Hodgson, was found dead last Friday, on the road from Blechingdon to Oxford. Upon dissecting and examining his body, several mortal wounds were discovered in his heart. The jury brought in their verdict, wilful murder by S. C.<sup>1</sup>

I began this letter in Berkshire, but am obliged to finish it in a hurry in Oxfordshire. I was sent for to Henley yesterday in order to assist poor Hayman<sup>2</sup> to day. A violent fever has confined him to his room, and made him incapable of all business the last fortnight. Thank God, he is now in a fair way to do well. Pray what is become of the unhappy damsel who brandished her charms so furiously at old Matthew<sup>3</sup>, and at whom, in return, thou brandished thine? All health and happiness to thee and thy Nancy; my best and warmest wishes attend you both.

Thine most affectionately,

R. R.

HENLEY, *March 21, 1756.*

Direct for me at White-Waltham, near Maidenhead, Berks.

### III.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

COLSTERWORTH<sup>4</sup>, LINCOLNSHIRE, *October 19th, 1757.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After paying my respects to you and your lady, and thanking you heartily for the very friendly reception I met with at St. Bees,—this is to certify that I am landed in Lincolnshire safe and well. As the weather and roads were extremely good, my journey, though a solitary one, was tolerably pleasant, and free (thank God) from all disasters and accidents. Indeed, I don't recollect that anything at all

<sup>1</sup> S. C. must be Sukey, the future Mrs. Tom Hodgson. See end of Letter XVI. For Hodgson, see p. 2, n. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Hayman entered *Batler* 1743 (the same year as Radcliffe), matriculated May 16, æt. 19, 'Hen. fil. de Ottery, S. Mary c. Devon. Pleb. fil.' proceeded B.A. 1746. *Mores* mentions him as 'Curate and Usher at Henley upon Thames, 1749.'

<sup>3</sup> Matthew Wilkinson entered *Batler* 1746 (O. S.), matriculated April 6, 1747, æt. 19, 'Johannis de Shapp, com. Westmoreland, Pleb. fil.' He proceeded B.A. 1751, M.A. 1755, was elected Fellow in 1763 (O. S.), became Rector of South Weston and Hampton Poyle, 1779, and died 1785.

<sup>4</sup> The College Register (July 14, 1756) has the following entry:—

'That Mr. Radcliffe be allowed to hold the living of Colsterworth in Lincolnshire for a minor, the son of Dr. Dodwell, consistently with his prospects upon the Foundation.'

occurred of the remarkable kind; except, that my motion was quicker or slower, according to the nature of the road, and that I breakfasted, dined, supt, and slept within the compass of every twenty-four hours. At Kendal I had the honour of kissing the Fish's hand, in company with his brother Clem. The tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of *Dunkirk*, which happened to be acted that evening, entertained us till ten o'clock; and a little of the product of America, for three hours after. Unfortunately our roads lay different the next morning.

I am now fixed and settled in the county of Lincoln,—a county, in which I have neither countryman, kinsman, nor (which is worth both) college-acquaintance. The situation of this parish is reckoned healthy and pleasant, but the inhabitants are poor, and their houses miserable. Nothing but humble thatch is to be seen on our roofs, the Squire's and parson's not excepted. But though I came into this country a perfect stranger, I am already acquainted with many neighbouring gentlemen, and am in a likely way to be acquainted with more. The town of Grantham, from which I am distant about seven miles, is reckoned a *politish* sort of a place, and has a multitude of clubs, concerts, assemblies, &c. As I am not extravagantly fond of these things, so neither do I declare open war against them, but propose to indulge myself moderately in them; as they refresh the mind after more serious employments, and promote society and friendship in a neighbourhood.

The gentleman and his lady, whom I found in this house, are extremely civil and obliging, and I propose to live as a lodger with them, until they are provided with a house of their own. I now return to thee and thy excellent wife, and conclude with praying for a continuance of your happiness, and with assuring you once more, that wherever or whatever I am, I shall be always

Yours, entirely and sincerely,

R. R.

My compliments and best wishes wait upon Miss Hodgson. As we have the honour to have a Post-office in this village, you need only to direct to me at Colsterworth in Lincolnshire.

IV.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

COLSTERWORTH, *May 31, 1758.*

DEAR JAMES,

Thy friendly epistle deserved and would have met with an earlier acknowledgment, had not the spirit of procrastination that

possessed the writer, possessed also the receiver of it. It would ill become me, who have so notoriously transgressed myself, to read thee a lecture on the subject thou desired, not to mention that I have in reality nothing to say about it; and if the many inconveniences occasioned by a dilatory temper will not cure us of it, vain and ineffectual will be the finest reasoning upon it.

My parish consists of two villages, Colsterworth and Woolstrobe; the former containing about fifty families, the latter about forty. Supposing St. Bees to have a church at Stenton's<sup>1</sup>—and instead of the Pow<sup>2</sup> the river Witham—and a village beginning about your turnpike, and extending itself up a gentle hill; and supposing all the houses to have nothing but *thack*<sup>3</sup> on them, and you will have a tolerable idea of the geography of the place. Proceed we therefore to consider the morals of it. It was the misfortune of this parish some thirty years ago to be remarkably quarrelsome and litigious; insomuch that the magistrates of Grantham (to whom we are subject), used to say, that they granted more warrants to the people of Colsterworth, than to the other thirteen towns within their jurisdiction. This evil spirit was happily suppressed by the authority and influence of my predecessor's predecessor<sup>4</sup>, who was a bluff, stern, honest, exemplary man, and by

<sup>1</sup> There was a cottage, occupied by John Stenton, pulled down about thirty or forty years ago, adjoining the churchyard at St. Bees, which might have been known as Stenton's to the schoolboys. The turnpike was about a hundred yards higher up the hill. (From information supplied by Mr. H. Fox and Rev. W. T. Newbold, of St. Bees.)

<sup>2</sup> 'This rivulet, called in the language of the country, *The Poe Beck*, which divides the Church, School, and College of St. Bees from the village, though small, is very singular. It takes its rise nearly in the middle of the vale, and in its course is fed by two smaller streams, one called Myre's Beck, the other Low-hall-gill Beck. After having received these supplies it forms itself into, or rather is absorbed by, a large pool or basin called Scale-gill pit [formed Mar. 1, 1792, by the water breaking into a colliery, *Gent. Mag.*, vol. 62, p. 271], which serves to supply the engines employed in the collieries with water. From this basin, as from a centre, the little river issues in two directions. The one, taking its meandering course by the Church, &c., falls into the ocean at St. Bees; the other being towards Whitehaven, where for about a mile from the harbour it is arched over, passing under the market place, and then mingles with the ocean in the harbour.' (Jefferson's *Allerdale Ward*, p. 331.)

<sup>3</sup> Cumberland for *thatch*, in general use. *Cumb. Gloss.* Dickinson, *Eng. Dial. Soc.* vol. vi.

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. John Mirehouse, M.A., the present Rector of Colsterworth, kindly supplies the following list of Rectors:—1571, William Hotchkine; 1607, Nicolas Walker, D.D.; 1641, William Walker, B.D.; 1684, George Parish, M.A.; 1690, William Parkins, M.A.; 1720, Thomas Mason, B.D.; 1753, Robert Cane, B.D.; 1756, Richard Radcliffe, M.A.; 1766, Henry Dodwell, M.A. Radcliffe seems to have continued on as young Dodwell's curate till 1777, when he went to Holwell. Dr.

his connections with the Grantham Justices prevailed upon them to grant no warrants to any of his parishioners, but upon really proper and important occasions. We are now, like our neighbours, in a midling sort of a way, neither rigidly virtuous, nor scandalously licentious. Considering we are situated on a great high road, and of consequence pestered with a multitude of alehouses, post-boys, waggoners, and the like, I do really think we are tolerably regular. All my parishioners (an old Presbyterian maid excepted) profess the Church, though I am sorry to say that some of them seldom see the inside of it. A more numerous congregation I have often seen, but never a better behaved one; most of them being able to read, and all of them strictly decent and regular in their postures. One thing I observed at the Sacrament, with great pleasure, which was that the husband and wife kneeled always together, and joined with seemingly great devotion in the commemoration of their Saviour's sufferings, a fair presumption, my friend, that they sometimes carry their thoughts beyond the grave, and have serious hopes of meeting in another and better world. May it be my endeavour to promote and strengthen these good dispositions in them!

I perceive you have heard that I was under a necessity of turning housekeeper; and I am much obliged to you for the concern you express upon that account. But I desire you will make yourself easy, for I am settled, I assure you, much to my satisfaction. The Colsterworthians, though not extravagantly polite, are very civil and friendly; and though I would not choose to board with any of them, I can smoke a very comfortable pipe with many of them. In this same county I have unexpectedly met with a couple of parsons, with whom I was formerly concerned in murdering Homer, Horace, and some other outlandish gentry at St. Bees School. Their names are Dick Stoup and Davy Walker. They are both in very good bread<sup>1</sup>, but

Dodwell had the patronage of Colsterworth as Prebendary of South Grantham. It was vested in the holder of this prebend from the days of Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury (temp. Hen. I) till the beginning of the present Queen's reign, when it was given to the Bishop of Lincoln. Henry Dodwell, who held Colsterworth for sixty years, was also Rector of Harlaxton, a living the patronage whereof is now in Queen's College, which received it as the result of a tripartite exchange, whereby Brough upon Stainmore went to the Bishop of Carlisle and Horncastle to the Bishop of Lincoln. Mr. Mirehouse thinks Mr. Mason is referred to in Sir David Brewster's life of Sir Isaac Newton, who was born at Woolsthorpe, in Colsterworth parish, but the passage is not to be found.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Murray writes:—I am very familiar with the common modern Scotch *to be in bad breid*, but never knew whether *breid* was here bread or breed. Jamieson, however, has *to be in bad bread*, to be in a dilemma or in an evil taking-

live at too great a distance to hold any great society with. My most intimate acquaintance is a neighbouring curate, of whom thou wilt not conceive a very high opinion when I assure thee that the word *enim* being once accidentally mentioned, he actually and positively did not know the meaning of it. However, he is a very honest, friendly fellow, and master of many good qualities—qualities that will be of service to him, when Latin and Greek will be no more.

I rejoiced to hear of the Cloth's translation, and most heartily congratulate him and the good folks at Hawkshead upon the event. What a round the rogue has danced within these few years! about and about in Yattendon<sup>1</sup>—from Yattendon to Alton—from Alton to Hawkshead—and now to Alton again. The removal of books will not cost him much; I wish he could say the same of his wife and cubs. I wrote to him about the same time that I wrote to thee, and received his answer a full fortnight ago—an answer, in the true pædagogical strain and spirit, i. e. saucy, insolent, pert, petulant, and pragmatical. I should be sorry to see him alter his stile. I have heard from his Fishship twice; he has met with an agreeable pond, and finns and flounces it to his heart's content. To the Twig<sup>2</sup> I have wrote twice, but cannot extort one line from him. I [do no]t yet know whether he has received a pretty considerable bill that I sent him from Whitehaven last September.

Thou wilt now be pleased to withdraw, and make room for better company. I am now to address myself to Mrs. James, and to make my acknowledgments for the favour she did me in condescending to put her hand to a schoolmaster's letter, and giving it so agreeable a conclusion. Nothing in the world would give me greater pleasure than to annihilate about two hundred miles of space, and to get into the neighbourhood of St. Bees. I must not forget to add, that I am just beginning my evening walks upon the lea-land<sup>3</sup>. My best and warmest wishes attend you both.

Yours, with the sincerest affection,

R. R.

As we have a Post-office in our own village, you need only direct

<sup>1</sup> Yattendon, in Berks, about a mile or so from Bucklebury. Rowe Mores makes Docker curate of Basildon and Ashampstead, co. Berks. These villages are further from Bucklebury; Ashampstead is between Yattendon and Basildon.

<sup>2</sup> That the 'Twig' is a nickname for Thomas Hodgson (see above, note 4, p. 2), appears from Letter IX, where Radcliffe goes into Gloucestershire to see the 'Twig and Twiggess.' Hodgson had then been at Northleach school about a year.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Murray kindly writes as follows:—'LEA-LAND.—LEA, a meadow or grassy

(if your dilatoriness will ever give you leave to direct more) to Colsterworth in Lincolnshire.

## V.

## R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have now got a little time to acknowledge the favour of my friend's letter, and to return an answer to it. Thou woudst read in the news-paper (if haply a news-paper ever reaches thee) that our honoured Lord and Chancellor<sup>1</sup> was dead; and so it was that the Doctors, Proctors, and Heads of Houses were not able to appoint a successor without my assistance. The candidates were, the Earls of Westmoreland<sup>2</sup> and Litchfield<sup>3</sup>, and the Bishop of Durham<sup>4</sup>. Our college warmly espoused the cause of the first, and mustered almost forty votes in his favour. Lord Litchfield declined the day before the election, and most of his party coming over to ours, enabled us to contund and demolish the *episcopalians*, and to beat them by a majority of 121<sup>5</sup>. I

plain, is also used attributively as in lea-ground, lea-lark, lea-rig (Scottish), etc. Lea-land occurs from the fourteenth century downward (is very common in mod. Scotch), also *lea-field* = a field in grass, left lying 'lea.'

1300. Gloss. to Walter de Biblesworth in Wright's Vocab. 153:—'tere freche leylond.'

1599. Angr. Women of Abingdon (Percy Soc. Repr. 1841) 103:—  
'They should set her on the leland.'

Scott, Heart of Midlothian, ch. xxix:—

'If Robin said stand on the King's lea-land,

Pray, why should not we say so too?'

<sup>1</sup> Charles Butler, Earl of Arran, and really Duke of Ormonde, who died Dec. 17, 1758. He was elected Chancellor in 1715, when his brother and predecessor in office was attainted.

<sup>2</sup> John Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, elected Chancellor Jan. 4, 1759. He was installed on July 3, and held the office for three years only.

<sup>3</sup> George Henry Lee, Earl of Lichfield, elected Chancellor, Sept. 23, 1762, installed October 1762 at his seat at Ditchley. He was High Steward in 1760. See Green's Oxford in the Last Century, iii. 10, O. S. and Letter IX.

<sup>4</sup> Hon. Richard Trevor, son of Thomas, first Lord Trevor of Bromham, Bishop of S. David's 1743-4; Durham 1752; entered Queen's as Up. Comr. July 3, matriculated July 3, æt. 16, 'Tho. f. Peckham, c. Surrey Baron<sup>is</sup> fil.'; B.A., May 13, 1727; Fellow of All Souls, Nov. 1727; M.A. Jan. 28, 1730; Canon of Ch. Ch. 1735; D.C.L., as grand Compounder, June 10, 1736; died June 9, 1771, buried at Glynde in Sussex. Published a sermon preached for London Hospital, April 24, 1751. In London Daily Advertiser, July 21, 1753 (Rawl. T. fol. 19, 174), is a congratulatory speech made to him on his arrival at Durham by Archdeacon Sharp, and his reply. There is a portrait of him drawn by R. Hutchinson, engraved by J. Collyer, 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 5".

<sup>5</sup> The numbers were, Earl of Westmoreland 321, Bishop of Durham 200.

had the pleasure of meeting with most of my old acquaintance, Denton, Lowthian, Monkhouse, Nicolson<sup>1</sup>, Haygarth<sup>2</sup>, Wilkinson, &c., &c., &c.; we spent about six days together very idly, and as many evenings very jovially. Little Eli Harrison<sup>3</sup> was just then dead, who had a college living in Hampshire, and as it happened to be one of an inferior value, it came down to Bolton Simpson<sup>4</sup>, and was accepted by him with all thankfulness. It seems he has had a housekeeper ready this dozen or fourteen years, and wanted nothing in all that time but a house to put her in, and an income to maintain her upon. She had though originally a fortune of two thousand pounds, and she has had the fortune to get five thousand more in the last lottery or last but one. Old Snod<sup>5</sup> is candidate for the Professorship of History, which, it is supposed, will be soon vacant by the death of Dr. Frewin<sup>6</sup>. We have all promised

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Nicholson, entered as Batler 1744 (O. S.); matriculated March 18, æt. 17, 'Clement. de Whitehaven com. Cumberland Pleb. fil.' Admitted Taberdar 1748; B.A. (as Thomas Nicolson) 1750; M.A. 1754; B.D. 1765; and D.D. 1773. He was elected Fellow 1762, admitted in the following year, became Vicar of Newbold Pacey 1781 (see p. 174), and died in 1803. He was Senior Proctor in 1764. We shall find frequent mention of him below.

<sup>2</sup> James Haygarth, entered Batler 1747; matriculated June 17, æt. 16, 'Jacobi de Kendall, com. Westmoreland Pleb. fil.' B.A. 1751, M.A. 1755, and was elected Fellow 1764. In 1778 he died at Leghorn, where he was Chaplain to the British merchants.

<sup>3</sup> Heli (in Cat. Grad.) or Heley (in List of Fellows) Harrison entered Batler 1717, matriculated July 11, æt. 16, 'Rob. fil. Carlisle, Cumb. Pleb. fil.' B.A. 1723, M.A. 1726, was elected Fellow in 1733, and held the living of Milford-cum-Hurdle-Capella, value £279 with a house (temp. Will. IV).

<sup>4</sup> Bolton Simpson entered Batler 1733 (O. S.), matriculated April 4, æt. 16, 'Johannis fil. de Redmayne, com. Cumb. Pleb. fil.' He proceeded B.A. 1739; M.A. 1742; B.D. and D.D. 1759. He was elected Taberdar 1739, was 'Collector in quadragesimalibus' 1741, and Fellow 1752. He died in 1786. The library has of his (1) an 8vo. edition of Xenophon's Memorabilia, Oxford, 1741 (Taberdariorum Societati dono dedit Bolton Simpson A. B. Ipse Taberdarius hujusce libelli Editor et Reginensium Cultor amantissimus), and (2) The Superior Excellency of the Righteous or Moral Character. A Sermon preached at the Assizes, held at Winchester, on Wednesday, February 29, 1743-4. by Bolton Simpson, M.A., of Queen's College in Oxford; and Minister of West-Cowes, Isle of Wight, 4to., London, 1744. He was probably then Chaplain to the High Sheriff, Sir Edward Worsley.

<sup>5</sup> See prefatory note.

<sup>6</sup> Richard Frewin, son of Ralph, of London, educated at Westminster and Christ Church, where he matriculated 4 July; admitted 24 Dec. 1698; B.A. May 2, 1702; M.A. March 22, 1704; B.M. June 14, 1707; D.M. April 19, 1711; Camden Professor of Ancient History 1727 to 1761. His portrait is in Ch. Ch. Uffenbach thought he didn't care about the laboratory in 1710 (Wordsworth's Univ. Studies, p. 176). Mentioned by Freind (quoted Rawl. T. 4<sup>o</sup>. 6. 146), in preface to his Chymical Lectures as 'virum, loci in quo nutritus est genio abundantem, disciplinaque omni liberaliore et praesertim medicina eruditum.' There is a letter of his about Fevers, dated Ch. Ch., 20 July, 1710, in Freind's works, p. 273.

(as in duty bound) to appear for him on the shortest notice. His antagonist is Mr. Warnford<sup>1</sup>, of Corpus, a man unexceptionable in his character, and, I used to think, one of the best practical preachers that ever peeped over the cushion at St. Mary's. Mr. Warnford has been making interest for the place these seven years, though it seems to be the opinion of most people that our old tutor will stand the best chance. I heard accidentally that thy old master Phil. Sayer<sup>2</sup> has been dead this year and a half, and that young Walker is possessed of the bishoprick and resides upon it. Thy last letter save one is still in my custody, and I have a good mind to enclose it in this; there thou wouldst see what a promise thou made, and that I had just cause to charge thee with breaking of it. '*I intend thee a longer letter in a fortnight's time, at present I am too unsettled for it.*' The very identical words of thy epistle I profess. Thy Nancy, I hope, has either given up the business of nursing, or is more able to support the fatigue of it. Every thing good attend you both, and young Iulus<sup>3</sup>.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

R. R.

COLSTERWORTH, *January 27, 1759.*

VI.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR, AND MRS. JAMES.

*September 22nd, 1759.*

MY GOOD FRIENDS,

Though this letter is directed to the revived Mr. James, it is principally intended for you, Madam, in answer to the humorous and obliging epistle with which you lately favoured me. The procrastinating temper of my friend I know so well, that I am not easily surprized at any of its effects; yet a seven months silence was so deadly abomin-

<sup>1</sup> John Warnford, C. C. C., B.A. May 9, 1739; M.A. March 2, 1742; B.D. June 4, 1752; Camden Professor of Ancient History, 1761-1773, to which office he was unanimously elected.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. G. M. May, Churchwarden of Stanford Dingley, says that the name Phil. Sayer, Rector, occurs in the receipt and expenditure book of the Churchwardens for 1737, 40, 41, 42, and that the accounts for 1769-70 are signed B. Walker, Rector (perhaps Benjamin Walker of All Souls, B.A. 1750, M.A. 1754). No record of Mr. James' connexion with the parish occurs in the book. James Burnell or Burnett was curate in 1757-59. A Philip Sayer was curate of Silchester, Hants, in 1698.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. James' eldest son Thomas, born *July 31, 1758*. The reference is of course to 'parvus Iulus,' Aeneas' son.

able, that I thought no *man alive* could have been guilty of it. However, let his offence be never so great, you have been so kind as to make ample amends for it; and I see an advantage that married men have, which I was not before aware of. I wish he may long enjoy that advantage, for there is not a person that has oftner occasion for it.

It will be needless, I hope, to assure you that I should be ready and glad to assist the poor pædagogues to the utmost of my power, and that all my sticks (both hazel wands and substantial oaks) are entirely at his service, only I think the distance and danger rather too great for carrying on a trade of that nature. I really don't say this by way of excuse, for I could spare 20 or 30 for half a year, without any inconvenience to myself. Besides, as he has subsisted for two years, he is able to subsist fifty times two.

Last week I returned from a ramble into Derbyshire, where I had spent a fortnight with a couple of old acquaintance. That part of the county which is called the Peak, has seven things curious and remarkable in it, commonly known by the name of the *seven wonders*. I had only an opportunity of seeing two of them, viz. the romantick scenes about Matlock, and the celebrated water-works at the Duke of Devonshire's. The *first* may, perhaps, be surprizing to a south country man, but were not at all so to me, as they are equalled and exceeded by a hundred places about Keswick. But the *second* were very astonishing indeed; at least, I never saw anything that can bear a comparison with them. Halton<sup>1</sup> and Denton, whom I went to visit, are both *actual* fellows, and Lowthian and Monkhouse, for whom there are vacancies, *elect*. The gentleman<sup>2</sup> who is quidding<sup>3</sup> and staring at Smyrna, stands first in the list of masters, and close at his heels comes the poor parson

<sup>1</sup> Miles Halton, entered Batler 1739; matriculated Oct. 16, æt. 15, 'son o Timothy, of Graystock, com. Cumb. Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1744; M.A. 1748; elected Fellow 1758, and was presented to the livings of Church Oakley and S. Cross, Southampton, in 1773. He vacated his preferment in 1792.

<sup>2</sup> Philip Brown, entered Batler 1743; matriculated Oct. 21, æt. 17, 'Johis fil. de Millom. com. Cumb. Pleb. fil.'; B.A. 1748; M.A. 1751; and was elected Fellow 1762. In the list of Fellows he is described as 'Mercat<sup>s</sup> apud Smyrnam e sacris dein Vicar<sup>s</sup> apud Sparsholt.' (For the Chaplaincy of the Levant Co., see *Chaplaincy to the Levant Company*, by J. B. Pearson, D.D., Cambridge.) He was presented to Sparsholt, 1769, and died at the end of 1798 or beginning of 1799. Not to be confounded with the Rector of Bletchington of the same name, above p. 2, n. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Murray is unable to give any instance of the use of 'quidding.' He suggests it is probably a nonce-word connected with quidnunc, then commonly used for an inquisitive person.

of Colsterworth. Hodgson sends me word that the appearance at the late installation<sup>1</sup> was very magnificent and brilliant. The first epithet, he says, belongs to the gentlemen, the second to the ladies. He's obliged to be thus particular, because people in Lincolnshire Fens cannot be supposed to understand the beauty and propriety of language. Clark<sup>2</sup> is chosen Geometrical Professor of Gresham College<sup>3</sup>; the place is quite a sine-cure, and worth about sixty pounds per annum. It is unfortunately clogged with a very severe condition, not being tenable (alas!) with the greatest of earthly blessings, you will easily suppose I mean a wife. I wait with impatience for an account of the Olive; especially since I saw in the papers that some of the transports in St. Lawrence's River had been driven ashore and wrecked<sup>4</sup>. The names in this letter that you are not acquainted with, will be explained with pleasure by old Busby. If he has not paid you the six-pences, abuse him by the hour in my name. I hope your youngster is quite recovered, and will live to copy after his parents. All happiness attend you both.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

R. R.

<sup>1</sup> The installation of Lord Westmoreland and the proceedings of the Encænna lasted from Tuesday July 3, 1759, to Saturday, July 7. In the Gentleman's Magazine it is described as 'the most numerous and brilliant assembly of persons of quality and distinction that had ever been seen there on any occasion.' See also Green's Oxford during the Last Century, Old Series, ii. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Wilford or Wilfrid Clark or Clarke, entered Batler 1743; matriculated Jan. 27, æt. 16, 'Wilf. fil. de Wigton, com. Cumb. Pleb. fil.'; B.A. 1747; M.A. 1751; Chaplain to Thomas Rawlinson, Esq., Lord Mayor of London, 1753; published a Sermon preached before the Lord Mayor, &c., at St. Paul's, Jan. 30, 1754; elected Lecturer in Geometry, in Gresham College, 28 Aug., 1759; resigned in Feb., 1765, on being married. (J. Watney, Esq.; Clerk to Mercer's Company.)

<sup>3</sup> For Gresham College, see Dean Burgon's *Life of Sir Thomas Gresham*, vol. ii. especially pp. 437 (where there is a view of the College reduced from Vertue's plate in Ward) and 516 sqq.: 'The Geometrician was to read every Thursday in Trinity Term Arithmetique, in Michaelmas and Hilary Terms Theoretical Geometry, and in Easter Term Practical Geometry.' See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, which however ends before Clark's time. Among Clark's predecessors were Briggs, the inventor of Logarithms, Isaac Barrow and Robert Hooke. The value is now £100 and the celibate restriction is abolished.

<sup>4</sup> In a letter from Admiral Saunders of Sept. 5, 1759 (*Gent. Mag.* 29. 470), he says: 'Directly after landing the troops,' on the Isle of Orleans, on June 26, 'a very heavy gale of wind came on, by which many anchors and small boats were lost and much damage received among the transports by driving on board each other.' In the same letter, he says he has sent to Boston '27 sail of American transports, those which received most damage in the gale of the 27th of June.' Saunders commanded the fleet that landed Wolfe at Quebec.

## VII.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I perceive by the date of thy last letter, that it is almost two months since it came to hand; and yet I declare upon my honour, I made a resolution to answer it immediately: why that resolution was not put in practice, I would not advise thee to ask; because I cannot tell thee. When the bearer of it arrived at Colsterworth, I happened to be *puffing* at a neighbouring parson's; and though I returned very early the next morning, the bird had taken its flight towards the banks of Cam. By this means I missed the opportunity of seeing the man who had seen thee, and asking a hundred thousand questions. The titles of *ungenteel, unreasonable, unconscionable*, which directly or indirectly thou bestowest upon me, I defy and despise; because I don't deserve them. But perhaps this is a point, that will not bear examination on either side; proceed we therefore to other matters.

I had actually and positively wrote thus far, when lo! a second epistle was brought me. I am now quite ashamed of myself, and sorry to find that the affair is grown so serious. I dare say, no offence has been intended or taken on either side; and therefore let us banish this subject, and resolve to write to each other as often as is convenient.

To Queen's and all its transactions I am an utter stranger, having heard nothing from it or of it these four months. When the second vacancy happens, an acquaintance of thine will hope to reap the benefit of it; and may possibly be induced thereby to take a journey into Cumberland; not by way of ostentation, but because he will then be provided with proper viaticum. The account thou gave me of Docker, though very unaccountable, did not surprise me much: it only convinced me, that he is still the same; thoughtless and inconsiderate, and resolved, if possible, to ruin himself. But what shall I say about our great man at Queen's<sup>1</sup>? This I can safely say, that

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Provost, Joseph Brown, entered Batler, March 22, 1715 (O. S.); matriculated March 24, æt. 15, 'Georg. fil. New Church, com. Cumb. Pleb. fil.'; B.A., May 2, 1721; M.A., Nov. 4, 1724; Fellow, April 1, 1731; B.D., Nov. 12, 1737; D.D., July 9, 1743; Rector of Bramshott, Prebendary of Hereford, 1746; Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of Hereford, 1752. He was Sedleian Professor, 1741-1767; was elected Provost, Dec. 3, 1756, and held the office of Vice-Chancellor from 1759 to 1765. He died July 7, 1767.

when I was in Oxford last Christmas, both old and young almost adored him. I feel for and pity the youngers most heartily, having formerly myself received some favours of the same kind from the same hand.

I congratulate thee on the success of the English arms in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America<sup>1</sup>. The muses, I presume, on the banks of the Pow, have sung and celebrated this year of conquest; and that *glorificabo's* of all sorts and sizes have made their appearance on the glorious occasion. I hope this will arrive time enough to preserve me a place in thy Nancy's books, as I would not forfeit her favour for any consideration. And so Tom is a witty sensible boy; when he begins to punn and eat dumplings, I shall conceive some hopes of him. My love and best wishes attend the whole *triumvirate*.

Thine sincerely,  
R. R.

November 21, 1759.

### VIII.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Again I presume to approach thy pædagogical presence; not that I have anything material to offer, but by way of making amends for former neglects. In the first place I must not forget to send the Compliments of the Season to my friends at St. Bees, and to wish them every thing good till next New-Year's Day. In the next place permit me to congratulate thee on the expiration of the Christmas holidays, and thy reassuming the rod and sceptre. O! my dear Busby, I thought on thee and thy boys last Monday morning, and from the bottom of my heart pitied you all.

No alteration at Queen's this twelvemonth; which makes Nicolson begin to suspect that our old Dons are turned immortal. Now I mention that gentleman, I must not forget to add, that his squire has lately carried him to shew him London; or perhaps, to shew London *him*. But however that be, he's certainly there; waddling and staring about the streets, and making foundation-bows at White's.

<sup>1</sup> The year 1759 is famous for British victories, one need only recall the battle of Minden; Clive's and Wolfe's successes in India and America; and in Africa the conquest of Goree. Horace Walpole writes (to Sir Horace Mann) 'one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one.' (Letter, 346, vol. iii. p. 398, Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann, London, 1833.)

The honest church militant, poor Jim Haygarth<sup>1</sup>, has been betrayed into an action which all his friends must condemn him for. It seems he has fought a duel with one of the ship's lieutenants, and has received a dangerous shot in his arm. What the affront or occasion was, I have not yet learnt; God grant he may recover and think more seriously! Courage is not required in a person of his profession; and if it was, he has given undeniable proofs of it on a just and glorious occasion. Nothing more occurring at this time, I shall conclude with assuring you that I am thine and Madam's

Sincerely and affectionately,

R. R.

COLSTERWORTH,  
January 9, 1760.

### IX.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

DEAR JAMES,

It is very certain that I seldom write a letter of supererogation; but whether it is owing to formality or idleness—and which of the two causes is more or less excusable,—I shall leave to be considered and determined by thee during the Christmas holidays. About June or July 1763 I shall begin to expect the honour of an answer, as I have seldom the pleasure of waiting above eight or nine months together, which is another circumstance that thou wilt please to consider of at the same time.

The death of our old Chancellour<sup>2</sup>, and the election of a new one, carried me and most of the out-laying deer to Oxford. Our college espoused and supported Lord Litchfield<sup>3</sup> with all its might and main; and indeed the University stream run so strong in his favour, that he polled almost two to one against his antagonist, Lord Foley<sup>4</sup>, as thou wilt see by comparing the numbers 320 and 167.

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, p. 14. In a MS. note to a copy of Green's Oxford during the Last Century, in the possession of the Provost of Queen's, Mr. R. Robinson of Queen's instances another clerical duel from an entry in the Newgate Calendar (London, 1824, i. 1212), from which it appears that the Rev. Bennet Allen was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 1s. for killing Lloyd du Lany in a duel on June 18, 1782.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Westmoreland, see note 2, p. 13.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Litchfield, see note 3, p. 13. Lord Suffolk had also been a candidate, but withdrew two days before the election.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas second Baron Foley of Ch. Ch., created D.C.L., July 11, 1733, died Jan. 8, 1766.

The election happenêd at so lucky a time, that it will save me the expence and trouble of another journey. Knipe's<sup>1</sup> year of grace was just then out, which gave me an opportunity of going through the necessary forms (no wonder then I am so formal), and being admitted real Fellow<sup>2</sup>. The oath we take on this occasion is almost, if not exactly, the same with what we take when admitted Taberdars<sup>3</sup>: which I mention as an answer to an impertinent question that I have some notion thou proposed to me a year ago. I attended the Grampus<sup>4</sup> down into Gloucestershire, and spent a couple of jolly evenings with thy brother and sister Twig and Twiggess<sup>5</sup>. I have been so often happy with so many of the fraternity, that I really begin to think on a wife and a school without any manner of terror. Somebody was saying that poor Docker has lost most of his scholars, and all his former humour and chearfulness<sup>6</sup>. Falcon was lamented by every one; may we all live and die as he did!

Nicolson comes into pay and power at St. Thomas's Day<sup>7</sup>; at the

<sup>1</sup> Isaac Knipe, entered Batler 1735; matriculated Oct. 19, æt. 17, 'Joannis de Flodder, com. Westmorland, Pleb. fil. '; B.A. 1741; M.A. 1744. He was elected Taberdar 1741, and Fellow 1752. On Nov. 24, 1761, he was presented to the living of Nighton cum Godshill in the Isle of Wight; in the College Register it is noted that his year of grace would be out on Sept. 29, 1762. Lord Litchfield was elected Chancellor on Sept. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Radcliffe had been elected Fellow on July 24, 1762.

<sup>3</sup> The following is laid down as to the oath of Fellows on admission in the Founder's Statutes:—

'Sic vero electi, ipso die electionis, vel quam cito possibilitas se obtulerit, a Praeposito admittantur, si fuerint sacerdotes; prius praestito sacramento ad omnia statuta dictae aulae observanda, et specialiter quod sui ordinis liberam, prout verisimiliter credunt, habeant executionem. Si vero sacerdotes non fuerint, jurent statuta praemissa observare, et specialiter quod intendunt effectualiter temporibus ordinationis meae infra scriptae ad ordinem sacerdotii promoveri, quatenus statuta mea exigunt et requirunt.' [See in Appendix B. Dr. Smith's rules and orders.]

<sup>4</sup> The 'Grampus' was probably Richard Bolton, who entered as Batler 1732; matriculated July 4, æt. 19, 'Tho. fil. Greystock, comit. Cumber. Cler. fil. '; proceeded B.A. 1737; M.A. 1741; B.D. 1755; D.D. 1758. He was elected Fellow in 1751, and in 1760 became Vicar of Chedworth near Northleach, where the 'Twig and Twiggess' were. As he had only left Oxford two years before he would be very likely to be one of the 'out-laying deer' who came up to vote for the Chancellor. He was transferred to the Vicarage of Newbold Pacey in 1765, and died at the end of 1766.

<sup>5</sup> See note 2, p. 12.

<sup>6</sup> See note 2, p. 4, and Appendix A.

<sup>7</sup> Nicholson succeeded to the Fellowship of Dr. Knail, who was presented Jan. 21, 1762, to the Vicarage of Carisbrooke, when it was also resolved that his year of grace commence from St. Thomas' Day last. Nicholson was elected Fellow on the same day as Brown, Radcliffe and Falcon (above, n. 2), 'the first to be admitted as soon as possible, the other three when vacancies shall happen.'

same time, probably, old Matthew<sup>1</sup> likewise. Jim Haygarth's affair, I believe and hope, is entirely forgotten; at least, it will never be remembered to his disadvantage. The Provost<sup>2</sup> is continued Vice-Can. for the fourth year, a proof of his being a most excellent magistrate; indeed, all ranks and parties are pleased with him.

Your intentions with regard to my sister at Whitehaven are very kind and obliging, but I am afraid you would not be permitted to carry them into execution. *Liberi sequuntur conditionem patris*. That Dixon, who was formerly deputy to Sewel<sup>3</sup> and Watts, and about whom the whole town was divided, is now a curate in this neighbourhood, and behaves remarkably well. Thy vine and olive branches, alias Nancy and Younkers, have always the best wishes of

R. R.

If the respectable personages living at St. Bees and Northleach<sup>4</sup> could possibly meet together, I would ride the length of the kingdom to see them.

The first snowy day of the winter 1762. *Mem.*: I could do nothing else.

X.

R. RADCLIFFE TO MRS. JAMES.

DEAR NANCY,

Your nearest relation and my very good friend sent me a letter in May, requesting me to give security for the good behaviour of his new-born son<sup>5</sup>. I hope he depended upon my consent,

<sup>1</sup> 'Old Matthew' Wilkinson was elected Fellow, Nov. 17, 1762 'in the room of Dr. Richmond, promoted to the Rectory of Newnham, whose year of grace will expire on St. Thomas' Day next.' Coll. Reg.

<sup>2</sup> Provost Browne was continued as Vice-Chancellor for six years, a compliment never paid to any other person. Dean Owen of Christ Church had held the office for five years and so had Principal Shippen of Brasenose. Browne's nine predecessors held it for three years each. So too his successor Principal Durell of Hertford. From that time onward the four year rule has prevailed, twenty-six out of thirty-two Vice-Chancellors having held office for that period.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Thomas Sewell was Incumbent of Holy Trinity Chapel, Whitehaven, 1745-1781, and Rector of Distington, 1745-1747. Rev. William Watts was Rector of Moresby, 1754-1789. Moresby is about two miles from Whitehaven on the road to Distington, so the same person might easily have been curate to both clergymen.

<sup>4</sup> See note 4, p. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. James' third son William, born May 17, 1765.

and did me the honour to appoint me to the office; for I was really pleased with the thoughts of forming a connection between me and one of his branches. Common civility required it of me; much more that particular degree of intimacy which has subsisted between us so many years, and, I trust, will continue to the end of our lives. My *hand* was entirely at liberty, and my heart was so zealous in the affair, that I declare seriously and solemnly I answered his letter immediately, i. e. within a very few days after I received it. How or where my answer miscarried, I know not; but I really am greatly concerned for it, as it may have given occasion to conjectures and suspicions that I would willingly keep at a distance from St. Bees. If I was deprived of the office I expected, I must insist upon it the next opportunity. When my patron, Dr. Dodwell<sup>1</sup>, married, one of his acquaintance (Mr. Geering<sup>2</sup> of Trinity), promised to stand to every fourth child. The consequence of this was, that the gentleman was taken in twice, and narrowly escaped the third time; the Doctor having had the honour to be father to eleven children. I remember so much of my last letter<sup>3</sup>, that I made the same offer to my friend James, and challenged him to do his worst. The same letter contained an account of a journey to Oxford in the beginning of May, and also a remark or two upon our new foundation<sup>4</sup>, by way of defending it. But these are articles of so little consequence, that it is not worth while to recollect or repeat them. Our very best living was vacant in summer by the death of the immortal Holmes, and has fallen to the share of the very oddest Fellow belonging to us<sup>5</sup>. You

<sup>1</sup> See note 5, p. 4, and note 4, p. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Nathaniel Geering entered at Trinity College 1725; matriculated June 30, æt. 18, 'son of Gregory of Denchworth, Berks, Arm. fil.'; B.A. 1729; M.A. 1732; B.D. 1742. He was elected Scholar, 1728; probationary Fellow, 1733; actual Fellow, 1734; and was afterwards Tutor.

<sup>3</sup> This letter is not forthcoming.

<sup>4</sup> This refers to the Michel Foundation, for which see Skelton's *Pietas Oxoniensis*, pp. 27, 28. In the College Registers for Oct. 1, 1764, we find 'notice having been sent by the visitors that the buildings appropriated to the use of Mr. Michell's Fellows and Scholars were finished, it was agreed, at a meeting of the Provost and Society, to proceed to an election of Fellows and Scholars upon the said Mr. Michell's Foundation on Friday the 26th day of this month.' Radcliffe was probably present at this election, as his name occurs in the Register as present at meetings on the 24th and 25th of October.

<sup>5</sup> George Holme entered Batler 1693 (O. S.); proceeded B.A. 1699; M.A. 1701; B.D. and D.D. 1718. He was elected Fellow in 1704, and became Chaplain at Algiers and Rector of Hedley. He left money on trust to the College to buy a living for the Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, with which the living of Gatcombe, Isle of Wight, was bought in 1821. 'Oct. 14, 1765, Agreed at a meeting of the

will know that I mean Dr. Sewell<sup>1</sup>. The Provost<sup>2</sup> had a stroke of the palsy in the spring, which affected his health and understanding to that degree, that he will hardly ever recover them perfectly again. Who knows but the hopes of succeeding him might induce our Senior<sup>3</sup> to refuse the living? But this I mention only as my own private conjecture. As I was lately in a gentleman's house at Grantham, who should come in to beg charity but crazy Cook<sup>4</sup>! I mean the person who was formerly member of our College, and distinguished himself in Oxford, some ten or twelve years ago, by a very extraordinary and romantic behaviour. He seemed tolerably composed, but extremely shabby; and shewed us a specimen of a new translation of the Psalms, which he thought would eclipse both Smart's<sup>5</sup> and Merrick's<sup>6</sup>, and bring him in at least three hundred pounds. If he has lost senses he has not lost his vanity. The Dean of Salisbury<sup>7</sup>, I hear, has given

Fellows, the Provost being absent, that William Sewell, M.A., be presented to the Rectory of Headleigh, alias Heathleigh, vacant by the death of Dr. Holme.' Coll. Register.

<sup>1</sup> See note 5, p. 2.

<sup>2</sup> See note 1, p. 18.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Fothergill, who succeeded Provost Browne, October 15, 1767. He entered Batler 1734; matriculated July 13, 'son of Henry, Pleb. of Russendale, co. Westm., æt. 18' (Chester); B.A. 1739; M.A. 1742; B.D. 1755; D.D. 1762. He was elected Fellow in 1751 (O. S.), and was Vice-Chancellor from 1772-1776. In 1775 he was presented to the fifth Prebendal Stall in Durham Cathedral. We shall hear more of him in later letters. He died August 30, 1796.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Cook entered Batler, Feb. 14, 1742 (O. S.); matriculated Feb. 22, æt. 20, 'Johis fil. de Hexham, com. Northumb. Pleb. fil.' The following account of him is extracted from the history of the Robin Hood Society (London, 1764). 'He was born in Northumberland, whence he went to Oxford, was ordained and obtained a living in his native County. He became a mystic, "Parson Cook was looked upon as a second Jacob Behmen," believed Jewish ceremonies to be of universal obligation, circumcised himself and changed his name to Adam Moses Emmanuel, was deprived, went to London, where he preached and practised community of goods, was known as the Bearded Priest, was put in Bedlam for two or three years, travelled over Scotland and Ireland without a penny in his pocket, visited Oxford and came up to London where he now (1764) resides, but intends going to America as soon as his finances will allow him. He was a contemporary of E. Rowe Mores who says 'he was a senior servitor when I entered' (June 24, 1746).

<sup>5</sup> Christopher Smart, the translator of Horace, published a translation of the Psalms in 1765, 4to.

<sup>6</sup> James Merrick of Trinity College, entered 1736; matriculated, April 14, æt. 16, 'son of John of St. Lawrence, Reading, com. Berks, Doctor' (Chester); B.A. 1739; M.A. 1742; probably Fellow 1744; died 1769; published a translation of the Psalms, Reading, 1765. Not being divided into stanzas, it could not be set to music for parochial use. Tattersall adapted it for the purpose, but without much success.

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Green, D.D., Dean from 1757 to 1780. Was he the Thomas Green, D. D., made Prebendary of Westminster, 1756?

Harry Todd<sup>1</sup> a school and a perpetual curacy in Wiltshire, which, I presume, will be preferable to his old situation in many respects, as it will make some addition to his income, as it is a certainty, and as it will deliver him from the pragmatism and tyranny of Townsend. If you are unacquainted with the names or histories of any of the persons I have mentioned, you must apply to the schoolmaster for an explanation. He has an excellent knack at finding out meanings, and will be proud to be employed in quality of commentator. I am glad to hear that the Miss Todds are well, but sorry that they are Miss Todds still. I had a letter from Whitehaven very lately, and shall answer it very shortly. Compliments of the season, and every thing good attend you and yours.

I am, dear Nancy,

Yours, most affectionately and sincerely,

R. R.

*December 27, 1765.*

## XI.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

DEAR JAMES,

Your letter arrived at the proper time, and gave me a pleasure greater than usual. I was sorry however to hear, that mine had had such an effect upon my sister. I thought it might possibly occasion a surprise, but I never dreamt of its being attended with serious consequences. Inoculation has been practised in this country so much and with so great success, that it seems to have lost all its terrors. I am willing to flatter myself, that I was not presumptuous or confident upon the occasion; though certain it is, that I was never more happy and chearful in any part of my life. On Sunday, July 12, I received my instructions from Mr. Sutton<sup>2</sup>; by which I was ordered

<sup>1</sup> Henry Todd entered Batler 1750 (O.S.); matriculated March 6, æt. 16, 'Henrici de St. Bees, com. Cumb. gen. fil. '; proceeded B.A. 1755; M.A. 1758. In 1755 he was elected Taberdar. He was curate of Britford or Burtford near Salisbury from 1758-1765. His son, H. J. Todd, was Archdeacon of Cleveland and Editor of Johnson's Dictionary, see Bloxam's Register of Magd. Coll. i. 177, &c. The Miss Todds, his sisters, in 1787 presented their nephew to the family living of St. John's and St. Bridgets, Beckermeth, Cumberland. They died unmarried, Elizabeth in 1811, aged 83, Isabella in 1808, aged 79. (Jefferson's Allerdale Ward, p. 19.)

<sup>2</sup> Daniel Sutton, Surgeon, introduced a special system of inoculation into England in 1762. For an account thereof see *The Inoculator or Suttonian System of Inoculation*, by Daniel Sutton, Surgeon, London, 8vo., 1796, and Appendix C.

to abstain from butter, cheese, spices, animal food of every kind, and from all vinous, spirituous, and malt liquors. Most luckily he does not forbid the use of tobacco, so that I indulged myself freely in my old custom, and drank thy health in water, whey, milk well-skimmed, or lemonade. On the same Sunday evening at bed time, I took a paper of his powders, supposed to be a preparation from mercury, and in quantity not exceeding a good large pinch of snuff. The next morning I had the pleasure of swallowing about an ounce of Glaubar salts, and I dare say you will vastly rejoice to hear that they operated very briskly and plentifully. These powders and salts were repeated twice afterwards, resting two or three days between each dose. Being thus reduced and prepared I set out with six of my neighbours for Newark, on Tuesday July the 21st. The doctor attended us instantly, and performed the operation upon us, which was done by dipping the point of his lancet in a pustule of one of his patients, and lightly piercing the outer skin in two different places on each arm, a little above the elbow. No blood was drawn, nor was the puncture hardly perceptible, so that there was no occasion for any plaister or bandage. On Wednesday we had the curiosity to examine our arms, and could perceive little red spots at the places of incision, exactly resembling a flea-bite. These spots continued to inflame every day and ripened at last into fine pustules, and then died away with the rest. On Thursday the doctor came again, and after due inspection, pronounced that we had all received the infection. This piece of intelligence pleased me most wonderfully, as it had been a matter of dispute among my friends, whether or no I had had the distemper. On Friday I was ordered to eat a little meat, and on Saturday to drink a little ale; an indulgence not allowed to any one else in the company. On Sunday I had, or fancied I had, a little touch of the head-ach; which, fortunately, was all the illness that fell to my share. On Monday evening or Tuesday morning an eruption appeared on that part of the body, which gentlemen of the birch are often indulged with a sight of; and this, with the pustules at the places of incision, was all I had to shew for my money. I am however assured by Mr. Sutton, and two other sensible and experienced gentlemen, that I have had the distemper very effectually, and that I never had it before. From that time I was allowed to eat, drink, and live as I pleased; and after paying the doctor five guineas, and expending about four pounds upon other occasions, I returned to Colsterworth the Tuesday following, with great satisfaction of mind, and (I trust) with proper gratitude to the Great Disposer of all things. My companions escaped wonderfully well, though not quite in the

favourable manner that I did. Seventy people have been inoculated in this parish by a common country apothecary, all of whom have happily recovered, and none of them have suffered any thing worth speaking of.

I am really concerned to hear of the very indifferent state of your health, and wish you could gain a snug retreat from the toil and trouble of a school. As that happy time may be at a distance, I would advise you to have some mercy upon your constitution; for I seriously think, that you labour and confine yourself more than duty and conscience require. The Confessional<sup>1</sup> has made a great noise, and seems to be very well wrote; though liable, in my opinion, to great objections. The plan it proposes, instead of a subscription to Articles, is a sort of general assent, or conformity to the doctrines of scripture; which sounds well, but cannot be sufficient for the purposes intended. For if every man is allowed to put his own interpretation upon scripture, and if scripture refers us to the traditions of the Church, as the Papists assert and maintain; then a door will be opened, not only to all the nonsense of our modern Sectaries, but even to the ceremonies and doctrines of the Papists themselves, of whom the author seems most afraid. Rotheram's<sup>2</sup> answer I have not yet seen.

<sup>1</sup> The Confessional, or a full and free enquiry into the Right, Utility, Edification and Success of establishing Systematical Confessions of Faith and Doctrine in Protestant Churches, published anonymously, 1766. The author was Francis Blackburne, born June 9, 1705, of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, Rector of Richmond in Yorkshire, Archdeacon of Cleveland, died 1787. 'The Confessional argues that a profession of belief in the Scriptures, as the Word of God, and a promise to teach the people from the Scriptures should be the sole pledges demanded from Protestant pastors.' (Leslie Stephen in Dict. Nat. Biog. s. v. Blackburne, Francis.) There are lists of the pamphlets on the controversy in *Gent. Mag.* vol. 41, pp. 405-407 and vol. 42, pp. 263-265. They contain the names of eighty-one publications, and seem to have been drawn up by Dr. Disney, who reprinted them with additions and modifications in 1775, and continued them in 1790.

<sup>2</sup> An Essay on Establishment in Religion with remarks on the Confessional, published anonymously, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 8vo. 1767. The author was John Rotheram (or Rotherham); he entered Queen's as Batler, Feb. 21, 1745 (O.S.); matriculated March 18, æt. 19, 'Gulielmi de Haydon Bridge, com. Northumb. Cler. fil. '; B.A. 1748; M.A. by decree of Convocation, 1753; 'elected Percy Fellow of University College 1760, in succession to T. Foster, and vacated 1767 when he was succeeded by John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon' (A. S. Chavasse); Rector of Houghton le Spring and Vicar of Seaham 1769; died 1788. In the College Library are:—The force of the Argument for the truth of Christianity, drawn from a Collective View of Prophecy, by the Rev. Mr. John Rotheram, late of Queen's College in Oxford, and now of Codrington College in Barbados. Oxford, 8vo., 1752; and A Sketch of the One Great Argument formed from the several concurring evidences for the Truth of Christianity, by the Rev. John Rotheram, M.A., of Codrington College in Barbados. Oxford, 8vo. 1754.

The election of a Provost<sup>1</sup> cannot take place till Michaelmas, and in all probability it will be an unanimous one; at least, I have not yet heard of any opposition. I hope my nephew<sup>2</sup> behaves and promises well. My best compliments, respects and wishes wait upon thee and thine, and Nicolson if you see him.

I am thine most sincerely,

R. R.

*August 26, 1767.*

## XII.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As soon as I heard of your translation to Arthuret<sup>3</sup>, I sent you my compliments and congratulations upon it: but before they could reach the borders of Scotland, I had the pleasure of receiving your epistle. I was amazed to read, that you had met with so fine a country so far beyond Carlisle; a country, that none of our travellers ever discovered before. But the novelty of a scene delights us; and a philosopher can be happy everywhere. Be that as it will; you have certainly left St. Bees and all its drudgery, after a glorious reign of sixteen or seventeen years; and I do not suppose that you will ever repent of the exchange. Your successor<sup>4</sup> is an honest, good-natured fellow, and will not, I trust, be wanting in diligence and attendance: but he comes to great disadvantage; and do what he will, the school inevitably must decline. My sister seems rather at a loss how to dispose of her younger son<sup>5</sup>; and I have partly advised her to send

<sup>1</sup> Oct. 15, 1767, Dr. Thomas Fothergill was unanimously elected Provost in the Room of the late Dr. Joseph Browne. Coll. Register.

<sup>2</sup> James Wilson, son of Anne Radcliffe and Capt. Joseph Wilson of Whitehaven, who appears from the next letter to have been under Mr. James at St. Bees.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. James, who was appointed to the Vicarage of Kirk Oswald in 1771 (which he resigned in 1774), was subsequently offered the curacy of Arthuret by Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Graham of Netherby. For an account of Arthuret, with views of the church and of Netherby and a plan of Solway Moss, see Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. 528.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Scott, entered Queen's College as Batler, July 11, 1764; matriculated July 13, æt. 18, 'son of William of St. Bees, Cumb<sup>d</sup>. Cler. fil.' (Chester); B.A. 1770; M.A. 1772. Whellan makes him succeed James in 1773. Hist. Cumb. p. 431 *b*.

<sup>5</sup> John Wilson, brother of James Wilson (above, n. 2). Later on his mother seems to have placed him under Mr. James' care at Arthuret, see Letters XIV and XV, where Radcliffe speaks of his sister having been at Arthuret, and sends greetings to 'his nephew John.' John Wilson subsequently married Mr. James' eldest daughter Elisabeth.

him to St. Bees. Nothing, however, in my humble opinion, is more absurd and ridiculous, than to keep a boy six or seven years at a Grammar School, and then condemn him to the sea or the counter. My nephew James was not deficient in capacity, and was educated (don't blush) under as good a master as any in the kingdom; and yet I will venture to pronounce, that he will not receive the least advantage from all his Greek and Latin. He does not understand them sufficiently to read them with ease and pleasure, and he will have no temptation or encouragement to make any farther progress in them. The consequence naturally will be, that he will throw them wholly aside, and in a few years will know no more of them than my dog does. A lad, that is intended for business, might certainly employ his time better, in reading useful English books, and in gaining a knowledge of such things, as might afterwards be serviceable and entertaining to him. I forbear to mention particulars, because I have not quite settled the plan; but in the general, am I right, or am I wrong?

Mr. Cholmeley<sup>1</sup> (nephew to Dr. Cholmeley of Magdalen<sup>2</sup>) is the present High Sheriff of Lincolnshire; and as he happened to be my near and very good neighbour, he paid me the compliment of appointing me his chaplain. It was my business, as such, to preach at the Lent assizes; and it will be my business, as such, to exhibit again in the summer. I did not take upon me to give any particular directions to the lawyers; but contented myself with declaiming against indifference in religion, and with shewing some of the advantages that would attend a serious sense of it. Affairs at Queen's, as far as succession is concerned, remain in *statu quo*. We have not had a vacancy these three years; and I have still three seniors before me. You have now had a winter's trial of your new situation, and I hope it agrees with the constitutions of your family. You could not in honour resign Kirk Oswald<sup>3</sup>, if your good friend, the

<sup>1</sup> Montague Cholmeley, matriculated Gentleman Commoner of Magdalen, April 16, 1761, æt. 17, 'son of John, Esq., of Easton, co. Lincoln,' created M.A. 1765, and was appointed executor to his uncle. See Bloxam's Reg. Magd. ii. clxxxiii. He married, Dec. 31, 1768, Sarah, daughter of Humphrey Sibthorpe of Canwick co. Linc., D.D., Sherardian Professor of Botany, and died 15 April, 1803. He was father of the first Baronet.

<sup>2</sup> Montague Cholmeley matriculated from Merton, Feb. 29, 1728 (O.S.); æt. 16, 'son of James, Esq., of Easton, co. Lincoln' (Chester); B.A. (of Merton) 1731; M.A. (of Magdalen) 1734; B.D. 1744; D.D. 1749; elected Fellow of Magdalen, 1733; died Feb. 12, 1785. See Bloxam. ut sup.

<sup>3</sup> In a letter to Mr. Boucher dated Jan. 26, 1773, Mr. James speaks of the curacy of Arthuret as being worth £100 a year, with a house and thirty acres of land, and

Squire<sup>1</sup>, had objections to it: but your method of disposing of the profits is uncommonly noble. I cannot help thinking that you are a well-meaning sort of a man, and act upon pretty good principles.

You and Nancy and younkers have always the best and warmest wishes of

R. R.

*April 8, 1772.*

### XIII.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By conversing and corresponding so much with Docker, thou hast acquired a part (and the worst part) of his character; which is, to be guilty of a gross neglect thyself, and then to bully and abuse thy friends for it. This was remarkably the case in thy last letter, wherein thou hast the assurance to accuse me of idleness; and for no other reason, but because thou could'st not excuse thy own.

Dr. Daniel Perkins<sup>2</sup> died last October, and, to my surprise and joy, is succeeded by Milo Halton<sup>3</sup>. I had always a notion that it was a paltry piece of preferment, and was afraid that none of my seniors would have taken it: and as I knew it to be attended with some disagreeable circumstances, I myself had determined to refuse it. I thought it would have fallen to the share of T. N.<sup>4</sup> and Theophania Vernon<sup>5</sup>. Denton<sup>6</sup> and Monkhouse<sup>7</sup> are still before me. As a Foundation man, I have been remarkably unlucky: it was nineteen years compleat, before I arrived at a Fellowship: and I am now advancing

referring to his continuing to hold the living of Kirk Oswald, he says 'From the manner in which it was given me, I was hardly at liberty to relinquish it. I am still therefore Vicar of it, but don't exclaim against me, I am only so in name, all the emoluments I have resigned freely to a very worthy young man [Mr. Fisher], who was usher to me at St. Bees, and whom I was happy in being able to make such a provision for.' John Fisher succeeded to the Vicarage of Kirk Oswald in 1774 when Mr. James resigned it.

<sup>1</sup> The Squire of Kirk Oswald at this time was Timothy Featherstonhaugh, whose brother-in-law, Charles Smallwood, was James' predecessor as Vicar.

<sup>2</sup> Daniel Perkins entered Batler 1727; matriculated Oct. 24, æt. 19, 'son of James of Aierby, com. Cumb. Pleb.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1731; M.A. 1735; B.D. and D.D. 1764. He became Fellow 1744, and Rector of Church Oakley and St. Cross, Southampton.

<sup>3</sup> See note 1, p. 16.

<sup>4</sup> T. N. is Thomas Nicholson, see note 1, p. 14.

<sup>5</sup> Is Theophania Vernon the same as the 'Fanny' of Letter XC, p. 197?

<sup>6</sup> See note 5, p. 3.

<sup>7</sup> See note 7, p. 3.

in my thirtieth year, without having had the offer of any preferment from College: both which cases are very uncommon. Philip Brown<sup>1</sup>, who did not enter above ten minutes before me, has had a wife and a living these three years. By the way, I am sorry to inform thee, that poor Philip's eyes are almost as bad as his uncle's. Notwithstanding the above disadvantages, almost peculiar to myself, I am still in love with the Foundation, and most strenuously recommend it to everybody else. It has been the grand comfort of my life,—it enabled me to go into the company of my superiors with the greater pleasure, because I was not dependent upon them, and made me be received with the greater civility by them, because they knew I wanted nothing from them. The prospect of a Fellowship supported my spirits in poverty, and the possession, thank God, has given me plenty.

I cannot conceive (I am now speaking in general) how the Foundation should prevent any exertions of a laudable kind. That a man should be less studious or serious, less able or willing to improve himself, because he is easy and happy in his circumstances, is a doctrine I cannot comprehend. I should be apt to draw a conclusion directly contrary; since it is generally allowed, that indigence and dependence have an unfavourable influence both on the temper and genius of mankind. There are various calls to industry and diligence besides a hungry belly: some or other of which may have an effect, even upon the sons of Robert Eggesfield<sup>2</sup>. There are offices in College of importance, honour and profit: offices, that will be tempting to many, and which they can hardly aspire after without endeavouring to qualify themselves for them. A sense of duty, a regard to character, and gratitude to God Almighty for a comfortable situation, are motives that may operate in the country; and there is no absurdity (I hope) in supposing, that a Founder may feel the force of them. Besides, you know very well, that we are not bound to this same Foundation by any monkish vows or irreversible decrees; it is a matter of free choice, and we are at liberty to quit it, whenever we think proper. If the prospect at College seems tedious, and we want to settle in the world, the world lies open before us; and we may, if we please, and as is commonly the case, consign ourselves to a school, a wife, and a curacy. And is a man the worse schoolmaster, is he more idle or ignorant, because he has belonged to the Foundation? or is he, upon the same account,

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, p. 16.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Queen's men, the members of the College founded by him.

the worse husband, the worse father, the worse parish priest, or in any respect the worse member of society? I assert with confidence, he is not: and I appeal with pleasure to Nancy's knowledge and experience for the truth of what I say.

Let us now take a view of a northern younker, who has been taught to despise the Foundation and all its advantages, whose father can give him some three or four hundred pounds, but has no possibility of providing for him afterwards. The young man enters at seventeen, and takes his degree at one-and-twenty; a year-and-a-half, at least, before he will be allowed to go into the vineyard. That time he jingles away between the College and the country; an independent batchelor, forsooth, in the former, and a beau and a coxcomb in the latter; and by these means generally spends more money than would maintain a frugal Taberdar. At last, when he has squandered away his fortune, and perhaps contracted a load of debt, he gets into orders; and issues forth into the world without friends, connections, or prospects: and a glorious figure he is like to make. He goes to a curacy of forty pounds a year, and may possibly in time be removed to a better. But to a curacy he will be condemned, as long as the sun and moon endure; unless he meets with uncommon fortune, or submits to practices disagreeable or dishonourable. All his hopes of advancement depend upon the favour of the great; and that favour is seldom acquired, but by being a companion in their vices, or, at best, a slave to their humours. A virtuous man, who has spent all his time in the College and at St. Bees, has no conception of the ways by which preferment is sought and procured. So seldom is merit the means of obtaining it, that they, who have their fortunes to make, have usually recourse to very different methods—to a diligent and obsequious attendance upon the squire or lord of the place, watching his motions, and licking his spittle—or to the more active and popular qualifications of fox-hunting, drinking, and bustling at an election. I am confirmed in these sentiments by a thousand instances that have fallen within my own knowledge and observation. In short, a state of dependence is a state of temptation, and oftner leads to improper compliances than to laudable pursuits. Yet this is the state in which thou would'st place a man, meerly to give him an opportunity of bestirring and exerting himself. Thou mightest just as well throw thy children into Solway Frith, that they may shew their dexterity in getting out of it.

I am far from pressing any man to go to College; but if he does

go, I would certainly recommend the Foundation to him, and keep him upon it till he was M.A. It cannot possibly do him any hurt, and in all probability will be of the greatest service to him; and I will venture to say, that five out of six will bless those friends or masters that advised them to it. It may be proper to observe, that the Foundation of late years has not been so much crowded as formerly. A young man is generally scholar almost as soon as admitted, and is sure to be Taberdar at the end of four years. Allowing therefore that the method of living may be more expensive; yet, the time of residence being so much shortened, the expence, upon the whole, may be much as usual. Dicky Graham<sup>1</sup> and Nicolson<sup>2</sup> have each a nephew upon the Foundation; and happy should I been, if mine had been there too.

I intend, God willing, to do myself the honour of attending Lord North<sup>3</sup> at Oxford in July, when magnificent doings are expected. What a pleasure will it be to meet my old friend, and see him in scarlet! I wish I may live to see him in purple. I seriously think thy scheme a good one, and hope thou wilt carry it into execution. If thou wantest information how to proceed, thou must apply to some other quarter: for I know nothing about it. Put money in thy purse, and the business, I fancy, will go on smoothly; but be sure to put money in thy purse.

I should be very happy in paying a visit to my friends in Cumberland, and particularly, in taking a view of Mr. Graham's moss<sup>4</sup>; but such a scheme, in my present situation, is absolutely impracticable.

I cannot think what business Nancy has to sit by thee and prompt

<sup>1</sup> Richard Graham entered Batler, 1736 (O. S.); matriculated March 14, æt. 17, 'son of Richard, of Brampton, com. Cumb. Pleb.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1742; M.A. 1745. He was elected Taberdar in 1742. His nephew was presumably George Graham, who entered Batler 1771; matriculated Nov. 28, æt. 18, 'son of Thomas, of Sledelhead, com. Westmd. Pleb.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1775; M.A. 1779. He was elected Taberdar in 1775.

<sup>2</sup> See note 1, p. 14. His nephew was Clement Watts (see Letter XXII), who entered Batler 1771; matriculated Oct. 10, æt. 15, 'son of Rev. William, of Whitehaven' (Chester); and proceeded B.A. 1775. He was elected Taberdar 1775.

<sup>3</sup> Frederick North, Lord North, afterward second Earl of Guilford. Prime Minister to George III from 1770 to 1782. He was elected Chancellor October 3, 1772, and installed July 6-9, 1773. See Green's Oxford during the Last Century, No. xi. p. 31 of reprint, and Jackson's Oxford Journal.

<sup>4</sup> This refers to the eruption of the Solway Moss, which burst and spread itself over the plain between the Esk and the Sark on November 16, 1771. The land was subsequently entirely reclaimed by the energy and liberality of Dr. Graham, the owner of Netherby, under the direction of John Wilson, a Yorkshireman. See Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. 538, &c., where the note signed J. B. is by Mr. Boucher. Mr. James, in a letter to Mr. Boucher, says it was caused 'by the people's having pared away the breast of the Moss for their peats, and so rendered the natural barriers still weaker.'

thee, while thou art writing to me. She has recalled a person to my memory whom I have not seriously thought of these three years; what passed upon that subject was so little and so long ago, that it seems to be forgotten by both parties; and I begin to foresee and fear, that all attempts of that kind will be *fruitless*, and terminate in nothing. A distant prospect, or something or other, overruled thy passion a good while, for though in the prime of life, the affair was depending six or seven years.

Thou hast argued strenuously and plausibly in favour of a classical education for such as are intended for business; but I cannot say, thou hast quite convinced me. I am firmly of opinion that employment might and ought to be found for them, that not only will engage their attention at present, but be of real service to them afterwards. There is something discouraging and absurd in conning over books which you never expect to understand, or to reap any benefit from. Accordingly, it was a general observation at St. Bees in my time, that the lads designed for the sea or the counter were the idlest lads in the school, nor can it be otherwise without a miracle. I do not mean to pursue the subject any farther, but shall take the liberty of relating a plain matter of fact. The son of an innkeeper in this town, by the time he was old enough for business, was a very good English scholar, wrote a most excellent hand, was a compleat master of numbers and figures, book-keeping or merchant's accounts, algebra, school mathematics, &c. &c., could survey thy estate with accuracy, and map it with elegance, and had a little notion of drawing and painting. Has this boy been idle? or would his time have been better bestowed upon a parcel of unintelligible jargon? I make no apology for attacking thy profession, especially since thou hast attacked mine.

My paper will not permit me to make observations upon thy want of neighbours, or thy smoky chimnies: only, the first inconvenience will be felt as little by thee as by any man; and to the second I would advise thee to submit with patience, and be thankful thou has not a scolding wife. I am heartily glad to hear that you are situated so comfortably at Arthuret, and if I had not been abusing Latin schools, I would have passed some compliments upon thine. With my best respects and wishes to Nancy & Co.,

I am thine most sincerely,

R. R.

*February 3, 1773.*

This letter will cost thee double, I hope; and that thou gettest by provoking me.

## XIV.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is well-known that old batchelors and Fellows of colleges are not overloaded with politeness, and it is a truth, I dare say, to which you and Mrs. James subscribe with all your hearts. With shame I confess that I have been most scandalously negligent, for I certainly ought (and by the way I really intended) to have made my acknowledgments long ago, for the gracious reception you gave me at Arthuret, and for the agreeable days that I spent in that neighbourhood. I met with nothing at your house but what I depended upon, viz. civility, friendship, sense, and good humour; but the country greatly exceeded my expectation. It is really a most noble country, let southern coxcombs say and think what they will: and yet, methinks, it would not be a trifle that would tempt me to settle in it. There is something in the looks of the houses and common people so very wretched and disagreeable, that it would be a long time before I should be reconciled to them. But we are naturally (and luckily) prejudiced in favour of those countries and objects to which we are accustomed, and hence you are happy upon the borders of Scotland, and I am happy amongst the fens and complexions of Lincolnshire. 1387994

I left you hobbling and making wry faces, and with all the symptoms of the gout upon you, and I took it for granted that you would enjoy your approaching vacation in great pomp and dignity, alias, in flannel and cloth shoes. But I am willing to hope that it did not proceed to a serious and violent fit, as a letter from Whitehaven informs me that all was well at Arthuret when my sister left it.

I took my place in the coach, as you may possibly remember, between six and seven o'clock on a Tuesday evening, along with a countryman and his sister from Orton, and an honest civil Quaker of Carlisle. I kept a sharp look out for Lamonby Hall<sup>1</sup>, from a little sneaking regard for the persons to whom it belongs; but having partly forgot your directions, and my fellow-travellers knowing nothing about it, I was not so fortunate as to catch a sight of it. We arrived at Penrith with daylight, and from thence proceeded in silent solemn darkness by Appleby, Brough, and over Stainmore, where we had the

<sup>1</sup> Lamonby Hall was the residence of Thomas Grayson, father-in-law to Mr. James, who purchased it of the Wilkinsons. It descended to Mrs. James (Lyson's Cumberland, p. 155). It is in Skelton Parish, seven miles N.W. of Penrith.

pleasure of seeing the sun rise, while you easy fellows were fast asleep. The Quaker was not so attentive to the spirit as to forget [to make] provision for the flesh; for it appeared in the course of [our tr]avels, that he had got a pocket full of good hung beef. It appeared likewise, to the joy of the company, that the parson was provided with a pound of pepper cake; parsons and quakers of all professions agree in the article of eating, so that we joined stocks, and feasted lovingly together. We dined on Wednesday at Harrogate, a place well known for its clear and stinking waters, and a dreary, moorish situation. At five o'clock we landed at Leeds, where I drank tea, smoaked a pipe, and laid down in my cloaths about an hour and a half, which was all the bed and almost all the sleep I had between Arthuret and Colsterworth. I enquired at Leeds after our old acquaintance Harry Scot<sup>1</sup>, was told that he was possessed of a very decent estate, \* \* \* \*. The number of passengers was now encreased to six, and we were summoned into the coach at nine o'clock, and after spending in it another sleepless night and another tedious day, I had the pleasure of reaching my old habitation, safe and sound about five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and of finding my man and maid, mare, dog, and cat, in excellent spirits and condition. I rose the next morning as fresh as a rose, and as well as ever I was in my life. I was quite happy in my late expedition, and hope it will be my fortune some time or other to repeat it. Compliments and best wishes wait upon Madam & Co.

I am thine most sincerely,

R. R.

July 2, 1774.

XV.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

DEAR JAMES,

With truth and pleasure I can affirm that my love for my friends at Arthuret is as pure and sincere as ever, and that the long interruption our correspondence met with could not be placed to my account. This, though a short, is a full answer to the introductory part of your epistle.

I wish you could contrive by some method or other to banish for ever that same gout. A sedentary life is evidently hurtful to you, and yet you are resolved to persist in it. Give me leave, therefore, to send

<sup>1</sup> Henry Scott, entered as Commoner, May 31, 1750; matriculated same day, æt. 18, 'son of Henry, Esq., of Leeds, co. York' (Chester); did not take a degree.

you the following prescription : ' Ride more, sit less, and don't confine yourself so much to your nasty school.' Indeed, it seems rather hard that a person of your known regularity and temperance should be attacked by the gout at all. Had it been owing to the jollities of youth or to dignified ecclesiastical luxury in your riper years, you could not in honour have quarrelled with it, but might have comforted yourself with reflecting that you had had the pleasure and merit of acquiring it ; whereas in the present case you have all the bitter without the sweet, and have nothing to support you under it, except a good wife and a good conscience.

I heard within this fortnight, that some people had died lately by inoculation in the town and neighbourhood of Leicester ; and I am sorry to find that no better success has attended it at Whitehaven, The Leicester physicians give it as their opinion that their late mis-carriages were owing to something peculiarly unwholsome and malignant in the air ; an opinion, that I have nothing to say for or against. In the severe trial that your own family underwent, I do not wonder at your great uneasiness ; though it arose, I presume, from the danger your children were apprehended to be in, and not from any misgivings that you had acted wrong. You seem to think that arguments have no weight during the time of distress ; and after it, I am sure there is no occasion for them ; so that with your leave we will banish them entirely out of the world.

It is very certain that I have undertaken the office of Bursar, and intend to move towards Queen's in the spring. I adopted this plan in compliance with the earnest request of my College friends, and purely for College reasons, not from a prospect of saving money, nor a desire of living more at my ease. The last motive was never suggested or hinted at to me, nor (*sunk as I am in sleep and laziness*) did I ever dream of it myself. But it occurred to my friend as a bright thought, and gave him an opportunity of making observations. Monkhouse and Nicolson have promised to act for me during the winter, and I hope to contrive matters so as to spend next winter twelvemonth at Colsterworth also. This is certain, that I will live in Oxford no more than is absolutely necessary, as I would almost as soon be confined to Solway Moss as within the walls of a College.

Docker's son<sup>1</sup> is a member of St. John's in Cambridge, and I have

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Brett Docker of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1779 ; M.A. 1782. This was Radcliffe's godson, see Letter II, p. 7. John Docker, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1st Sen. Opt. and B.A. 1787 ; M.A. 1790, was probably a younger brother.

heard from various quarters that he is an ingenious, studious, and well-disposed young man. I sent him from Oxford last month, Markland's Edition of Euripides's Iphigenia, which I had accidentally been told he wanted in order to prepare himself for a College examination. This brought a letter from his father last week, sensible, friendly, tender, and pathetic. Our correspondence had been dropt about five years, but is now set a-going with as much cordiality and affection as ever. I will meet thee at Philippi (alias Alton) at any hour. I knew nothing of thy intended expedition into the south till Docker informed me of it; and I don't doubt but thy son will turn out as well as Docker's. The scholars at Queen's are a very good set of lads. Adieu, my dear friend! every thing good attend thee and Nancy, and younkers.

R. R.

*September 17, 1776.*

My love to my nephew John, who I hear is a promising youth.

I forgot to mention above, but truth obliges me to own that I began to be rather tired of this old habitation. It was shabby and ruinous ever since I knew it, but grows worse and worse every day. Most of my neighbours wondered how I had patience to live in it so long.

## XVI.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Passing by your very long silence, and your very extraordinary apology for it, I shall proceed directly to give some account of the late revolution in my system of affairs. The Rectory of Holwell<sup>1</sup> (or more properly Holwall or Holywell), was purchased by the Society about sixty years ago, and has now been presented to by them three times. The first College Incumbent was one Mr. Braithwaite<sup>2</sup>, of whom I know nothing but that he was succeeded in 1755 by Mr.

<sup>1</sup> See Prefatory Note.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Braithwaite, entered Butler, 1709 (O. S.); proceeded B.A. 1714; M.A. 1718, and was elected Fellow, 1723; presented to Holwell, Jan. 25, 1732 (O. S.), and given eighteen months grace and £100 to build a new parsonage house and outhouses. He was 'presented again by the college on his own cession, being presented to Stoke Gaylard, and reinstited, 1 Dec., 1741.' Hutchins' Hist. Dorset, iv. 524. He died 1755.

Hobson<sup>1</sup>, immediate Junior to Tom Bolton<sup>2</sup>. The preferment was so little known or thought so indifferent at that time, that six or seven of the Seniors refused it. Mr. Hobson, indeed, has been a considerable benefactor to it, by improving its revenues, and putting all the premisses into most excellent order. He expended, I am told, not much less than a thousand pounds upon them. This same living became vacant the 11th of October, and Mr. Monkhouse giving up his pretensions to it, I mounted my mare, and went to examine it upon the spot. I found it situated in the road between Sherborne and Blandford, five measured miles from the former, and about fifteen from the latter, and in a part of the country called Blackmoor Forest, alias the Vale of White Hart. The first name you may derive and laugh at as you please, but the second was given it from a remarkable white hart which was killed by some of the inhabitants against the express orders of King Henry the third, and for which they paid a severe annual fine, known by the name of White Hart Silver. The country is deep and inclosed, but tolerably fertile; and the roads through it amazingly good. Give me leave to conduct you to the parsonage house, which is well built, commodious, and comfortable. Observe the kitchen, closets, pantries, and cellars—all good in their kind—and a couple of parlours, rather small, but neat. Ascending a decent stair-case, you will arrive at a handsome study, sixteen feet square, and at four *handsomeish* bedchambers; and if your curiosity leads you higher, the maid will show you the upper regions. When you have done with the maid in the garret, I must desire you to walk into the garden, and take a view of the walks, shrubberies, espaliers, and wall-fruit, not forgetting (what is worth them all) the carrots and cabbages; and if your eye is delighted with an extensive prospect, you have my free leave to find it if you can. But, confined as we are, we can see (at least) a hundred yards; and within that distance stands the Church, where all my views ought to center. The glebe consists of about fifty acres, and is divided into seven or eight closes at very convenient distances; which glebe, together with the tithes, are let this year for two hundred and twenty-one pounds. The annual

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Hobson, entered Batler, 1733; matriculated Nov. 23, æt. 19, 'son of Rev. Thomas, of Salkeld Magna, Cumbd.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1737; M.A. 1741; elected Fellow, 1751; presented to Holwell, July 4, 1755; died Oct. 11, 1777. Author of *Christianity the Light of the Moral World*, published in 1744.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Bolton, entered Batler, 1733; matriculated Oct. 10, æt. 16, 'son of Rev. Thomas, of Greystock, Cumbd.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1733 M.A. 1741; B.D. 1759; D.D. 1762. He was for some time Chaplain at Algiers. He died while still Fellow, 1763.

deductions amount to about twenty-five pounds, which is five pounds more than I was at first aware of; but that is a trifle. Holwell, in point of income, is inferior (I believe) to many of our College preferments; but there were some circumstances that seemed to recommend it to me—only one church—never a Squire, nay, nothing above the degree of a petty constable; not to mention the house and premisses which were mentioned before. A remarkable circumstance relative to the parish is, that it is really a part of Somersetshire, and in every respect belongs to that county, though detached from it by a space of about four miles, and surrounded on every side by Dorsetshire. A gentleman<sup>1</sup>, who has lately published a History of Dorsetshire, accounts for the matter in the following manner: that the Saxon princes, during the time of the Heptarchy, made frequent inroads and conquests in the neighbouring countries, and annexed such places as they conquered (though laying at different distances) to their former dominions. Be that as it will, I made a second visit to Hol[well last] month, and took possession of it in [form?]; and as soon as I am clear of the Bursar's office, intend to live and die at it. I still hold residence to be an indispensable duty, and did not want to be reminded of it. I shall take my final leave of Colsterworth next month with reluctance, and return to my lodgings at Queen's, where I shall be happy beyond measure to see you in act. You must insist upon Docker's coming to Oxford, because I cannot engage to go with you to Alton, except on the 20th or 23rd of June. Tom and Sukey<sup>2</sup> (Hodgson, I mean) are completely miserable; \* \* \* \*. The alliance was absurd and romantic at first, though I remember some people thought that there was something very heroic in it. God bless you, and all belonging to you.

Yours, most sincerely,

R. R.

*February 4, 1778.*

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. John Hutchins, B.A., of Balliol College (1719), M.A. of Cambridge. See Biographical Anecdotes of him in Nichols's *Bibliotheca Topographia Britannica*, vol. 6, London, 4to. 1790. He died June 21, 1773. The account of Holwell (being in Somersetshire) is quite at the end of the History of Dorsetshire.

<sup>2</sup> See n. 4, p. 2; n. 1, p. 8.

## XVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

HONOURED FATHER,

The day's rest at Leeds gave me such strength and spirits that I stepped into the coach at seven o'clock as fresh as ever.

We passed through Wakefield about half-past nine, but our stay was so short that I could not get to see Mr. Atkinson<sup>1</sup>. At two in the morning we arrived at Sheffield, and five hours afterwards at Worksop, where we breakfasted. After dining on raw fish at Newark, we got to Stamford, from thence proceeded to Walsford<sup>2</sup>. Here we got five hours sleep. Between this place and Stamford we were within a quarter of an hour of being robbed. A footpad had stopped a person a few miles before us, so we thought proper to take a guard for one stage, but had luckily no need of his assistance. Hence we breakfasted at Heaton<sup>3</sup>, dined at Welling<sup>4</sup>, were sworn at Highgate<sup>5</sup>, and see! London<sup>6</sup>!

Hail! But a truce with all soliloquy. I have neither time nor inclination to describe, nor you to hear my sentiments or rather feelings at sight of this huge, overgrown, dropsical city. On, pen, to something more interesting! See! my brother<sup>7</sup>!

In this blank space you are to suppose a thousand embraces, a thousand questions—without answers—if you imagine to yourself a tear or two, there will not be a drop over much. I popped in upon him quite unexpected. There was he, pen in hand, with a large folio

<sup>1</sup> Christopher Atkinson, entered as Batler, 1747 (O. S.); matriculated Mar. 17, æt. 18, 'son of William, of Morland, co. Westmd. Pleb.' (Chester); 'elected Taberdar in the room of D<sup>s</sup>. Docker' (C. R.), Oct. 19, 1752; B.A., Nov. 4, 1752; M.A. 1756. He was for thirty-seven years Head Master of the Grammar School at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and for twenty-two afternoon lecturer at the parish church (Lupton's Wakefield Worthies, Lond. 1864, p. 197, note). He died Jan. 1, 1793, aged 63. His epitaph and that of his wife, Elizabeth, are in Sisson's Historic Sketch of Wakefield Church, p. 31.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Wansford, in Northamptonshire, eight miles W. of Peterborough.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. Eaton Socon, in Bedfordshire, one and a half miles S.W. of St. Neots.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. Welwyn, in Hertfordshire.

<sup>5</sup> For an account of this curious custom, see Hone's Every Day Book, Jan. 17.

<sup>6</sup> The route followed by this coach does not seem to have coincided exactly with any of the great lines of road. Besides the places mentioned, it must have passed through Barnsley, Grantham, Colsterworth, Stilton, Buckden, Tempsford, Hitchin, Hatfield, and Barnet.

<sup>7</sup> His eldest brother, Thomas (see note 3, p. 15), who was in a house of business in London.

before him, adding his thousands to his ten thousands with as much ease and as great composure as Mary<sup>1</sup> does a few pounds of butter. He is not much altered. All the change I have observed is for the better. You desired a plan of him, and I will attempt to draw one. Imprimis, head-close, covered with wood in good condition, and trimmed so exactly that there is not one superfluous branch.

N.B. It is well known that under this piece of ground there are mines of great extent and vast value.

Item. Visage field, laid out on a most admirable plan, the soil fat and rich. The lower part of the field grows good corn and is just new reaped. Item. A large field called person field, well proportioned and in excellent condition. The inclosures are neat and good, and are equally calculated for use and ornament.

He accompanied me to Mr. Burnthwaite's, where he appears to be a favourite. You may easily guess my reception there. There inquiries about Arthuret were many and friendly, but my fatigue so great that I could think of little more than the *luxury of sleep*. This morning, however, I am pretty well recruited. And now you probably will have time to ask who were our companions in the coach and what our entertainment. We were a motley crew from Leeds to London, viz. a cook to the Charter House School, who turned up her nose at every dish like the mouse in the fable, and told us they *ate* no such stuff at the Charter House; a lieutenant of a privateer, who talked of blood and wounds and thunder; a Swiss gentleman, who related a *goode many* customs of his country; a young silent surgeon, and a younger fellow on his road to Oxford, who laughed and whistled, talked and slept all the way from Penrith to London. J. M. remains at the inn in Wood Street, where I shall visit him to-day or to-morrow. I could not help wishing several times on the road that I had had no such fellow traveller. He was a constant check upon me. All the day at Leeds, for instance, if we walked out he lagged two or three yards behind me, and I was forced to be as silent and to walk as slow, *ut qui Junonis sacra ferret*. In short, after being four long *summer* days tagged to him, I was convinced to my cost, that it is not in our power to form an agreeable connection w[ith] those whose tempers and sentiments are different from our [own] and fro[m then]ce, with the help of a little vanity, I dra[w the co]mfortable conclusion, that I cannot form any very bad connections at College, for I do verily believe that I am not absolutely one of the *nequissimi*. I have not delivered any of my letters yet, nor

<sup>1</sup> His mother's 'veteran housekeeper,' see Letter, No. XXIX, p. 71.

seen any of my acquaintance save Bob Gilpin, who is smart and well. What I *am to do* I shall not know till I see my brother. At present I could not be better employed than in what I *am doing*. Compliments to Netherby<sup>1</sup>, Scarbank<sup>2</sup>, Crofthead<sup>3</sup>, Know[e]<sup>4</sup>, to Messrs. Fearon, Pattinson, Forster, &c., &c. Love to mother, brothers and sisters, compliments to Mary, &c., and believe me, in spite of three hundred miles,

Honoured Father,  
Your affectionate and dutiful son,  
J. JAMES.

My travelling expences for four days came to one guinea.

LONDON, *September 23rd, 1778.*

I must not forget to send my brother's love and Mr., Mrs. and Miss Burnthwaite's compliments. I have been at the Stamp Office and got my uncle's business done in a few minutes. There were a great number there, and no less, I dare say, than one hundred guineas paid when I was there. His majesty must surely be a conjurer to call in so much money by a *stamp*. Tommy can only spare the evening for me. He may perhaps sleep with me to-night. I shall write soon, and if you recollect ought you would have me get, pray when you write mention it. Adieu.

### XVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

OXFORD, *October 8th, 1778.*  
Forgive dating here, but there's  
no room elsewhere.

HONOURED FATHER,

You may now address me at Queen's College, Oxford. On Monday morning<sup>5</sup> I set off in the stage coach, and, without meeting with any let, hindrance, or accident, came within sight of the top of Radcliffe's Library about six o'clock. Dr. Nicholson<sup>6</sup> had arrived the Friday before, and, as I came over the new bridge<sup>7</sup>, stood at the

<sup>1</sup> The residence of Dr. Graham, Rector of Arthuret, his father's patron. See Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. p. 533.

<sup>2</sup> A house in Arthuret, at present the residence of Sir F. Graham's steward.

<sup>3</sup> A house and farm close to Netherby.

<sup>4</sup> There are several Knowes both in Arthuret and Kirk Andrews parishes.

<sup>5</sup> Oct. 5.

<sup>6</sup> See above note 1, p. 14.

<sup>7</sup> Magdalen Bridge, which had just been rebuilt. A stone recording the archi-

end and looked most earnestly into the coach. He had expected me a good while, and the next morning gave me a most hearty welcome. I am now a member<sup>1</sup> of this College, not, as yet, of this University—and pique myself no little on my new title. I had provided a gown and cap in London, and thought I had made a cheap bargain, having heard of the extravagancy of college tradesmen. These I brought down, but upon putting them on, was told that I should be hooted at. The gown was of the mungrel kind, neither commoner's nor gentleman commoner's, strangely made, and of bad stuff to boot. The cap was too small both in crown and board. What was to be done? There was no altering nor selling them without great loss, so I e'en packed them up and sent them to my brother, for the fellow to take again and refund the money. This he cannot refuse, as he assured me they were right and good, &c., &c., and I only took them on that condition. As he lives close to Mr. Burnthwaite's, and I directed them thither, the trouble will be small.

Besides this, the gown I have been obliged to purchase here is cheaper by two-thirds than the London one. And now *eccum!* See me strutting in my new robes, with my square cap and tassel<sup>2</sup>, with as much dignity as Falstaff when he personated the King. I have been highly pleased with some of the men that wait upon the College. 'I remember your father,' says an elderly man, as he took my shoes to clean them, 'ah! he was a good kind man, and God grant you may be like him!' This wish I have often repeated, and as I walk along the cloisters that surround the green I easily can suppose you stepping forwards before me, and myself—you cannot think it flattery—labouring to tread in your footsteps. Let wit laugh as it will at heralds, and those who study pedigrees and plume themselves on their ancestry.

tect, builder and date, which was found in one of the S.E. piers, is in the Ashmolean Museum. A picture of the old bridge, which was taken down in 1772, from a drawing by Malchair, formed the heading of the Oxford Almanack for 1872. The 'new bridge' has been recently widened.

<sup>1</sup> He was entered as Commoner of Queen's, Oct. 6, 1778; matriculated Oct. 10, æt. 18, 'son of Rev. John, of St. Bees, Cumbd.' (Chester).

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Murray kindly gives two instances of the use of tassel. Freethinker, Nos. 41 and 44, 'with her slender fingers [she] tied a gold cord with two large Tossels of gold to his sword;' and in a squib dated Cambridge, Aug. 1, 1750, signed Sophista, entitled, The Happiness of a Good Assurance imitated from Horace, Book 1, Ode 22, printed in the Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Misc. i. 312, we find

'To whom the tatter'd Sophs bend low,  
To whom the gilded tassils bow  
And Graduates nod the head;'

quoted by Wordsworth, Social Life at the Universities, 1874, p. 68.

Virtue owes them many thanks, I am confident, for in the virtue of an ancestor we have not the benefit of good example only, but of example that interests us at heart, that we already think our own, and consider ourselves bound to support.

But whither am I rambling? You enquire how I am situated. To my great joy I am this day in possession of a very comfortable set of chambers<sup>1</sup>, in a staircase adjoining to that of Shepherd's<sup>2</sup>, and pretty quiet. It is a most studious, contemplative place. Right before my window stands St. Peter's Church, and I may meditate upon the tombs below (for mine is a second floor) with vast satisfaction by moonlight. Tell my sister not to shudder either at the thoughts of a churchyard or the gloominess of the prospect. A little of her spirits would frighten every ghost in Oxford into the Red Sea, and turn St. Peter's churchyard into Ranelagh. My furniture is pretty good, and the thirds<sup>3</sup> will run low, I believe, for I cannot be certain till Murthwaite<sup>4</sup> return to College. I have provided tea equipage, and hope to be tolerably myself presently. This morning the Doctor<sup>5</sup> examined me in the ninth chapter of Acts and second epistle of Horace. These have been the standard by which the Doctor has tried his pupils' abilities for many years. He strongly admonishes to attend prayers regularly, and due attendance to these has, I fear, too great weight with him. Mr. Radcliffe and he have their kindest respects to you and my mother. Excellent men! I cannot help consider[ring them] as peculiarly dear to me, from that friends[ship shown] to my father. My box is arrived, safe and unhurt. The cord was just cut through indeed, and the card rubbed to pieces; but these are trifles. I have not got the carrier's bill yet, but there seems some mistake to have happened both from the

<sup>1</sup> These must have been in the central staircase (No. 4) on the east side of the back quadrangle. Jeremy Bentham lived in the same quarter. His chamber 'was a very gloomy one. It looked into the churchyard' (Bowring's Life, ch. 2, p. 39).

<sup>2</sup> John Shepherd, entered as Commoner, 1777; matriculated Nov. 13, æt. 18, 'son of Richard, of Beckermot, Cumbd. Gent.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1781; M.A. 1787. We shall hear more of him further on.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. what he would have to pay for the furniture. This was determined by adding the amount paid for furniture on entering the rooms to the bills for any additional furniture acquired during tenancy. Of the total *two-thirds* was paid by the incomer to the outgoer. Hence the name. Bentham (*loc. cit.*) calls them 'thirdings.'

<sup>4</sup> George Murthwaite entered Batler, 1750; matriculated Dec. 17, æt. 17, 'son of Richard, of Ravenstondale, com. Westmd. Pleb.' (Chester); elected Taberdar, 1754; B.A. 1754; M.A. 1757; Fellow, 1765; B.D. 1775; Rector of Charlton-on-Otmoor, 1784; died 1799. He appears to have been this year Camerarius, the officer who received and paid the 'thirds.'

<sup>5</sup> Scil. Nicholson.

delay and from its having come by the Birmingham waggon. I left my brother in most excellent health and spirits. The evenings I spent with him I need not describe to you how happy they were. *O noctes caenaque deum!* I have a thousand things to tell you, but must now defer them. This corner of my letter I consecrate to love and compliments. The first I offer to my mother, brothers, sisters, and all the other family. The latter to Fearon, Pattinson, &c., &c., &c. J. P.<sup>1</sup> has hitherto entertained me at meals with great decorum. I always slept in another's chambers. But of this hereafter. His compliments.

I am, your ever affectionate and dutiful son<sup>2</sup>.

I have just been informed that I am a full hour too late for this night's post, and must stop till to-morrow. You will wonder at my delay, perhaps, but this will account for it. I have bought Mr. Spedding<sup>3</sup> a dissected map, and left it at London, as I supposed there were better opportunities of sending from thence than here. He desired my correspondence. Pray when you write do give me directions, what to do. Adieu. The carriage of the box came to two guineas. How the mistake happened I cannot discover.

I beg to be informed by my mother to what uses I must apply the napkins, and to what the towels; how long a pair of sheets must be used before they are washed, and what price I must set on a stock if my laundress should lose one. To-morrow morning I breakfast with Mr. Radcliffe. Friday, 9th October.

## XIX.

MRS. JAMES AND J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. JAMES, JUNIOR.

ARTHURET, *November 6th, 1778.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

We have been made very happy by two letters from you this week, one to your father on Monday, the other to your sister this morning without a postmark, so that we are ignorant how it came, but suppose it might be inclosed to Mr. Nicolson. 'Tis seven weeks

<sup>1</sup> 'J. P.' as appears from below (p. 59) is John Pattinson, who entered as Batler, 1773; matriculated Nov. 19, æt. 20, 'son of Thomas, of Holme Cultram, Cumbd. Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1778; M.A. 1782.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is unsigned.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Spedding, of Armathwaite, was principal engineer and steward to Lord Lonsdale. Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. 86.

to-night since we parted with you at Penrith, and I have thought myself long in answering your favour of the 2nd of October from London; but as your father wrote, it made it of less moment to you. You may believe me when I tell you that my heart has dictated more or less to you every day. From the spirits you write in I hope your health has not suffered from your journey, nor from the change of air; and as you have got good rooms, I doubt not you will be very happy after you have formed connexions, which I hope will be both useful and agreeable, as much depends upon the acquaintance you make. You will not, I daresay, think it an impertinent admonition to be nice in this particular. Suspicion is said to dwell only in low minds, and I believe it is generally the case; but I hope prudence and caution may be admitted into the most generous breasts. My dear child will excuse a mother's anxiety. I have not the smallest reason to doubt your conduct; I only wish you to be upon your guard, as young people are too apt to be deceived by professions and appearances.

. . . . . We think the sooner you begin French the better, if it don't interfere with any particular scheme which you might chuse to pursue at this season; and if it don't crowd too much upon you at once, a lesson in musick<sup>1</sup> once a week (we suppose the French master will only attend thrice) might, with your own practice, enable you by-and-by to join in the consorts, or at least introduce you amongst the performers, which might be a means of your learning with more ease and pleasure; but these are only hints, it is left entirely to yourself whether you chuse to begin now, or not till after Christmas, or when you judge most convenient. We would by no means debar you on account of the expense, as we have no doubt of your making the best use of the instructions you receive.

Now for some enquiries about your house-keeping. You have got china and glasses; have you got spoons? or a tea-chest; any green tea for your genteeler company? or how do you manage? You seem to breakfast upon milk, shall we send you any oat-meal, or is there anything we can get you? . . . . .

Our best compliments wait on the Doctor and Mr. Radcliffe. All the family join in love and best wishes for your health and happiness, with,

My dear son's ever affectionate mother,

ANN JAMES.

Thanks for my spectacles.

<sup>1</sup> The following extract from entries made in some old pocket-books by John Gutch, the Registrar (see below p. 190, n. 4), may be interesting. 'Agreed with a Musician for instruction on the violin; terms, a guinea entrance, a

Your mother leaves me, I believe, with reluctance, the remaining part of the paper to scribble one word or two in answer to your queries. Subscribe to the library<sup>1</sup> by all means. As I have a Scapula<sup>2</sup>, which may be yours sometime perhaps, I would have you purchase a Constantine<sup>3</sup>, or any of the others which may be preferable, if you can learn that from any that is a judge; for I am not enough so to determine. Gruter's edition of Tully<sup>4</sup>, I believe, is a great clumsy business in folio, I think hardly worth your purchasing. I should rather recommend Ernestus's edition<sup>5</sup> lately published, in 4 vols. 8vo., if the paper be only tolerably decent. You may enquire for it, and judge. If not, I believe your best way will be to buy separate editions of his particular works, as you shall want them. His Offices, for instance, by Tooley<sup>6</sup> or Pearce<sup>7</sup>; De Oratore, by Pearce<sup>8</sup>; Epistolae Fam., by Ross, 2 vols., 8vo.<sup>9</sup>, if you can meet with it—an excellent book, &c., &c. By-the-bye, to know those or many other things relating to the Classics, I would have you get Harwood's Biogra. Classica<sup>10</sup>, 2 vols., 12mo., though an imperfect work, yet on a good plan, and what may be very useful. I have his view of the different editions of them, which you may have an opportunity likewise of seeing and comparing with the other. You seem to be

shilling a lecture, and the first six lectures gratis.' 'Hire of a Violin for a quarter of a year, 3s.' 'Agreed with Mr. Malchair for instruction on the violin, a guinea entrance, and a guinea for twelve lectures.' Malchair (see note 7, p. 43) was an artist and musician. Concerts for his benefit were given in the Music Room, in March and August, 1762, Jackson's Oxford Journal.)

<sup>1</sup> From the same pocket-books (see preceding note), it appears that the charge was threepence for each book, or for one dozen magazines.

<sup>2</sup> Lexicon Graeco-Latinum, cum auctario succinctarum de dialectis tabularum, Johannis Scapulae, fol. Basil. 1600, often reprinted, e. g. Lond. 1652; Glasg. 4°. 2 vols. 1816; Oxford, 1820.

<sup>3</sup> Lexicon Graeco-Latinum, Rob. Constantini, folio, Geneva (2nd ed.), 1592.

<sup>4</sup> Ciceronis Opera Omnia cum notis et emendatt. Jani Gulielmi et Jani Gruteri cum penu Tulliano per Geo. Lud. Frobenium collecto 4 voll. fol. Hamburg, 1618, 19.

<sup>5</sup> This edition was published at Halle, between 1774 and 1777 in 5 vols.

<sup>6</sup> Ciceronis De officiis libri tres; Cato Major; Laelius; Paradoxa; somnium Scipionis; selectis variorum notis nonnullas etiam suas adjecit Tho. Tooley, 8°. Oxon. 1717. Tooley was of St. John's College.

<sup>7</sup> Ciceronis officiorum libri tres, notis illustravit, Zach. Pearce, 8°. Lond. 1745. Pearce was afterwards successively Bishop of Bangor and Rochester.

<sup>8</sup> Ciceronis De Oratore libri tres, ex MSS. emendavit notisque illustravit, Zach. Pearce, 8°. Cantab. 1716; 2nd ed., 8°. Cantab. 1732; 3rd ed., 8°. Lond. 1746.

<sup>9</sup> Ciceronis Epistolae ad familiares, libri xvi. ed. et comment. Anglico illustr. Joa. Ross, 2 voll. 8°. Cantab. 1749. A rare book in Dibdin's time.

<sup>10</sup> Biographia Classica, the lives and characters of the Greek and Roman classics; new edition enlarged, 2 vols. 8°. or 12mo., 1778, by Edward Harwood, D.D. (a Unitarian minister of Bristol).

properly employed for the present. The sketch of authors which I gave you I take for granted you have, and I think the order not a bad one for reading them in, but let your own taste determine whether to read the poets by themselves or intermix them with the others. I should be afraid of cramping your genius by prescribing rules—only I think some order necessary to be observed—and I should rather wish first to know your own taste and scheme in that matter, and then to make my observations and amendments, where necessary. In these things every man has a peculiarity of genius and sentiment which it is best to follow, and to which all advice should be subservient. In science for this year Logic and Ethics seem to be properest, and the books such as I recommended to you before we parted, but these and everything else think for yourself, and exercise your own judgment without surrendering your opinions to any till your reason is satisfied. If you had a friend to talk to or take into your plan, it would be most useful to canvass every point with him. For this study and for composition I should think the first hours in a morning best. But as your four books are so long, would it not be best to divide them in some degree or other, rather than give the whole to one branch? Only take care not to make confusion, or to fatigue the mind too much on the one hand, and on the other not interrupt it when warmed with a subject and fond of the pursuit, merely to comply with a plan which you have laid down. Your exercises should be such as you have been used to. Don't neglect to cultivate the Muses, especially in Latin. Whatever you want either to know or communicate, write without any demur, the expense of postage is nothing, and be under no restraint. I mean to write whenever I can, and do you do so without regard to the punctilio of an answer. Perhaps you may hear from me again very soon, but don't wait for it. I may be hindered. This you see is scribbled in a hurry, but I would not lose the opportunity of giving a hint or two which might possibly be serviceable. Adieu.

My dear boy's most affectionate Father,

J. J.

XX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

I have now, I believe, born a part in most of the College exercises. I have attended lectures in Homer and Logic. From the latter I hope to reap the benefit at least of being able to discuss a

point *secundum artem*<sup>1</sup>, in good logical terms. Sanderson<sup>2</sup> is the great oracle next to Aristotle, to whose bust<sup>3</sup> the wranglers<sup>4</sup> in the hall seem to pay a more profound reverence than to common sense. In the Compend<sup>5</sup> we have entered the third book, and I have had the honour of proving to the Doctor's great satisfaction that it must be either night or day. The Doctor construes a few chapters, which the next lecture we repeat to him. He does not explain a single term, and were I to rely only on the instructions I receive from him, I should find myself very deficient. From a careful perusal of Watts<sup>6</sup> and Duncan<sup>7</sup> I hope e'er long to acquire a competent knowledge, and to be able at least not to be silent in the Hall. We attend him every day at eleven o'clock. It interferes a little with my plan, and I should be apt to question whether the improvement be adequate to the interruption. From the convenient and ready breakfast I eat of milk, I am able to sit down to study seriously at nine o'clock, at least half an hour sooner than any body else. The two first hours I have set aside for composition or translation. I am pursuing the plan I followed at Arthuret, of re-translating Tully's Offices and comparing it with the original. I find already a sensible improvement, for the interruption

<sup>1</sup> Compare Roderick Random, ch. 28 sub. fin., 'We reduced the fracture, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen-tailed bandage, and put the leg in a box *secundum artem*.' It does not appear to be a classical phrase.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Sanderson, of Lincoln College, Chaplain to Charles I, and Bishop of Lincoln, 1660-62. Author of the Compend mentioned three lines lower down (Bliss's Wood's Athenaeum, vol. 3. 623).

<sup>3</sup> There is a bust of Aristotle over the fire-place in the College Hall. It was his works which Copcot is said to have been studying in the Greek when attacked by the boar on Shotover, near Horspath, as commemorated in one of the windows of Horspath Church, and by the yearly boar's head served up at Queen's on Christmas Day.

<sup>4</sup> This probably refers to the disputations, performed as exercises by the students. See Terrae Filius, No. xx. vol. i. p. 114 et seq. Report of Oxford University Commissioners 1852, p. 59, where Essay 77 of Vicesimus Knox is quoted; Cox's Recollections, p. 34 et seq., and Wordsworth's Scholae Academicae, ch. xix. p. 213 et seq.

<sup>5</sup> The slang title for 'Logicae Artis Compendium,' Sanderson's book published anonymously, Oxonii, excudebat Josephus Barnesius, 1615. It was divided into three parts or books.

<sup>6</sup> Logick, or the Right Use of the Reason in the Enquiry after Truth, by Isaac Watts, D.D., published 1725 (2nd ed. 1726). In Bentham's Life by Bowring (Works x. 37) we find that 'Queen's College had at this time considerable reputation for its logic . . . the English logic taught was by Watts, which Bentham always called old woman's logic.'

<sup>7</sup> The Elements of Logick in four books, by William Duncan, Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, 8vo. Lond. 2nd ed. 1752, described by Dyer, History of the University of Cambridge, i. 197, as 'the best system of logic, or at least, that most favourably now (1814) received at Cambridge,' and 'little more than an abridgment of Locke's Essay.'

I had met with for two months or so before my arrival here had relaxed me no little, and my hand was very awkward at Latin composition. It is now braced again, and I prosecute this branch with more vigour than ever perhaps. For, to confess the truth (a truth which you saw, I believe, long ago), though my last year's absence from school gave me an opportunity of thinking, and what Cicero<sup>1</sup> calls collecting myself, yet there wanted that emulation which has been at all times and in all men the chief spur to excellence. I wanted a rival, a competitor, and honour, we all know, is never so valuable as when won with difficulty. A father's commendation and an ambition to please him were strong incentives. I felt them as much perhaps as any man. But here I have both others to emulate, and my desire of deserving your approbation has lost no force by distance. From these motives I find no study irksome, and no exercise tedious. '*Vincit amor patris, laudumque*' &c. But this is mere boasting. My efforts will not produce aught perhaps *dignum promissis*. But I am opening myself to a father and a friend who will excuse it.

From eleven till one I read logic. As the Doctor recommended it, I am running over Watts. On Duncan, which I take up next, I will bestow no little care, and will imprint him on my mind by abridging and digesting him. After him you recommended Locke<sup>2</sup>, and with these I shall have my hands pretty full for a good while. What do you think of the Compend? Is it worth the labour to retain all the terms, definitions, &c., it abounds with? Will not they be useful in the Hall? I can have a *scheme*<sup>3</sup> when I please wherein all these are put down in a concise and easy method. The classics employ the remainder of the day, and may be called amusement, compared with logic. I am still busy with Lucian and Terence, which I take up week about alternately. Now and then, after supper, I sit with my friends, and seldom walk out without company, and, as our conversation is either literary or at least innocent and entertaining, I hope to receive benefit from it. I begin with French the week after next. There is only one master, Chamberlain, very clever, and a native of France. He gives twelve lectures for one guinea, and I shall have the very serious

<sup>1</sup> 'Quid est autem se ipsum colligere, nisi dissipatas animi partes rursum in suum locum cogere,' Cic. Tusc. Disp. 4. 36. 78.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the 'Essay concerning Human Understanding' to which 'Duncan' served as an introduction.

<sup>3</sup> 'Schemes, as they are called, or little books containing forty or fifty questions in each science, are handed down from age to age one to another. The candidate to be examined employs three or four days in learning them by heart, and the examiners, having done the same before him when they were examined, know what questions to ask, and so all goes on smoothly.' Vicesimus Knox, Essay 77.

advantage of conversing with him in French as long as I stay here. I shall meet him next week at Barrow's<sup>1</sup> room and settle the matter with him. I think I mu[st] let alone musick for a month or so. It will break my plan too much. I have been guilty of high treason, Mr. Radcliffe tells me. I wrote a declamation<sup>2</sup> at the Doctor's request, and chose for my thesis, 'Anacreon Aristotele sapientior.' The Doctor has paid me some compliments which I dare not repeat. As the Grahams<sup>3</sup> go down in a month, I will see if I can send you any of my papers, though 'tis doubtful whether they will give me the offer. I have not heard a syllable of Fearon's present. The Doctor and Mr. Radcliffe present their compliments. My love to my mother (whom I thank for her letter), sisters and brothers; compliments to Fearon, &c., to Mary, and the rest; and believe me, honoured father,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *November 21st, 1778.*

I have purchased a Constantine's Lexicon. Would you not advise translating Greek upon Ascham's<sup>4</sup> plan, as I did with you. I have made some attempts in that way already from Xenophon, but they are as yet trifling. Do you know of any book like Clarke's Introduction<sup>5</sup> that could assist me? None of my friends are at present so disengaged as to join me. Golding<sup>6</sup> will be the likeliest man in a short time, and I will sound him about it.

<sup>1</sup> William Barrow, entered as Batler and Hastings Exhibitioner 1774; matriculated June 1, æt. 19, 'son of John, of Sedbergh, co. York, Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1778; M.A. 1783; D.C.L. 1785. In 1778 he obtained the Chancellor's Prize for an English Essay on Academical Education. He was Bampton Lecturer, 1799 ('Answers to some popular objections against the necessity or the credibility of the Christian revelation'), and Select Preacher, 1806. He is called in the title-page to his Bampton Lectures L.L.D. and F.S.A. He had been at that time Fellow of Hertford, see below p. 82, but had returned to Queen's. For a letter of his see Appendix D.

<sup>2</sup> For declamations, see Wordsworth, Schol. Acad. pp. 88, 89.

<sup>3</sup> Charles, eldest, and James, second son of Dr. Robert Graham of Netherby, were both matriculated from Magdalen College, March 11, 1778, aged respectively 18 and 17 (Chester); Charles was Gentleman Commoner (Bloxam, Magd. Coll. Reg. 6. 212), and died within a few days of his father in 1782. James was created M.A. in 1782, and first Baronet in 1783. His eldest son was the Peelite statesman.

<sup>4</sup> See the Schoolmaster, p. 2. Ascham illustrates his own plan in Latin.

<sup>5</sup> Introduction to the making of Latin, by John Clarke, late Master of the Public Grammar School in Hull. 25th ed. London, 1787. Clarke died in 1734.

<sup>6</sup> Joseph Golding, entered Batler 1776; matriculated Sept. 26, æt. 20, 'son of Joseph, of Wigton, Cumb. Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1780; M.A. 1784. He was elected Fellow in 1791, and afterwards became Vicar of Newbold Pacey. Some letters of his to J. James, junior, are given in Appendix D.

In your next will you tell me your sentiments about my plan, and where it may be improved? My mother's queries I must answer hereafter.

## XXI.

J. JAMES, SENIOR, TO J. BOUCHER<sup>1</sup>.

ARTHURET, *November 24, 1778.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I think myself exceedingly indebted to you and your Nelly for your notice of my young man now at Oxford. It was an additional favour to what you are constantly conferring by your civilities to his brother. John's timidity would prevent your seeing all the pleasure he received at the Hermitage<sup>2</sup>, but to me he has given it full vent; and should he again be within reach of you, I believe you would find to your cost that to be persecuted is a tribute some persons must be content to suffer for being agreeable. He seems happy in his present situation, and hopes to find his account in it, though not, I am sorry to say *entre nous*, from any aids to be lent him by the modes of education there; if indeed those may be called modes of education, where no mode—no plan—not even a book, beyond a logic or ethic compend, is recommended. From the *genius* of the place, the emotion it inspires, the connections that may be formed, the opportunities of libraries, &c., much may be expected from a lad of spirit—but from tutors, I verily believe, *nothing*. John must take his chance with many others; and I can say this for him, that whatever advantages there may be, if he has but courage, no one had ever a better disposition to profit by them.

Nov. 30.—I had written the above near a week ago, to go by a private hand on Wednesday last, but on hearing the person did not set forward till this week it went no further. This morning I am favoured with your letter, which has given me much satisfaction both on your account and my own—the prospect of so much advantage to yourself, and your very favourable report, with many other favourables about my young man, &c.

I dare not trust myself with saying much to your account of my

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, see Preface to this volume and the Dictionary of National Biography, where, however, 'S. Mary's, Carolina,' should be 'St. Mary's, Caroline County.'

<sup>2</sup> The residence of Mr. Boucher close to Paddington Green.

young man. I should only talk foolishly, and, unless you were a father too, expose my weakness. I cannot get wrong however in thanking you for your kind invitation to him, which neither he nor I can have any objections to his accepting—and perhaps you may observe not an ill push in the former part of this letter to that end. I wish him to form such connections; and from this persuasion, that a week of such company, properly intervening, is worth a month's private poring in a college, I entered him on a footing to be at liberty, whenever it was judged convenient, to seek his improvement elsewhere, without interfering with college rules. The Foundation of Queen's, to which I was strongly solicited, is certainly on much too narrow, too contracted a plan—and the company, to which it binds them down, is generally too illiberal for an ingenuous mind to be easy in. It has no one thing, but the certainty at the long run (and they must run for that till they are almost out of breath) to recommend it.

Best wishes of my Nancy as well as myself to you and yours; and I am, dear Sir, your most affectionately,

J. JAMES.

XXII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

You must suppose by this time that I have made some progress in French, and am able to pronounce a few words, or decline them, *secundum artem*. As Barrow is now studying the language under Chamberlain, I thought it might be proper to consult him about it, and he recommended letting it alone till the end of the Term, when I should be at liberty from lectures and exercises to apply more closely. It so happens that Chamberlain has, at present, his hands so full that he is engaged for every hour in the day, and will not be able to attend till the expiration of the Term, which goes out on the seventeenth. Till that time then I must defer paying my compliments to Monsieur, and I cannot say that I am sorry for it. My classical studies, lectures, and exercises employ me at present very fully; and will it not be necessary to drop some part of them when I begin with Chamberlain? There is nothing you disapprove of so much as a too great multiplicity of business. A blind man seems to derive his acuteness from having his thoughts directed to one point, and I think that composition, classics, logic, and French, besides the company of friends

are too much at once, and will distract my attention and hinder my improvement. And yet which of these is there that can be given up without inconvenience? I often consider myself as peculiarly happy in having a pilot to steer me in these things, and I shall wait with impatience for your advice.

I may at last sing *Io pæan*. I have conquered the logic Compend, and got over the threshold of the Temple of Aristotle. Logic seems a kind of free masonry. It is mysterious, dark, and apparently impenetrable: but the mystery consists in its being unknown, and I could almost believe that Tacitus had it in his eye when he said '*Omne ignotum pro magifico est.*' By this gallimatia, you take for granted that I have made a good progress in it. What the definitions I have learnt may do for me I am not able to judge. They will assist me in a verbal engagement in the Hall I doubt not, but such knowledge is at best superficial. Watts descends into so many minutiae; he calls off the attention from the main object by such a quantity of dry observations, definitions, &c., &c., that I neither read him with pleasure or improvement. From a careful perusal of Duncan I expect a great deal. I am now engaged with, and will soon finish him.

In the mean time my application to Greek and Latin does not flag. Terence I have very near concluded. Lucian, as I do not read him with such facility, though with equal attention, will employ me a little longer. If anything occurs difficult or worth observation, I talk it over with some of my acquaintance. From pursuing this method I receive no little information. By a frequent discussion of the obscurer parts of an author, his stile must become plainer and less embarrassed, and I shall e'er long be as much obliged to a friend for communicating his doubts to me, as for resolving mine.

This day we have begun Langbane's Ethics<sup>1</sup>. As far as I have got an insight into it I shall relish it as much better than logic as I prefer morality to wrangling and verbal dispute. The Doctor has raised the tone of his voice, and construes it with much solemnity. And if he meet with a sentence which seems peculiarly pointed at young men, he delivers it with so pompous a cadence that I am afraid it excites different ideas than what he could wish. 'Tis a pity that he has not

<sup>1</sup> *Ethices Compendium a viro cl. G. Langbaenio ut fertur adornatum disposuit et limavit δ πάνυ Reverendus Doctissimusque Joannes Hudson, S.T.P., 12mo.; Lond. 1721.* Langbaine was Provost of Queen's from 1645 to 1657. See Bliss's *Wood's Athenae*, vol. 3, 446. Hudson was originally of Queen's, then of University, and finally Principal of St. Mary Hall 1712-1719. He was Bodley's Librarian from 1701-1719.

more popularity in College. I was sorry to find his injunctions disregarded and ridiculed. By interposing too often in matters of trifling importance he has lost the power of exerting himself effectually where it is requisite. It is now the glory of some of his pupils to teaze and perplex him. His own nephew, Watts<sup>1</sup> (who has now left College) took every opportunity of ridiculing and even insulting him, and yet the poor Doctor almost loved him for it. He has hurt me a little by so often dropping hints about the Foundation<sup>2</sup>: and yet the more I see of it, the more do I felicitate myself and bless your decision that I did not enter upon it. I could not bear to be so brow-beaten. It would have been necessary to have possessed all the patience of Sancho Panca's ass amidst the volley of stones, in order to have supported the frowns of those who ought to guard and nurse the establishment. Some of the young men do, I confess, partake of more qualities of that meek animal than the convenient one I mentioned.

I return many thanks for my dear mother's excellent advice on the head of company. In my last but one I mentioned the friends whose con[vers]ation I principally made use of. A circle of this [nature?] is not perhaps the less agreeable, because I have, of [late?] at least, been partly a stranger to it. I do not find that our being so much independent of each other makes us a whit the more reserved. The contrary is the case indeed. For as it is necessary for a frank and unreserved intercourse that all should consider themselves on an equal footing, a set of College companions must be as social as one could wish<sup>3</sup>.

## XXIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

OXFORD, *Friday Morn, December 18th, 1778.*

I have just time, if my hand will but be steady, to sit down after toiling from four o'clock till twelve in extinguishing a fire<sup>4</sup>. Just heaven! how thankful may I be that I have been no sharer in the

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 33, note 2. He was afterwards J. P., and married Mary, daughter of William Benn, and only sister of Sir John Benn Walsh of Ormathwaite. His son, John Nicolson Watts, succeeded in right of his grandmother to the Nicolson estates at Hawkesdale and elsewhere in Cumberland.

<sup>2</sup> 'Pauperes Pueri' seem to have been worse treated than Commoners like young James. See however Radcliffe's Letter XIII, for the advantages of the Foundation.

<sup>3</sup> The rest of this letter is torn off. It is endorsed December 7, 1778.

<sup>4</sup> There is a picture of the fire, in the College Liber Albus Benefactorum, at the head of the list of contributors to the restoration which followed. See Gutch's Edition of Wood's History, p. 153. The Annual Register for 1778, p. 215, states that the fire was discovered at two in the morning and raged till seven o'clock. See also Appendix E. for some particulars about the fire.

loss, nor a great deal in the danger of this very miserable morning! Recollect, my dear father, the right-hand side of the new quadrangle. All this that yesterday was, in point of elegance, superiour to any building in Oxford, is now smoking, and in ashes. This morning, about four o'clock, I was alarmed by a loud thundring at my door, and the word Fire, a word which I have all along dreaded more than aught else, was re-echoed from various parts of my staircase. I leapt out of bed and ran to my door in the utmost agitation. It was in the other quadrangle. Thither I hurried, half dressed, and beheld one of the most terrible spectacles in nature. The flame had just laid hold of the Provost's<sup>1</sup> nursery. His nursery! His children<sup>2</sup> rushed upon my mind at once; you may conceive my distraction; but I was happy in being told that these were safe, that his wife<sup>3</sup> and family had got out of the lodge; and, as for the furniture, what was the furniture to these? The wind was far from being high, but still sufficient to drive it forwards towards the chapel. It proceeded with the greatest rapidity. The lead that covered the roof, with all the rafters, &c., began to fall flaming into the rooms below. It blazed now with great violence. The whole city was raised, and engines (for shame upon us that we have none at Queens!) were brought from various parts. But, from the croud, &c., were not got to play right for *two* hours. In the mean time the flames descended into the second story. The curtains before the Provost's windows were burnt. We saw his furniture,—desks, bureau, library, in a blaze. The glare, at so dark an hour, was terrible beyond description. The spires at distance reflected it. Think of it, how hideous! The lodge,<sup>4</sup> which is in the middle, and several rooms on each side, were all on fire. I watched the course of it in one room which I knew. I saw the tapestry, pictures, glasses, and other valuables, catch the flame, fall down, and communicate it to the floor. The floors on all sides began to sink with a horrid uproar. And yet the engines were numbly<sup>4</sup> and unskilfully applied.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Fothergill, see p. 24, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> In the Register of Baptisms in the Church of St. Peter in the East, Elizabeth Mary, daughter of T. Fothergill, was baptised 1 March, 1770 (she died young); and Henry, son of the same, July 25, 1771, (he entered as Commoner 24 Jan., 1788, æt. 16; B.A. Oct. 10, 1791; M.A. 1794; was Rector of Althorne, Essex; died 1831).

<sup>3</sup> Mary, wife of Dr. Fothergill, was daughter of John Billingsley of Chesterford, Derby, by Elizabeth York, sister of Philip, first Lord Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Murray is unable to give any reference for 'numbly'; but in Dickinson's Cumberland Glossary [Eng. Dial. Soc., vol. vii] 'Num' is given as 'a North country word signifying "clumsy."'

No water, no buckets, no order, and the fire roaring against all their efforts. I rushed to the Doctor's rooms. He was distracted. The flame was gaining ground, and we assisted to remove his effects. He made many apologies, but this was no time for punctilio. We hurried away his desks, books, and pictures, &c. The wainscoating was next stripped. The fire still gained ground. We were summoned to the library. Here I sweated under a load of folios which were conveyed to Edmund Hall. We broke a window and tossed all the collection of books into the square below. The boar<sup>1</sup> himself was carried down with difficulty. The chapel next was an object of care. The lamps, cloths, &c., &c., were secured. Upon returning into the first quadrangle, the whole front, of eighty yards (excepting the Doctor's chambers), was in a blaze. The chief care now wa[s] to prevent its reaching the hall. The engines sq[uirted] (for it deserves no better name) to no purpose. They be[gan] to strip the lead, and cut away the timbers. This offered well. Till at last, after seven hours' incessant labour, it was got under. The rooms from one end to the other have all suffered, the library excepted, and this formerly superb building is a meer shell, black and empty. No lives were lost. The damage I cannot compute. One gentleman commoner has lost 100£. The Provost, poor man! has not suffered very much in furniture. But his family, his family are driven out of house and home. The fine green is now a puddle, covered with smouldering ashes and the ruins of the edifice. It will be long before it can be repaired. The fire broke out in an empty garret. The bed-makers, we suspect, have been the cause, as 'tis probable they held their clubs there. I am in no danger.

Your very affectionate Son,

J. JAMES.

XXIV.

J. JAMES JUNIOR TO MRS. JAMES.

MY HONOURED MOTHER,

By this time you have been much alarmed, and have uttered many a note of pity for poor Queen's College. My account of the fire was wrote in the greatest trepidation, and may not be so full and accurate as I could wish. Where it is wrong you will find by

<sup>1</sup> A cast of the Florentine boar, presented to the College by Sir Roger Newdigate, and now in the Randolph Gallery. It is to be seen in the picture of the Library in Ingram's Memorials of Oxford, Queen's College, p. 12.

Pattinson<sup>1</sup>. At present, when I reflect on that most miserable Friday morning, I can scarce persuade myself that it has been anything but a dream. And yet I need but step a few yards from my door to be wofully convinced of its reality. The walls, which were of elegant hewn stone, are all black, and naked. All that I can see of the Provost's effects are two or three flower-pots at his nursery window, which are withered and destroyed. The cloister is filled with rubbish, and still affords a place for meditation, though far different from what it formerly excited. It will be long before it be restored. The confusion it has raised is very great indeed. The Provost and his family are at lodgings in the town. Monkhouse has left the College to the care of fortune. The Doctor has got rooms in a neighbouring staircase, and sits with a face of grief and desolation in the midst of lumber, and heaps of books and all kinds of furniture. I never saw a man so disconsolate, so woe-begone as he appears. Radcliffe was to have left College on Saturday morning, but staid till yesterday. He has not suffered a farthing. Poor Barrow (the man who won the prize last summer) has lost all. His books, papers, cloths, &c., with fourteen guineas were all destroyed. He had, preparatory to taking Orders, wrote twenty or thirty<sup>2</sup> sermons. These he regrets as much as ought, as they cost him no little trouble in composing. The damage I have heard estimated at between 3000£ and 4000£; how far this may be just I cannot tell. New College<sup>3</sup> has sent us an invitation to dine there till our own hall can be put into order, but this is not accepted by any but the Fellows and Gentlemen Commoners. Thus at my first arrival in College have I been witness to an accident which, though of all most likely to happen, has never happened in the course of some centuries. I hope it will introduce some new regulations into the University. It will be at least a caution to the young men to be more careful in putting out their fires, and prevent many from reading in bed.

Mrs. Boucher<sup>4</sup> is a sensible, agreeable woman. She has not (as far as I could observe) the least affectation, but is open, frank, and well-

<sup>1</sup> See note on J. P., p. 46, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *This circumstance I would not have mentioned.*

<sup>3</sup> New College also contributed £200 towards the rebuilding, see Appendix F.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Boucher's first wife, Eleanor Addison, whom he married in Maryland in 1772. Her epitaph in Paddington church describes her as 'of the respectable family of the Addisons in Maryland,' who, according to Mr. Boucher's (unpublished) Autobiography, were 'of the same family as the celebrated Secretary of that name.'

bred. They do not live in any very high stile. She was busy with her needle whenever I saw her. She does not dress gaily, tho with a good deal of neatness. My conversation was short with her, but my brother and she exchanged a few jokes with great glee and good-humour. I described to you the house they live in. By this time it will be furnished and repaired, and next summer you will find it a very snug lodging.

Irwin of Oriel<sup>1</sup> is a good-natured young man. I have supped with him one evening, but he has so many engagements on his hands that he has not returned my visit. He is not a man of the strongest or deepest sense, but he is civil, and *comes out of Cumberland*. As for Hutchinson<sup>2</sup>, I cannot see anything in his company worth courting. He is a pretty good classic scholar I believe, but that is all. His knowledge extends little farther than grammar and syntax, and old Lilly<sup>3</sup> will furnish me sufficiently on those heads. However, he is a lad of good morals as far as I know, and may hereafter make a respectable fellow. I am disgusted with the water and milk of Oxford. Tea and coffee enervate and unhinge me for the whole day after.

But thou, hasty-pudding,  
Balm of my griefs, sweet solace of my cares,  
Banquet for gods!

thou art only able [to] support me in climbing the arduous heights of Parn[assus]. Come, then, ambrosial food! Come ye adust<sup>4</sup> particles wh[ich] compose the farineous mixture, let me compound ye! This means no more than that I want a barrel of oatmeal, if you should have an opportunity of sending me one. I send this by Pattinson, as he desired me. I would not have any hint of his behaviour thrown out.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. C. L. Shadwell has been kind enough to afford the following information: Thomas Irwin, son of Thomas, of Moss Side, Cumberland, Esq., entered at Oriel in Michaelmas Term 1776, matriculating Oct. 23, aged 18. He gave that College a silver tankard (29 ozs. 7 dwts.), which still bears the arms of Irwin (ar. three holly leaves, ppr.) and the inscription, D.D. Thomas Irwin de Moss Side in Agro Cumbriae hujusce Coll. Commensalis A.D. 1783. He does not appear to have taken his degree, or to have resided after 1779. He married in 1788 Jane, second daughter of John Senhouse, of Calder Abbey, and died Jan. 3, 1832.

<sup>2</sup> John Hutchinson, entered Butler, 1778; matriculated July 11, æt. 17, 'son of Joseph, of Egremont, Cumb<sup>d</sup> Pleb.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1782; M.A. 1785.

<sup>3</sup> William Lilly, Demy of Magdalen and First Master of St. Paul's School, London, see his Life in Bloxam's Reg. of Magdalen College, vol. 4, pp. 19 sqq.; and as to the Grammar which bears his name, ib. vol. 3, pp. 83 and 106.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. burnt up and so either dry or brown. He may have got the word from Milton's Paradise Lost, xii. 634 (cited in Murray's Dictionary), 'With torrid heat, And vapour as the Lybian air adust.'

I shall begin music next week. Last week I was a little put out of my course by having so much to write, and by this fire. But I shall presently settle again. Love to father, brothers and sisters. My sister must excuse my not sending her Woodstock gloves at present. Compliments to Fearon and all friends, to Mary, &c.

I am, honoured Mother,  
Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

QUEEN'S, *December 21st, 1778.*

J. JAMES.

XXV.

R. RADCLIFFE, TO J. JAMES, SENIOR AND MRS. JAMES.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

As I am now arrived at my last station, and fixed for life in this same Blackmoor Forest, I cannot help flattering myself that some little account of my proceedings will not be unacceptable to my friends in North Britain. I took possession of this place on Christmas Eve, but not with that ease and composure of mind which (thank God) I am generally blest with. I had felt a good deal of anxiety at the thought of leaving my old connections, and migrating to an unknown country; but it was totally swallowed up by the dreadful accident on the 18th of last month. Two whole staircases and the Provost's lodgings presented in the space of a few hours nothing but ruin and desolation. The buttery staircase (in which I lodged) escaped indeed the vengeance of the flames, but was obliged to be given up to stop the progress of them. The windows, wainscot and partitions were demolished, and the roof uncovered with great dexterity and great danger; to which precautions, under God, the preservation of the rest of the College was owing. The fire certainly appeared first in the staircase adjoining to the Provost's lodgings: but it was not discovered when I left Oxford, nor will it afford much consolation to know, who or what was the occasion of it. I had settled all my Bursar's accounts, and transferred the books to my successor on the Monday before; but tempted to stay with my friends a few days longer, I became unfortunately spectator of a scene tremendous beyond description, and of fatal consequence to poor Queen's. Many gentlemen already, without any solicitation (and Mr. John Nicolson<sup>1</sup> among the rest), have contributed nobly and

<sup>1</sup> John Nicolson, brother of the Doctor, squire of Hawkesdale, in the parish of Dalston, and lessee under the Bishop of Carlisle of Linstock Castle, in the parish

handsomely; and many more considerable benefactions are daily expected. This intelligence which I received last week has had an amazing effect upon my spirits; and I begin to indulge a hope that I may yet live to see the College in its former beauty and glory.

My more immediate concern is now at Holwell, the place where all my views have centred. I made it my choice upon calm and serious deliberation, and have never once repented of it. You have had already a description of the house and premisses, and I can add with truth and pleasure, that I like them better and better every day. With much trouble and expence I have got a few necessaries together, and find I want a thousand more. Whether a female companion is one of these wants, or whether I am to live and die in single blessedness, are points that time must determine; though perhaps you may think that time, alias fifty-one years, ought to have determined them already. My parishioners are civil and obliging, and not one of them, I bless my stars, above the degree of a petty constable. The farmers are most of them in decent circumstances, and many of them occupy estates of their own; but we happen to have a very extensive common with a number of wretched poor families scattered about it. I have found some shocking instances of distress among them, and a most deplorable insensibility with respect to religion. Parents totally ignorant cannot convey much knowledge to their children; and there was nothing that deserved the name of a school in the whole parish. Some steps have been taken to introduce a pædagogue amongst us, and the farmers have supported the scheme chearfully and liberally.

I narrowly watched thy son John's motions, and cannot say too much in praise of him. He is regular, sensible and studious to an uncommon degree, and will be an honour and blessing to his friends and parents. He cannot eclipse his father, but at least (I think) he will be equal to him. Every branch of your family, in their respective departments, will equally (I hope) answer your expectations. God bless you all! and do not forget, that at all [times and] in all situations, you have an [ardent] well-wisher and most affectionate friend in

R. R.

HOLWELL, near SHERBORNE, DORSETSHIRE, *January 23, 1779.*

Little Jo. Birkett, one of thy scholars, is stationed at a curacy about twenty miles from this place. I met with him accidentally in my journey hither, and heard a very good character of him.

of Stanwix, which he repaired and modernised. His heir was John Nicolson Watts, the son of Clement, see p. 33, n. 2, and p. 56, n. 1.

## XXVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. JAMES.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED MOTHER,

I have long thrown away the schoolboy's excuse of 'I did not do it on purpose,' and frankly acknowledge that I am in debt to you for, I believe, three letters. What! and is that all? Reflect once more, and confess (Lent being of all the most proper time for confession) that thou art involved over head and ears for benefits, and tenderesses and carefulnesses, without a possibility of discharging them. You must e'en suffer them to run on, my dear mother. They are debts of so peculiar a kind that parents and children seem to have been in a league ever since Adam's day to be perpetually accumulating, without any thoughts of paying them. I am already bankrupt.

I have often thought how charming a thing it would be if it were possible for a man to lose his sight upon some raw day in winter, and not recover it till the middle of June or July. You smile at my idea of pleasure. But the sudden and wondrous change in the face of nature from her winter to her summer dress would strike one prodigiously. What suggested this at present was the forwardness of our spring. Some trees are already in leaf, and the little boys and girls have tricked themselves out with primroses a good while ago. It was but last Friday that I was quite overpowered with heat in labouring up Heddington Hill, and though in February was exclaiming Pope's 'Come, gentle air<sup>1</sup>!' and with all the languor of July or August. Now could you but step over from the top of Arthuret hills hither you would suppose you had been cheated out of a few months, and return with the same impressions as the Turkish Sultan<sup>2</sup> in the story. My father will set you right in your geography. I do verily believe you will be able to conduct me through the streets at Oxford with as much skill as at London, and purposely shall throw in now and then the name of a place near Oxford, in order to make you repair to the map over the chimney-piece in the study. I see that you have been all along surprized that I never mentioned a syllable about my music. I have avoided it hitherto purposely till I was able to give you a creditable account of myself. To tell you the truth, I only entered on my music lectures the 16th of last month. I could not have the master I wished before that time. My hour is between dinner and prayers,

<sup>1</sup> See the beginning of 'On a Fan,' in imitation of Waller.

<sup>2</sup> The Spectator, No. 94.

a good time, you say, as it will digest the one and put me in tune for the other. I have got into Corelli, and he gives me hopes of being able to play after a while. Pick seems to have known very little about the matter. I am, however, getting the better of some of my habits, though you must not expect to find me capital. There are a good number of musical men here, with whom I could *scrape* acquaintance if I pleased, but they are not perhaps the most eligible. We keep Lent, as you may have heard, very religiously. I ate the best dinner I remember upon the first Sunday<sup>1</sup>, and starve every d[ay] on roast beef and plum pudding. You fear, perhaps, th[at] my wit will grow too fat. My letters, indeed, may give you reason to think so. I keep it as low as I can, however, by reading and writing French and talking nonsense. Of the first, I shall give my father a specimen<sup>2</sup> some day. The other you have had enough of. I heard from town last week, where all friends were well. My love to my father, brothers, and sisters, with all relations at Breckonhill<sup>3</sup> and elsewhere. Compliments as usual. I sent off a little parcel for Arthuret last week in a box of Golding's, which he was a sending home. Adieu.

I am, my honoured Mother,

Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

OXFORD, *March 3rd*, 1779.

I would have inclosed a few lines to Molly<sup>4</sup>, but had not time. Your œconomical scheme I had adopted a good while before.

## XXVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

Every morning for this fortnight have I been elated with the hopes of a letter from Arthuret, and have as often been obliged in the evening to pull in my horns, and rest satisfied that my expectations were unreasonable, or that you were waiting for some opportunity, or that it was my own fault perhaps, &c. I have often admired our ingenuity in these cases. My expectations of a letter were never raised so high, but I had some reason, some excuse at hand in case of dis-

<sup>1</sup> hTis is one of the College domus-days, when a dinner something better than usual was provided.

<sup>2</sup> See Letter LXXIII.

<sup>3</sup> Breckonhill or Brakenhill is a township and manor in the parish of Arthuret.

<sup>4</sup> His sister Mary, born April 11, 1768.

appointment. Perhaps this may proceed from vanity as much as ought else, and we cannot easily think so meanly of ourselves as to attribute it to neglect or forgetfulness.

Last Tuesday evening I received a very obliging letter from Mr. Boucher, with an invitation, given, as he tells me, with your consent, to spend the next week<sup>1</sup> at Paddington. I can hardly say, I may *venture* to accept it. You long ago signified your approbation of any scheme that could contribute to improve me, and help to polish the rust that sticks to the walls and inhabitants of a college. The difference too in point of expence will, as you intimated, be small, or rather the balance will be in my favor, as the single entertainment of Eastersunday<sup>2</sup> would stand me in half a guinea if I staid in College. A visit of this kind has as much power as a sudden gleam of sunshine on a dull day: in our mode of living particularly, where everything runs on with such uniformity, that weeks and months slip over without our *taking any note* of them, and your logician is astonished to find those hours with *the hours beyond the flood*, which he thought he had secured by recipes from Lock and Hermes<sup>3</sup>. I could expatiate for long enough upon the advantages of this trip, but this would be affronting your discernment. I set off on Monday morning next in the coach. Do not fear, my dear mother. I shall provide myself with a sufficient quantity of cloaths and other necessaries. I see it is the most difficult thing in the world for a man to regain his reputation whether he has played the rogue, or (like a very distant relation of yours) the careless fellow. Ha! ha! ha! What would you give now to see my room, with my chairs topsy-turvy, my books scattered all about, my gown, you suppose, dirty and on the floor, and in short everything in the wrong place? It signifies little, I am afraid, to declare you would be disappointed. 'I will grow less,' says Falstaff, 'as I grow great, purge, leave sack and live as a nobleman should do.' Jack's reformation would not, I dare say, be more credited than the one I speak of.

The subjects of the prize exercises<sup>4</sup> this year are, for the verses,

<sup>1</sup> His letter was written on the Thursday before Holy Week.      <sup>2</sup> April 4th.

<sup>3</sup> 'Hermes,' or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar, by James Harris, Esq., father of the first Earl of Malmesbury, published in 1751, 'the most beautiful example of analysis,' according to Bishop Lowth, 'that has been exhibited since the days of Aristotle.'

<sup>4</sup> The verses were Latin verse, *Vis Electrica*, gained by William Wyndham Grenville, Student of Ch. Ch., afterwards Lord Grenville, and Chancellor. The English Essay was gained by Henry Addington, of Brasenose, afterwards Prime Minister and first Viscount Sidmouth.

Electricity; for the prose, The affinity between painting and writing, in point of composition. Though the former subject be a good one, I do not find myself qualified for undertaking or executing it as I could wish. There are a prodigious number engaged upon it. It is a subject which everybody fancies they understand, and few know much about. Wagers are laid that it will fall to Christ Church. I confess they bid fairer than any other single college, from their superiour number of verse writers. I have heard some so arrogant in it that I felt a very strong wish to be able to disappoint them. The other subject is only adapted to men of taste and observation. It has been too much handled to admit of anything new. The best abridgement will in all probability carry it. Mickle<sup>1</sup>, the translator of Camoens, is just agoing to publish a volume of poems by subscription. As he is a Scotchman, national attachment may draw some of your neighbours to bestow a guinea (the subscription price) upon him. He lives not far from hence; is as indigent as any poet among them, with a genius not far inferiour to many. You shall hear from me after my return, if no opportunity offer from London. You will shortly receive the Doctor's account, with my own, as the quarter is almost up. I did intend a spice or two of French, but am prevented by the end of my paper. Corelli and I are hand and glove. Adieu! My love to mother, brothers, and sisters. Remember me affectionately to my friends at Breckonhill and elsewhere. Compliments to Fearon, Scarbank, C. Head<sup>2</sup>, &c., to the Grahams, and believe me, honoured Father,

Your very affectionate and loving Son,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *March 25th, 1779.*

XXVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

Your hint about the study of the Greek language in your last has roused me a little. I have not in my late letters made mention of

<sup>1</sup> William Julius Mickle, born 1734 at Langholm in Dumfriesshire, was employed as corrector at the Clarendon Press, published the first book of the *Lusiad* of Camoens translated in 1771, went to Forest Hill where he finished it and published it in Oxford, 1775. He died at Wheatley, Oct. 25, 1789, and was buried there. The projected publication of his poems by subscription was postponed for a variety of reasons, and the book did not come out till 1794, after his death.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Crofthead. See p. 43, n. 3. There is also a Cloughead, a farm in Arthuret parish.

what I was doing that way. Though I always sat down with a full resolution of giving you an account of my studies, progress, difficulties, &c., &c., something still got hold of my pen, and my paper was filled before I recollected myself. My French, indeed, took up my attention so much for one while, that all other reading was only done by snatches. Oh! how did Xenophon frown to see a Frenchman put over his head, and his good sayings thrown away for the sake of a few flimsy *bon-mots*! It was not without good reason that my lexicon fell down upon my head one day as I was replacing it upon its shelf. In short (*si mens non læva fuisset*) I might have discovered by various omens that it was necessary to reform. After finishing one of the vilest editions of Lucian that ever was printed, I took up Aristophanes. The having read his *Plutus* with you was of vast service to me. I abjured all translations, but perused most of the *Scholia* with care. From an ignorance in terms of art applied to various kinds of feet and measure, I was obliged to pass over those parts relating to prosody. We are always ready and expert enough to persuade ourselves that what is more difficult to acquire is less useful. Many a man has rested well satisfied at the inutility of climbing a hill for the sake of a fine prospect, because the ascent was steep. This was my case in reading (or rather not reading) Greek prosody. I know you wish to have me acquainted, not only with the more momentous parts of knowledge, but with their minutiae too, and whatever may contribute to facilitate the full attainment of them. When, therefore, I shall take up any other of the Greek versifiers, I shall not think a little time ill-bestowed in getting a knowledge of their metre. The *Nubes* cost me a little more trouble. Its dialogue is oftentimes so full of local and dark allusions, and the satire with which it abounds so personal, that I sometimes studied it, I believe, to very little purpose. I do not like Aristophanes' wit, nor can I imagine how an Attic audience could ever relish his gross humour and ribbaldry. How comes it that the same city should at the same time produce tragic poets, whose elegancies of sentiment and language it admired to a degree of enthusiasm, and comic writers who received little less applause for a coarseness which every clown would blush at. I attempted to account for this apparent inconsistency in my way, but must defer giving you it to some future occasion. I next attacked Anacreon<sup>1</sup> with Madam Dacier's translation and notes. Her piety to old Le Fevre<sup>2</sup> seems often

<sup>1</sup> Anacreon et Sapho, trad. en Français avec le texte Grec, et des remarques par An. Lefèvre, femme Dacier. Amst. 8vo. 1699 and 1716.

<sup>2</sup> Tanneguy le Fèvre, or Tanaquil Faber, as he delighted to call himself, edited

to get the better of her judgment, and she sometimes applauds his interpretation or conjectures with more zeal than they merit. Upon comparing those two inimitable odes of Sappho as corrected by Le Fevre, with two other editions of them, one published in Addison's translation<sup>1</sup>, and the other by Pearce in his Longinus<sup>2</sup>, I was astonished to find such a variety of readings. Le Fevre swears, roars, and rants, that such a word ought to be so. Pearce comes in, and with the still small voice of reason assures us that it is not so. What are we to believe? Poor Sappho! I never thought thee so corrupted till now! But the laughing at the sweet madrigals, the *ηδυλογια* of Anacreon, scarce deserves the name of study perhaps. Give me leave then to take up the pen and sword with Xenophon, to cross the Euphrates, to lament the fall and reverence the virtues of Cyrus, and join the ten thousand. I have entered upon the Anabasis, and travelled through the first book. It is here that my heart begins to expand itself. Fiction and poetry please us, and instruct, but the impression they make is rather lively than lasting, as the characters they hold up to view are beyond imitation, or, as we always carry this prejudice along with us, that we are excused from endeavouring to acquire what we believe nowhere to exist. In contemplating the lives of great and good men as delivered by the historian, the case is quite otherwise. I consider them, not as the heroes of a romance, but equally capable of vice and corruption with myself, and the mention of their excellencies is a tacit sarcasm upon the man who is destitute of them, as it informs him they have been possessed by others. I know my dear father's patience in hearing me foil myself (as the Spectator says of Sir Roger) at a sentiment, and I have taken advantage of it. My compositions have been a good deal interrupted by my French. I intend to resume them again with spirit. But more of them hereafter. Mr. Boucher, in our conversation upon the modern productions in Latin verse, &c., &c., desired me to procure two or three compositions

several Latin authors in the Delphin series. 'But,' as Hallam says, 'none of his literary productions were so celebrated as his daughter, Anne le Fèvre, afterwards Madame Dacier.' Literature of Europe, 1650-1700, chap. i. sect. 1, § 9.

<sup>1</sup> Anacreon and Sappho, translated by Joseph Addison, with the Greek Text, etc. London, 12mo. 1735. Addison shows his partiality to Sappho by devoting No. 229 of the Spectator to one of her principal fragments.

<sup>2</sup> Dionysii Longini de Sublimitate Commentarius, quem nova versione donavit, etc. etc., Zach. Pearce, Lond. (3rd ed.) 1743. It is by being quoted as specimens of excellence by Longinus, c. 10, and by Dionysius Halic. *περὶ συνθέσεως*, c. 23, that the two longest extant fragments of Sappho have been preserved (Mahaffy, Hist. of Greek Literature, vol. i. p. 184).

and send him them<sup>1</sup>. He wished also to have a copy of those grammar questions in Greek you drew up, and which I have with me here. This I purpose, with your leave, to send him along with the rest. Do you think that I should give him a copy of anything of my own? He did not mention it, and I am afraid I have none so good as to warrant such a piece of impudence. The following little delicate morsel is the production of D. Heinsius<sup>2</sup>, and given in his notes upon Theocritus. As it don't seem to be much known, I intend sending it among the rest. It appeared so beautiful and elegant, that I was tempted to translate it. If you think the translation worth anything, I might give him it too.

*Αφροδιτη Παρουος.*

Α καλα Κυβερεια, συν νιει και Χαριτεσσιω,  
 Πλαστο καττον Ολυμπον, οθι θρονος ισταται Ηρας,  
 Ζανος αποιχομενοιο ποτ' ανερας αιθοπας Αους.  
 Αμβροσια δε οι αδν ποτεπνεεν, εκ δε κυπελλων  
 Νεκταρος αθανατοιο κεδαζετο ταλοθεν οδμα.  
 Ρινα μεν οι τυψεν γλυκερον ποτον, α δε γελευσα  
 Εκ κναθων ηφυσσε και εκπιε, πολλα δ' Ερωτι  
 Εγχεε μειδιοωντι, μεθα δε οι εκ νοον εστα.  
 Νυν δε μεθυσφαλειοισα κατ' ωρανον ευρυν αλαται,  
 Και χθονα πασαν εφερπει' Ερωσ τως ανερας ελκων  
 Ταs δε κορας Κυβερεια' φυλασσετε μη τις απαντη,—  
 Α μανια μεν αρεσκει, αταρ νοον ανδρι δαμασδει.

VENUS DRUNK.

Venus, with Cupid, t'other day,  
 And all the Graces in her train,  
 In vagrant humour took her way  
 Along Olympus' golden plain.

With heaps of rich ambrosia  
 crown'd;  
 And goblets, filled with nectar, shed  
 Immortal odours all around.

Jove by good luck had left the skies  
 Upon his Ethiopic tour;  
 And gadding Venus was too wise  
 To miss the favorable hour.

Hither the wanton goddess hasted:  
 The smell had reached her giddy  
 brain:

Near Juno's throne the board was  
 spread,

With lip immers'd the cup she tasted,  
 And drank and laugh'd and drank  
 again.

<sup>1</sup> See Letters, No. XXIX and No. XXXII.

<sup>2</sup> Theocriti, Moschi, Bionis, Simmii quae extant cum Graecis in Theocritum Scholiis et Indice copioso: omnia studio & opera Danielis Heinsii. Ex Bibliopolis Commeliniano, 1604. This poem is introduced by Heinsius (p. 373) at the end of cap. 22 of his *Lectiones Theocriticae* which form the third part of the volume.

Heinsius has in line 2, *πλαζετο . . . οπα*, in line 9, *ουρανδν*.

Oft to the little smiling god	With reeling step and dizzy heads
She reach'd the bowl and fill'd it high,	O'er heaven and earth at large they
Till all her cheek with crimson glow'd,	rove,
And joy sat swimming in her eye.	While Venus seizes all the maids,
	And all the men are caught by Love.

Then shun<sup>1</sup> the poisonous embrace,  
 Ye cautious girls and prudent swains;  
 Tho' sweet the madness it conveys,  
 Yet ah! for ever it remains.

With my love to mother, brothers, and sisters, and compliments to all friends,

I am, honoured Father,  
 Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

J. JAMES.

April 27th, 1779.

Wishes for Mary's<sup>2</sup> recovery. My brother is well. Dr. N.'s compliments.

XXIX.

J. JAMES JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

May 2nd, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

It might have been reasonably expected that I should have informed you of my safe return to Oxford immediately upon my arrival. But I was willing at the same time to acquaint you that I had given all swelled cheeks, and colds and such like troubles to the winds, and could sit down to pore as usual, without regretting very keenly the kindness and civilities of my friends at Paddington. This piece of stoicism cost me not a little. The loneliness of my rooms, darkned by the neighbourhood of an huge church steeple<sup>3</sup>, struck such a damp upon my spirits as neither Greek nor Latin, nor all the humours of Sir John Falstaff could remove. And this, too, after quitting an *hermitage*<sup>4</sup>. It might be the relics of my cold perhaps, which is the more likely as they have both left me together. There cannot be anything in the world more disagreeable than to be ill in a College. Most part of folks believe it all pretence, that you may be

<sup>1</sup> There is a copy of this translation in a MS. book of poems by J. J., in which this line runs, 'Shun, shun the poisonous embrace.'

<sup>2</sup> See next letter.

<sup>3</sup> The tower, not the steeple, of the church of St. Peter's in the East.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 53, n. 2.

excused from lectures, &c., and be idle. Our wise statute-makers, prepossessed with this notion, have forbid us to go out under such circumstances, prudently foreseeing that if a man could take the air out of College, he could also go through his business within. *Aeger* (the term made use of in the rolls) is often, I confess, equivalent to *otiosus*. But they might as well have prohibited us from going to bed, because we sometimes sleep too long, as from taking exercise because it is frequently done when there is no occasion.

. . . . .

I am in great hopes that Mrs. Boucher's complaints have by this time gone off, in spite of the late cold and wintry weather. The mild spring of England may perhaps be more efficacious than all the Burdock-seed<sup>1</sup> of America. Tho' by the by, while I am talking about mild spring, the hand that is farthest from the fire is benumbed with cold. I have several times attempted to reason myself out of the notion that the beginning of May, in this genial southern climate could be even colder than what I had ever experienced so many degrees more northward. But cold I find does not care one farthing for reasoning and would scarce I am afraid retreat tho I were all hung round with syllogisms.

My brother, if you have seen him since my departure, would inform you of a melancholy accident that has happened to Mary, my mother's veteran housekeeper. I am very much afraid lest it ruin the scheme we had proposed of prevailing upon my father to give my sister the place [in] their intended journey which was to be reserved for [me]. Without Mary recover so far as to be able to superintend as usual, it

<sup>1</sup> In a letter from Mr. Boucher to Mr. James, senior (June 13, 1776), he speaks of the 'powder of Burdock seed, a specific which has never yet failed in two or three days' time to give effectual relief in rheumatism, the cousin-german, 'tis said, of your gout.' Professor Balfour kindly writes:—'Burdocks (species of *Arctium*) are entirely old world plants, being spread through Europe and temperate Asia, and the commonest species (*Arctium Lappa*) is found in several varieties in Britain. In North America the Burdock is found (a form of *Arctium Lappa*), but it is introduced there—it is not native. The medicinal reputation of Burdock seeds and roots, the officinal parts of the plant is of old date. "The plant is probably the *ἄρκτηιον* of Dioscorides," and in last century and older herbals frequent mention is made of it. In so recent a book as Christison's *Dispensatory* (1848) the plant is mentioned, but its drug is said to be unimportant; and I do not know of its inclusion in any modern *Pharmacopœia*, nor of its being used as a medicine in any form. In Barton and Castle's *British Flora Medica* (s. v.) there is an account of the various uses to which the plant has been put, and the opinions of some authors are quoted. I have no date as to its introduction into America, Pursle's *Flora* (1814) records it as an introduced plant. The expression "Burdock seed of America" is unusual, but can only refer to the true Burdock (*Arctium*).'

will be matter of difficulty to persuade them to leave the house to the care of any other servants. The management of this I must refer to you, nor shall I mention it before I know how far you may judge it proper to press it upon them.

I am busy in preparing a packet for you, of the composition, &c. we spoke of; but as I am much interrupted must beg of you to pardon the delay if it be longer than you expected<sup>1</sup>.

With most respectful compliments to Mrs. Boucher,

I am, Sir,

Your very obliged and humble servant,

J. JAMES.

You spoke of getting you some bands. I have forgot what kind you would have. Doctor's bands are sold here at 11s. 6d. per doz. I should be obliged to you for any information either by my brother or any other way.

XXX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *May 17th, 1779.*

MY HONOURED MOTHER,

I should be loath to think I pester you with letters; that is, to believe you think so. Next to the pleasure of hearing from home, is that of writing thither. I cannot help considering my letters as in some degree answered as soon as ever I find, by computing, that they are arrived. I fancy to myself the family at Arthuret assembled, as usual, to breakfast; and am delighted with the notion of making, by my proxy a letter, part of the circle. I please myself with reflecting upon the satisfaction you will receive by hearing I am well and in good spirits, and measure it by what I myself feel in similar circumstances. In those mysterious volumes called the Arabian Nights Entertainments (books to which you may suppose I am much indebted for information by my frequent mention of them) there is a description of a prodigious perspective glass<sup>2</sup>, by the help of which you might survey whatever you wished to see, in spite of distance and all obstacles. The thought struck me. I sighed for a magic glass, and wished much to form an acquaintance with the fairies who were supposed to possess it; till at length I have discovered that by

<sup>1</sup> See Letter XXVIII, p. 68.

<sup>2</sup> See the Story of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Paribanou, Arabian Night Entertainments (printed for C. D. Piguenit, 1792), iv. 180.

looking at an object through the medium of affection and imagination, it becomes clearly discernible, though three hundred miles off, and the secret is out at once.

Thus far for nonsense, as most folks will call it, nor dare I give it any other name. Now for business. The letter with the bill inclosed came safe. As I shall hardly have occasion to receive it yet awhile, the remainder of the date will be very trifling. My expences for the last quarter had a good deal exceeded my expectations, although they appear, I confess, unavoidable. Under the account for eating (or battles as it is called<sup>1</sup>) are included several other little expences, such as for letters, College servants, charities at the Sacrament<sup>2</sup>, &c., &c. Although these may amount to a considerable sum, yet I cannot see, I declare, how it is swelled so high. My eating never almost exceeds one shilling [a] day, except upon very particular occasions. We are indeed very much exposed to the frauds of bed-makers, and a variety of tricks, which might easily be put a stop to if proper inquiry was set on foot. But as the high amount of these expences is for the interest of the College and its cooks, it is very improbable that any regulation should soon take place.

The bishoprick<sup>3</sup> is filled up, and Dr. Graham<sup>4</sup> still continues in his old canonicals. I have often heard of a lady's heart palpitating at a new fashion in a rival's headdress, the superior disposition of a curl or a feather. If it were possible to peep into the Doctor's breast, one would find it, I doubt not, affected in a similar manner by the lawn-sleeves that he has just lost. It is, however, a comfortable reflection enough that there are several props of the Church in a weak, crazy condition, so that his prospect is still a mighty agreeable one. His

<sup>1</sup> See Murray's English Dictionary, s. v. 'battel.'

<sup>2</sup> At this time and for nearly eighty years later instead of the alms being collected at the offertory each resident was charged one shilling in his battels each time the Communion was administered. Rev. A. Eden writes, 'on looking through my old College batell papers I see every term I resided (Dec. 1843 to Sept. 1847) one shilling charged for "occasional expenses."'

<sup>3</sup> In May, 1779, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Thurlow, Dean of Rochester, was promoted to be Bishop of Lincoln, in the room of Dr. Green, deceased. *Gent. Mag.* For his Life see Bloxam, *Reg. of Magd. Coll.* vi. 296 sqq.

<sup>4</sup> In February, 1777, Mr. Boucher wrote to Mr. James (senior), 'There is a talk here [London]—I have heard two Bishops mention it—that your Mr., now Dr. Graham, is soon to be on their bench; and that a vacancy is likely soon to happen—Exeter—and that if the Bishop of Carlisle will go thither, Dr. Graham will certainly be your bishop.' Dr. Graham, however, never exchanged his canonicals for lawn sleeves, though at the time of death he is spoken of as an 'Episcopus designatus.' See p. 192, n. 4.

disappointment, however, comes a little more home than it might have been expected. It may perhaps have finally determined against a scheme you had begun to waver in. Though your proposed journey to Oxford this summer would have given me the greatest pleasure, yet I so fully acquiesce in whatever reasons you may have for altering your resolution, that you must not attribute it to any kind of indifference if I assure you I shall be still pleased and satisfied. The attending my father in procession<sup>1</sup> to take his Doctor's degree, will be another happiness added to that of accompanying you through the University. If this could be accomplished in another year, it would be ridiculous in me to offer any objections. I subscribe the more readily to such a resolution, as I find my brother is willing to relinquish his desire of seeing you this year to your conveniency. You desire me to be explicit upon the subject of my going down this summer. This is leaving no room to refer it to your own choice upon which I did intend to have rested it. I must, however, trespass so far upon your commands of a full and absolute answer, as to assure you of my being so wholly at your disposal, that I shall agree without hesitation to whatever you judge best. My father is well acquainted with all that can be urged *pro* and *con*. He knows very well how favourable a time the vacation here is for study, and does not I daresay distrust my inclination to make the best use of it, if he should think it proper for me to continue here. But at the same time I cannot help thinking that the opportunity for improvement is (to say the very least of it) not any way inferiour at Arthuret under his eye. The interruptions, I confess, from company, visiting, &c., &c., may have their weight, as interruptions they are undoubtedly to a studious head. These along with many other circumstances you will, I doubt not, take into the account, and determine for me as you think best. Improvement ought (forgive my naming what you so well know!) to be the principal object. I am ardently bent upon this. Were inclination for pleasure or such like motives to take the lead, you know which way I would determine. I have just now heard from my brother. He writes in vast spirits owing to the happiness he has been receiving not long ago [from the] company of cousin Verty, &c. He seems perfectly well. Your [anxiety?] for my health would be relieved by two letters I wrote befo[re the] receipt of my father's. It is now fully confirmed. You must [not] be concerned if now and then my stile is a little more serious [than usual]. After knitting my brows over pieces of crabbed heathen

<sup>1</sup> Mr. James did not take his Doctor's degree until three years later; see p. 195.

Greek, you cannot be surprized if I find it difficult to unbend them all at once into a smile. Be assured I have not forgot how to laugh. And even at present, with the most pleasant laugh you will see on a summer's day,

I am, honoured Mother,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

[J. JAMES<sup>1</sup>.]

I have received an epistle from Hugo<sup>2</sup> worthy himself and all his namesakes. I am to the very ground his most humble servant.

XXXI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

DEAR SIR,

As it would give me a sensible pleasure were I able to assist you in getting rid of any of the troubles you complain of, I fell to work upon the task you set me with alacrity. Epitaph writing is a species of manufactory as new to me as the making of a will, or of a wig. From all the observations I have made upon these inscriptions, I concluded that they were drawn up by some certain rules, by which the length of the words, and lines, and their various disposition was regulated, like those curious Greek devices I have somewhere seen in the shape of urns, hearts, and altars. I am now half led to suppose that the grand secret is in having the precise length and breadth of the stone, and accomodating the number and size of the virtues of the deceased, or which is much the same thing, the words in which they are expressed, accordingly. By some such means one may perhaps account for the poverty and the prolixity of Mr. Ogilvie's<sup>3</sup> production. The depth of the letters too are, I fancy, to be taken into the account, and then, if you will forgive an innocent pun, we see at once the reason of this shallowness of sentiment.

<sup>1</sup> The signature to this letter has been cut off.

<sup>2</sup> His youngest brother Hugh, M.D. born July 4, 1771. See Appendix G.

<sup>3</sup> James Ogilvie was Minister of Saint Clement's Chapel, Futlie, 1720-1726, and one of the Ministers of Saint Nicholas Church, Aberdeen, from 1729 to his death in 1776. In the interval he seems to have been at Inchtour (Kennedy's Annals of Aberdeen, vol. ii. pp. 57, 61). He was elected Oct. 18, 1751 Patron of the Convener Court of the seven incorporated trades, an office held for life by one of the established ministers of the town, see Kennedy ut sup. pp. 234 etc. He resisted, as idolatrous, an attempt made to improve the church psalmody (ib. vol. i. p. 307). In 1746 he gave to the church session of Aberdeen for the benefit of indigent persons belonging to the town, from a person whose name was concealed, 500 marks of Scottish Money (ib. vol. ii. p. 448). His portrait by James Nisbet is in the Town Hall. He belonged to the family of the Earls of Finlater. No trace of the Latin inscription is to be found (Prof. W. D. Geddes).

However let me to business. In the alteration I have ventured to make, I have scarce dared to attempt any encroachments on the sense. It is hardly probable that, if he has condescended to allow of the badness of his Latin, he will admit of any insufficiency in the other point. Indeed you hint at the impropriety of making any reformation there. In the 3rd line I have changed *ex* into *inter*, as I can find no authority for writing *numerati ex*. In your correction of the 7th suppose one were to insert such a word as *ibidem*? Would it not give it more precision? As to his *incorporalis*, I do not apprehend it exists anywhere but perhaps in deeds and Law dictionaries. What do you think of *è medio excessit*, a phrase of Terence's, instead of *Fatis concessit*? My reason for proposing this amendment is not that I object to the elegance of the expression, but because it sounds rather too heathenish. The *morte direpta* I have changed to *morte sublata*. The former expression, besides its not being Latin, was certainly improper in sense, the lady having died it seems in a good old age, not prematurely as the other I think would imply. How you will approve of the next corrections I cannot tell. They certainly possess the advantage of being intelligible, which the other could not boast of. The *strenuossimis cordis affectibus* I have altered, as it appeared to convey a meaning not much to the lady's credit, and might easily be interpreted *strong passions*, a circumstance which if true would hardly be proper for the information of posterity. The line, *pietate & moribus, &c.*, seems to come in, after the former enumeration of good qualities, like a distanced horse. By *parentali virtuti* he means, I suppose, the virtue of the parents, which it by no means expresses. In the place of the solitary *consecrato*, I have substituted the two first words of that form that was usual among the Romans at their dedications. Do you think my last line but one passable? Indeed the only objection that can be made against the original is that both the language and the grammar are infamous. Oh! how old Busby would have stormed to have seen his bosom friend Priscian so cruelly maltreated. As *pulvere* appeared totally superfluous I made free to dash him out. So the whole stands thus:

M. S.  
 Jacobi Ogilvie, A.M.  
 Inter  
 Pastores Abredonenses  
 Per annos quadraginta  
 numerati,  
 Et Opificum ibidem Sodalitio  
 Præpositi,

Qui è medio excessit  
 2<sup>do</sup> Die. Febr. A.D. 1776  
 Ætat: 82.  
 Necnon  
 Conjugis Elizabethæ Strachan,  
 morte sublatae  
 22. die. Sept. A.D. 1778.  
 Hic quidem  
 Ingenio felici, summâ Humanitate,  
 Atque uberrimâ Eloquentiâ  
 Præclarus :  
 Illa  
 Plusquam muliebri Intellectu,  
 Æquo & constanti animo,  
 Ac leniori omni Cordis affectu,  
 Insignis,  
 Amborum  
 sub hoc monumento,  
 Virtuti parentum  
 A Filiis  
 dato, donato,  
 Cineres,  
 Novâ juventâ quondam renovandi  
 Interdum quiescunt.

I have ventured to lop and alter with the more confidence, as I knew it was to pass again through your hands, and would there receive such emendations and corrections as I had failed in. One circumstance I consider as lucky enough that although there was little room for ingenuity, there was almost as little for error. As to the form, which seems to be of as much consequence to an epitaph as the fashion to a suit of cloaths, I am afraid I have sadly mangled it. Those fine *inverted pyramids* in particular are all spoiled, and I know not how to lick them into shape again.

I am much concerned at your very poor account of Mrs. Boucher's health. In your present busy situation it must be doubly distressful. The air of Windsor, however, where my brother tells me she has been staying, may produce good effects. I am at least induced to believe what I earnestly wish, though indeed upon the same principle I might believe every situation she tries most excellent, and every medicine efficacious. The very kind invitation you give me I shall accept with the greatest pleasure if nothing intervene. The most convenient time for you will be, I take for granted, in August, when I too shall have the most leisure. At present, with my compliments to Mrs. Boucher,

I am dear Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your very obliged and humble Servant,

## XXXII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

DEAR SIR,

Agreeably to the promise I made you at Easter to pick up for you any literary productions that fell in my way, I have sent you this packet, which you would have received sooner had I not been obliged to wait for the opportunity of a private hand. The three long exercises in Latin verse were wrote for and obtained the prize which is annually given by the Chancellour to the University for the best composition in that way. That upon *Navigation* is, as you will see, the production of young Lowth<sup>1</sup>, whose excellent talents are fully displayed in this piece, not far inferiour, I think, in elegancy of language and sentiment to the *Georgics* of Virgil. The composition upon *Physic*<sup>2</sup> is by many thought at least equal to it, and were it not here and there for a carelessness of versification, might be a perfect model for this species of writing. The third has its beauties, though not equal to the other two. The other pieces of poetry are many of them clever, and as you are a lover of these what Terence calls *Musica Studia*<sup>3</sup>, will, I doubt not, repay the trouble of a perusal. The little Greek madrigal<sup>4</sup> is the work of the celebrated Daniel Heinsius. I met with it in his notes upon Theocritus, and as it has the recommendation of scarceness, and, as far as I can judge, beauty, I have not only sent you it, but ventured to accompany it with an English translation of my own. I shall not attempt to make a formal excuse either for its faults or my impertinence. Indeed, if I had had time and resolution for the labour of transcribing, I should have been guilty of several more offences in the same way, merely to show how much confidence I put in your good nature or partiality. The analysis of the Greek grammar<sup>5</sup> is, you will

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Henry Lowth, Fellow of New College, obtained the Latin Verse Prize in 1773, subject *Rei Nauticae Incrementa*, and the prize for an English Essay, in 1776, on *Architecture*, see below. Lowth was the first winner of the gold medal at Winchester for Latin Verse in 1770, then the gift of Lord Aylesbury, now given by the Sovereign. He was appointed to the prebend of Exceit in the Cathedral of Chichester, one of the three founded by Bishop Sherborn to be given to a New College or Winchester man, but held it only about seven months.

<sup>2</sup> The Composition upon *Physic*, *Ars Medendi*, gained the Latin Verse Prize in 1770. It was by William Jackson, Student of Ch. Ch.; B.A., May 16, 1772; M.A., Feb. 11, 1775; B.D., Mar. 24, 1783; D.D., Dec. 6, 1799. Bishop of Oxford, 1811.

<sup>3</sup> Terence speaks of 'musicum studium' in the prologues to *Hecyra*, *Phormio*, and *Heautontimorumenos*.

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 69.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

find, imperfect. It goes no further than the contracted verbs. My father intended to carry it through the syntaxis also, but did not complete it. I have sent it, however, as the part that is finished will not be less useful for the loss of its neighbour. I am not sure that I have mustered all the pieces you wished for. The prose composition upon Architecture, by Lowth, is difficult to come at. I shall, however, lay hold of it for you the first opportunity. This is a busy time at the University. The prizes for this year have been decided, and the exercises twice rehearsed in the Theatre. Friday next is the grand day. The Crewian Oration<sup>1</sup> is to be spoken before a strange, miscellaneous assembly of ladies, doctors, fiddlers, and breeches-makers, and, in short, people of all ranks and denominations. To-morrow we are to have the Dettingen Te Deum<sup>2</sup> performed in the University Church. A few particular incidents like these are absolutely necessary to break the uniformity of a College life. Without some such interruption one might sit down to pore in January and get up again in December without any perception of the time that has intervened.

In short, they are necessary to form a just computation as milestones to a road. But the end of my sheet whispers, *enough!* My most respectful compliments to Mrs. Boucher, and believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your very obliged and humble Servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, June 30th, 1779.

XXXIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

The delay of the frank in which this is to be inclosed has prevented me from expressing sooner my apprehensions that some accident has

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham (Rector of Lincoln Coll., 1668-72), left an annuity of £200 to the University, the application of which was settled by a Decree of Convocation, July 2, 1731. £20 a year was given to the Professor of Poetry and to the Public Orator for their speeches at the Commemoration in alternate years in praise of the Benefactors of the University (see *Michell's Orations Crewianae*, 1849-1865. Oxford, 4to. 1878).

<sup>2</sup> Either our Author or Jackson's Journal is in fault here as the latter (Saturday, July 3, 1779) says: 'On Thursday last was held the Eighth Anniversary Meeting of the Governors and Contributors to the Radcliffe Infirmary, who went as usual in procession to St. Mary's Church, where a Sermon suited to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. Smalwell, Canon of Christ Church, in the absence of the

been the occasion of your silence, or that my last has not reached you. The packet by Golding has, I take for granted, arrived long since, and if he has made the proposed visit to Arthuret you will have learnt all the little minute particulars concerning my situation, which, though too trifling to be committed to paper, would give perhaps no small satisfaction to the mind of a parent by their recital.

I have now in some measure experienced the advantages of a vacation here for study. My staircase is from the noisiest become one of the most peaceful of any in College. I am able to fathom the depth of an unwieldy sentiment, and unravel the perplexities of a Greek paragraph without being disturbed by a heavy foot or a caper over my head. But there are inconveniences which, trifling as they seem at a distance, have power enough to obstruct the best-built plan in the world. The heats of the summer<sup>1</sup> here are highly unfavourable to a relaxed habit; and the cooler hours of the day, the only time for earnest application, are the only time for exercise. A lady, I confess, may be very apt to suppose that there can be no fatigue, no *ennui*, in turning over the leaves of a folio, as they will supply the want of a fan; and, indeed, I cannot boast of having applied them sometimes to any other purpose. But the labour of wielding even that light machine on some of the sultry days we have had here of late would more than destroy its agreeable effect. Every motion was made with difficulty. I myself, though I carry no great weight of flesh about me, became, as Jack Falstaff says, 'a man of dissolution and thaw.' What could the imagination perform then, do you think, pent up and frying, like a wretch inclosed in the celebrated tyrant's brazen bull? What but dream on 'The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill,' and cry out with Virgil for the shades of Taygetus<sup>2</sup>? Oppressive, however, as the season has been, it has not had sufficient influence to make me sit *compressis manibus*, and do nothing. The Anabasis of Xenophon, which I told you in a former letter<sup>3</sup> I had entered upon, I finished about three weeks since. The impression it has left on my mind will make me resume it again at some future time with high expectations of

Dean, who had engaged to preach on that day, but was prevented by illness. In the service were included *Purcell's* Te Deum, the old Hundredth Psalm, and an Anthem composed for this charity by Dr. Hayes, our Professor of Music: After which a collection was made at the Church doors, amounting to £87 15s. 6d.'

<sup>1</sup> The Annual Register speaks of the heat on July 16th as 'so great as scarcely ever to have been remembered in this climate,' the thermometer standing at 83 deg. in shade on the east.

<sup>2</sup> Probably a confusion. Refer to Georgics, ii. 486 etc.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 68.

fresh pleasure. I began it with the most favourable prepossessions. You had taught me what to think and expect. It fully answered the character you once gave me of it, as containing a degree of the romantic, fit to entertain, without the marvellous, and as affording a excellent pattern of simplicity of stile, and exact history, without deviating into meanness or trifling minuteness. I luckily met with Spelman's<sup>1</sup> translation of this work, which I had seen very much commended by somebody or other. This I compared, in many passages with the Greek. In point of fidelity he seems well enough, particularly in some passages relative to tactics, for the explanation of which I am indebted to him. But I can by no means admire his stile. He laboured, he tells us, to give as literal a version as our language would bear, and declaims with vehemence against those diffuse translators who mangle their authour's sentiments by substituting their own. But there certainly is some medium between servility and looseness and elegance by no means implies misrepresentation. His performance, however, though it certainly ought not to rank with Melmoth<sup>2</sup>, is of a much superiour class to Ogilby<sup>3</sup>, Eachard<sup>4</sup>, or the hirelings of Curll<sup>5</sup>. There are still some difficulties in the old Grecian, which I have marked for a second perusal, and, in case that fails to clear them up, will take some opportunity of laying before you.

After so much prose, I thought it prudent to indulge a little on viands prepared by the hands of the Muses; so gave the full rein to inclination and set to work upon Homer's *Odyssey*. I will at present restrain my violent propensity to pour out as much rapturous nonsense as ever beau addressed to belle. The helps proper for understanding

<sup>1</sup> Edward Spelman, died 1767. Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, ii. 83, ch. xiii. *note*) speaks of his translation of Xenophon as 'one of the best versions extant.'

<sup>2</sup> William Melmoth (1710-1799) who translated the letters of Cicero (London, 8vo. 1773) and Pliny (London, 2 vols. 8vo. 1746).

<sup>3</sup> John Ogilby (1600-1676) who translated *Æsop*, *Homer*, and *Virgil*. His versions are in verse and adorned with pictures and sculptures as he calls them. See his life s. v. Shirley, *Wood's Athenae*, ed. Bliss, vol. iii. col. 740 et seq.

<sup>4</sup> Lawrence Eachard the Historian, born 1671, died 1730. He published translations of three comedies of Plautus (London, 12mo. 1694), and of Terence in the same year. His style is described as coarse and indelicate.

<sup>5</sup> Edmund Curll (died 1748). 'This man was the genuine product of Grub Street. He had been sentenced to stand in the pillory for publishing obscene and blasphemous pamphlets. He made his profits from the publication of pirated letters and poems, and from the translations of literary hacks, whom he maintained in a state of semi-starvation. He boasted of his shameful exploits with brazen impudence.' Courthope, *Introduction to Dunciad*. Pope's Works, vol. iv.

and relishing him, such as Pope and Spence<sup>1</sup>, I have at hand, having procured them from the circulating Library, to which you would see by my last account I am a subscriber. If in this track of reading there is anything you would alter for the better, any beauties you think may escape, or any instruction my assistants will not communicate, I need not tell you with what gratitude I shall receive them.

The only topics of conversation at present are politics : politics from high to low ; every chimney-sweeper accuses the Ministry of blackness of conduct, and every taylor thinks himself able to reform the Government<sup>2</sup>. Barrow<sup>3</sup>, whom I have sometimes mentioned, has been elected Fellow of Hertford. He is at present upon a curacy for a few months near Portsmouth, and has favoured me with his correspondence. With love to mother and all the family, and compliments to all friends,

I am, my honoured Father,

Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *July 30th*, 1779.

P. S. Dr. Brownrigg<sup>4</sup> was in town lately. I have not heard whether he has left it yet or no. I wish I might catch him.

I would be much obliged to you if you could spare Dacier's Horace<sup>5</sup> to send it me.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Spence of New College, matriculated from Magd. Hall, Apr. 11, 1717, æt. 16, 'son of Rev. Jos., of King's Clear, co. Hants' (Chester); Professor of Poetry, 1728-1738; Reg. Professor of Modern History, 1742; died 1768. He was the author of an essay on Pope's *Odyssey*, in which some particular beauties and blemishes of that work are considered; in two parts, published anonymously, 8vo. Lond. 1727.

<sup>2</sup> England at this time was in a desperate position with thirteen colonies in revolt, France and Spain against her and without a single ally. When Spain declared war (June 1779), it was felt that the English army must be recalled from America, and there was a universal sense of a need of change of ministry. See Lecky's *History of England*, iv. 108.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 52, n. 1.

<sup>4</sup> William Brownrigg, M.D., F.R.S., was an eminent physician and learned chemist. Born 24 Mar., 1711; married Mary, daughter of John Spedding, 3 Aug., 1741, practised at Whitehaven, retired to Ormathwaite near Keswick, where he died 6 Jan., 1800, aged 88. Dr. Martin Wall (see p. 146, n. 2) speaks of him in his *Dissertations*, p. 85, as 'immortalized for his experiments.' See Lyson's *Cumberland* (*Magna Britannia*, iv. 85), and especially 'the literary life of W. Brownrigg,' by Joshua Dixon, M.D. 8vo. London, 1801, and his life by G. T. Bettany, in Leslie Stephens, *Dict. National Biogr.*

<sup>5</sup> 'Remarques Critiques sur les œuvres de Horace, avec une nouvelle traduction par André Dacier.' Paris, 1681-9. 5th ed. Hamburg, 1733.

## XXXIV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

*September 10th, 1779.*

MY HONOURED FATHER,

From such a heap of matter, such a variety of subjects, what am I to pitch upon for your entertainment? To set about describing curiosities would be only anticipating what you will observe next year. It will give me infinite satisfaction to hear the sentiments of my dear parents, suggested by the novelty and strangeness of what everywhere presents itself to the view. Away with your *nil admirari*'s, the cold, dull language of insensibility. I would erect curiosity into a goddess, and make a path through her temple to that of wisdom. The best dinner in the world is nothing without an appetite, and the most beautiful objects in nature are lost upon the incurious. You may be sure I have followed the dictates of this 'hunger of the soul;' you would have blamed me had I disobeyed them. In this, therefore, among many instances, my inclination and duty chime together. In a letter of my brother's which reached you, I suppose, a few days ago, you would be informed of my being just on the point of setting off for Oxford; and may be surprised to find me still at the Hermitage. We are all of us, God knows, man and beast, fond enough of keeping to a good pasture. Mixed society is what we so seldom enjoy in our *academi sylvae*—without, indeed, you give that title to a tête-a-tête with the muses—that I must confess I feel a little unwillingness to relinquish it. On Monday, however, I propose to decamp, and quit—a pretty exchange enough—the Hermitage for the cloister. My mother's apprehension from press-gang<sup>1</sup> have, I hope, by this time vanished. I have met these formidable invaders of liberty more than once, and have seen the bully drooping and crest-fallen under their clutches. It reminds me of Ithuriel's spear in Milton. The idle and dissipated are the principal sufferers—mark my conclusion—that I, who have escaped, have been neither idle nor dissipated. Thanks to Aristotle, and his vicegerent Saunderson, for this prodigious depth of reasoning that has enabled me from the most simple premises to draw as simple a conclusion. Happy you, who live out of the reach of busy fame and

<sup>1</sup> In 1779, an Act was passed by which all exemptions from impressment into the Navy were suspended for six months. See Erskine May's *Const. Hist.* iii. 23.

lying report! We are kept in perpetual alarm by the conjectures of timid politicians, and news from the Alley<sup>1</sup>. The most flimsy fragment of intelligence soon grows into importance, like a drop of rain trickling down the roof of a house, *mobilitate viget*, &c. The attention, at present, seems quite suspended, and the mob is anxiously waiting where to show their spite. It is, I confess, an awful moment. A politician would harangue an hour or two upon probabilities and consequences; but I deal not in politics, nor would all the coffee in Turkey qualify me for spying into hidden motives and intentions. A few days ago Mr. Boucher read me part of a letter from you concerning himself; he yesterday communicated the remainder concerning me<sup>2</sup>. Let me express my gratitude for my father's ever-wakeful attention, his affection, his liberality. Though the plan of my future life has frequently been the subject of my thoughts, ([and] and few perhaps are more *addicted to castle building*,) yet I have [formed] no resolution, nor contracted any dislikes, that reason and [time? can] not surmount. It shall always be my business to conform myself to your inclinations, or (which you have declared to be the same thing) to my own. At present I will, agreeably to your intentions, pursue what has been chalked out for me; prepare and point my weapons, it will be time enough to use them hereafter. I received last Monday a very *well written scrawl* from Sister B.<sup>3</sup> She tells me she has been absent an age from Arthuret. This I could have guessed I think, for she has absolutely forgotten how to spell it, excepting you have agreed to alter your orthography, and write *Arthurez*, with her. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Burnthwaite, with all other friends, desire their compliments. My love to the whole family.

I am, my honoured Father,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

J. JAMES.

I need not tell you that my brother is well.

<sup>1</sup> 'Change or Exchange Alley from which at this time there was every reason to expect news. Only a week or two before the French and Spanish fleets had entered the Channel.

<sup>2</sup> In this letter dated Arthuret, September 1, 1779, Mr. James refers to a scheme of Mr. Boucher's for taking John as usher in his school. His father, looking to his own experiences as a schoolmaster, does not support it very warmly, but, as will be seen, it was eventually carried out.

<sup>3</sup> His eldest sister Elizabeth, born March 25, 1762. She married Mr. Radcliffe's nephew, John Wilson. See. p. 28, n. 5.

## XXXV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

DEAR SIR,

I have once more arrived safe under the wing of Alma Mater, and am doing all in my power to forget the liveliness of Paddington in the solitary walls of a college, though the transition is not very abrupt either, from a Hermitage to a cloister. The cold which detained me a few days longer in town than I expected after bidding you adieu, has ended in the complaint that was so prevalent at the departure of the hot weather. I am now, however, clear of both, and become as stout and as stupid as ever; for I begin to consider the latter as a symptom of good health with me, as I seldom am in such spirits as when out of order. Upon my arrival I found a letter just come from home. It contained little else than domestic good news, without a syllable of the sick Bishop<sup>1</sup>. Upon the presumption that he is still in the land of the living, I have ventured to detain your frank a week longer and intend to stretch his lordship's privilege as far as it will go by stuffing it within a scruple of the prescribed weight.

The university is yet thin and desolate. As the term does not commence till the tenth, few of the absentees will think of returning till the last minute. A few solitary tutors, that drop in one by one, are all you meet in an evening, and these by a certain woefulness of countenance seem not too well pleased with the exchange of a good table and merry circle of friends for spare diet and prayers twice a day. There is such an uncharitableness in the manners of a college, such an unsociable reserve, and disregard of each others welfare, that I never can think of them without growing out of humour with all about me. The fellows of a college, that spend half their lives in poring over newspapers and smoking tobacco, seem to live to no end, to be cut off from all the dearer interests of society, to possess, or at least to exert, no benevolence. What in the name of wonder can these men think of themselves when they look back upon a life that has been spent without either receiving or communicating pleasure? 'Tis like living on the side of a Scotch fell, or in the middle of a huge morass. 'Peace to all such!'

In leaving your house I (*ut meus est mos*) forgot two or three very material things: to pay my hairdresser for a fortnight's, or odd, attendance. The debt is small, but the fellow may not like to wait

<sup>1</sup> Sc. of Carlisle; see below, p. 88.

for his money till the next time I see him. May I beg of you then to discharge it? Another slip of the memory was the leaving behind me the poems of that sweet swan of Wigton, Evan Clarke<sup>1</sup>. A copy of these has been lately presented in great form to the Taberdor's Library<sup>2</sup> here. However, as it would be troublesome and expensive to send me them, I shall let them remain till next I wait upon you, and endeavour in the meantime to console myself with the productions of other wits. I can remember nothing more except it was the omission of a thousand thanks for numerous civilities. I shall not attempt to put them down here, but leave you to conjecture what, believe me, you will hardly exaggerate.

I am at a loss how to procure an answer to Mr. Addison's<sup>3</sup> enquiry about the Bodleian Catalogue<sup>4</sup>. My Tutor is as much a stranger to these matters as myself, and all my other friends are absent. I shall however make application in some way or other and communicate the result. The weather which regularly makes a part of an Englishman's dis[course] has changed from bright and pure to foggy and unwholesome. Mrs. Boucher will by this time, I hope, be too well to care a farthing for the uncertainty of this month or the gloominess of the next. With my compliments to her, Mr. Addison, and all my friends among the fry below stairs.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obliged and humble servant,

QUEEN'S, *October 7th*, 1779.

J. JAMES.

<sup>1</sup> Miscellaneous Poems by Mr. Ewan Clarke, 8vo. Whitehaven, 1779. From a MS. pedigree of the family of Christian of the Isle of Man, it seems that Ewan was the son of Jane Christian and Wilfrid Clarke of Standingstone near Wigton. It was his niece Elizabeth Hodgson whom John James married in 1784. See also Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. 475 note. His father, the Rev. Wilfrid Clarke (see above, p. 17, n. 2), succeeded John Brown as Vicar of Wigton in 1763. There is a copy of the book in the College library.

<sup>2</sup> 'Until about 1840 there was a separate library belonging to the Taberdars, or B.A. Scholars of the College, which was enriched by many gifts from members of the Society. The date of its foundation I have not ascertained; there is record of a gift made to it in 1726; it was refitted when "injuria temporis peritura" in 1785, and once again in 1820 when "clausa tineisque esca," it was opened "novis melioribusque auspiciis" by the Taberdars of the year.' (R. L. Clarke, in Notes and Queries, Dec. 3, 1881, p. 442, b.)

<sup>3</sup> Henry Addison (entered Queen's College, 1734 (O.S.) as Commoner; B.A. 1738; M.A. 1741), uncle of Mrs. Boucher, had a living in Maryland, whence, together with his youngest son, he fled in 1775, at the same time as Mr. Boucher.

<sup>4</sup> For accounts of the Bodleian Catalogues, see Macray's Annals of the Bodleian Library. The reference will be found under the heading Bodleian Library in the Index.

## XXXVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter, with the skeleton of the epitaph, found me labouring under a slight touch of your own inveterate complaint, the headach. It was the consequence of cold, and after a few days' continuance they both fled together. In this little preamble you spy I doubt not an apology in embryo. For how could it be expected that I should make any attempt towards complying with your request, when every letter seemed to dance before my eyes? Suppose now you extend this very good reason for my delay, to the performance itself; and if it appear pitiful and paltry, graciously attribute it not to want of ability, but only a kind of temporary *deliquium*? From the charge of pitifulness, however, give me leave to shelter myself behind your own authority, as you will find upon perusal that I have only clothed in Latin your own thoughts, communicated in your letter, without any addition. To speak truth I found it would be as much as the prescribed limits would admit of, to enumerate the several necessary particulars, at least to preserve at same time the proper *epitaphial* form. The circumstance of the brother's monument, &c., I have been obliged to omit:—the marble will speak for itself. The sentiment and allusion, that bring up the rear, are no more than what you suggested. To alter the one for the better, was not in my power; and the elegance of the other would deserve a place in any monument in Europe. It grieved me much to be under a necessity of rejecting your hint of Naomi. In order to give it propriety, there must have been mention made of the death of *both* sons, which my weak wits could not bring about without infringing the due bounds. If in other respects, this thing I send you should be thought sufficient, I have taken proper care to accomodate the length of my lines to the breadth of the marble. But how strange it appears to work by rule and line,—to be obliged to turn over a dictionary from one end to the other, not in search of the most elegant word, but of words of so many syllables. As your letter has no date, I am uncertain how long it is since you wrote. However, I presume that you have not relied upon my efforts, but provided, not against the failure of my inclinations, as those are at all times ready to contribute to an epitaph or a ballad, but of my performance. I hope in a few weeks to see the marble finished, and if you do not give

me your critique, alterations and rejections upon paper, to survey them, like the original of the Commandments on stone. I saw the two sons of Dr. Graham<sup>1</sup> a few days ago. They were just arrived from the north, and acquainted me that the Bishop of Carlisle<sup>2</sup> was returned in good health to Cambridge. All were well at Arthuret, with compliments to Mrs. Boucher, Mr. Addison, and the young gentlemen.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your very obliged and humble Servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEENS, October 22, 1779.

M. S.

Josephi Webb Willis<sup>3</sup>, hujusce olim Collegii, sup. ord. Commensal.

Quem, in Scholâ Etonensi liberrimè institutum,

Hocce Lyceum excepit, expolivit :

Mox in Hospitio Lincolnensi

Summa doctrinæ fastigia petentem

Incessit valetudo.

Cui prospiciens, cum sole, atque aere feliciori

Frustrâ, eheu ! usus est,

Mari inter redeundum obiit, Mai. 17. 1778. Æt. 24.

Hunc desiderant

Quicumque humanitati, vel honestati favent.

Hunc, tam longâ, tam irritâ spe expectatum, deflet,

Ipsa etiam vidua, Mater :

Quæ cum vivum honoribus excipere non licuit,

His saltem accumulât donis.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 52, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Edmund Law, Master of Peterhouse, Bishop of Carlisle from 1769 to 1787.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Boucher in his MS. Autobiography, now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Arthur Locker, mentions Mrs. Willis and her daughter as having lived with him at the Hermitage for three months. He says, 'She brought up her two sons at Eton School, which they both went through with great credit; then removed to University College, Oxon, and then to Lincoln's Inn. They both had the reputation of being excellent scholars and excellent young men of the fairest hopes, and both dy'd of the same disease, viz. a consumption, before they reached their 26th year. The last and youngest had gone to the West Indies in hopes of receiving benefit in his malady from the warmth and salubrity of the air there, and his unhappy mother heard the news of his dying at sea on his return to die, as he fondly hoped, in her bosom.'

The monuments to the two brothers are high up on the north wall of University College just within the altar rails. From the form in which that to J. W. Willis appears, it will be seen that, unless the actual inscription is due to another hand, young James had to make considerable alterations in both his draughts in order to fit the marble which is a facsimile of the one already erected to his brother. See Letter No. XXXVIII, p. 94. The inscriptions are given in Wood's Hist. ed. Gutch, p. 67.

## XXXVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, November 5th, 1779.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

The frank in which this is inclosed was given me by Mr. Boucher, who took for granted that before he should use it the bishop's privilege would be no more, being fully sensible that the gentlemen of the post-office had no higher veneration for the prerogative of a dead bishop, than old Charon in Lucian discovers for the rights of an emperor defunct. I do not, however, find that there was any necessity for paying me so very poor a compliment. Mr. Boucher has written, and the bishop's privilege is still as sound as that of the youngest lawn-sleeves on the bench. In confidence of this I have strained it almost to the last scruple. It brings you along with this letter my *coup d'essai* in Greek verse<sup>1</sup>. 'Tis a startling sound, a daring attempt! you cry. But I have already got one of the greatest of all critics on my side, who seems to approve highly of this sort of presumption, and comforts the unfortunate with an old proverb: *Μεγάλως απολισθανει δμως ευγενες αμαρτημα*<sup>2</sup>. So that you will allow I have an excellent salvo, in case it should be found I have broke my head in this business. To be serious, I have long felt the force of your precept: that the Greek language, as well as every other, could never be acquired to any degree of precision without writing it. The benefit I received from some attempts in prose convinced me I had got hold of the right clue. I have at intervals pursued the same plan. To read Homer was a great object with me. I wished to converse with the old Grecian, without constraint, to make a bosom friend of him. This could never be done by means of an interpreter. Picking out his meaning through the medium of a lexicon reminded me of the truly ridiculous situation of Harry the Fifth in the play, where he woos his mistress with the tongue of her confidante. I have accordingly taken what appeared the surest, although the most difficult road. My design was to introduce his phrases and even lines, wherever I could bend them to my purpose. This is fastning upon him, you will allow: *Λαξ εν στηθεσι βασ*, to use his own words. The advantages arising from such an imitation are obvious, as those expressions and combinations

<sup>1</sup> A translation of Gay's Poem on the Fan. See Appendix H.

<sup>2</sup> The following note is due to the kindness of Mr. Bywater:—

Longinus, De Sublimitate (3. 3). In the modern edd. (e. g. Vahlen's) the passage is slightly altered, and runs thus: *μεγάλων απολισθαίνειν δμως ευγενές άμαρτημα*.

I have thus made my own will always be known and familiar. My highest ambition was to give my little piece an Homeric air by borrowing, or stealing, or transferring, no matter how it came, if it were but there. Some of the lines therefore are taken, as you will see, verbatim. The little address to the Zephyr was wrote under the influence of the dog-star. You are not to look for any Pythian inspiration then. I believe I once mentioned to you very feelingly the violent and oppressive heats we had here about the beginning of last August<sup>1</sup>. What kind of things they were, I have now, I protest, no more idea than the folks in Greenland. I do remember, however, gasping for air, and bawling, like Baal's priests, upon the zephyr. The sailors in a calm make frequent efforts to charm up a breeze by whistling. I had some thoughts of communicating to them my invocation, till upon second thoughts it struck me that sailors seldom understand Greek. You may wonder perhaps at my choice of a passage in Gay's poem so difficult to translate, on account of the intricacy of some of the descriptions. Its relation to a well-known part of the eighteenth book of the Iliad<sup>2</sup> was my chief inducement. It must, however, I think, have been more difficult to convey a clear idea of the structure and mechanism of the toy in English with suitable dignity, than in Greek: as Homer has *consecrated* the names of implements, &c., which sound very unpoetical in our own tongue. I have been obliged, for want of expressions, to make the fan in the form of a half-circle. I could not for the life of me bring it into narrower compass. Do reduce it to a more fashionable figure; and, if you find it stubborn, lay it before my mother and sister, and it must yield. And now I must beg of you to tell me whether you think the advantages are equal to the labour of versifying in Greek. I am too sincere to deny that it has cost me time and trouble to measure syllables, and at the same time strain after a particular model. But the specimen I have had of that compleat insight it may in time open into the language, prevents me from wishing the hours I spent upon it otherwise employed. The desire of copying a particular pattern, though at first it may clog and encumber, must have its use, as it makes it necessary to have perpetual recourse to the memory. I procured a Morell's Thesaurus<sup>3</sup>, but was much disappointed in it. What a strange medley

<sup>1</sup> See p. 80.

<sup>2</sup> The making of the armour for Achilles; Iliad, xviii. 468<sup>et</sup>seq.

<sup>3</sup> Thesaurus Graecae Poeseos, Eton, 1762. An improved edition was published by E. Maltby, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Durham, at Porson's suggestion, Cambridge Univ. Press, 1815.

of indigested synonymes, epithets, and authorities has he heaped up! The Gradus is very faulty in this respect; but in Morell it is confusion worse confounded. His collection of epithets is principally drawn from the tragedians or Pindar: words of strange sound and fearful composition. He does not give a single phrase almost: so that one is at liberty, for him, to couple verbs and substantives together like the *serpentes avibus*, &c., talked of by Horace. Had he enlarged his plan a little, separated the epithets of a less mixed kind, made use of by Homer and the smoother writers, from the jaw-breaking compounds of Æschylus, shewn such peculiar combinations, of verb and substantive, as are either more poetical, or more frequent, his work might have been serviceable indeed. At present he is like one of those necessary servants, whom you are perpetually quarrelling, yet cannot do without. I have found it necessary to pay some attention to the breathings and accents in Greek. The former, I suppose, are allowed on all hands to be a part of the language. The utility of the latter has I know been disputed. If you think an acquaintance with either or both these points requisite, what way would you recommend for acquiring it?

You have sometimes made enquiries concerning the Press here. Musgrave's Euripides<sup>1</sup> you have mentioned, as doing us credit. He was of this college, and lived in these very rooms where I am now writing. A favourable omen! An edition of Longinus, by one Toupe<sup>2</sup>, came out last spring. It contains all Pearce's remarks, with some valuable additions. The Pentalogia of Burton<sup>3</sup> was republished about the same time, with improvements, &c., &c. A new edition of Cicero<sup>4</sup> has been preparing for these many years, though yet in very

[<sup>1</sup> An edition of Euripides in four volumes 4to. was published at Oxford in 1778 by Samuel Musgrave. He entered Commoner 1749; matriculated May 11, æt. 16, 'son of Richard of Washfield, co. Devon, gent.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. from Corpus Christi College, 1753, and M.A. 1756. He then migrated to University College as Radcliff Travelling Fellow, whence he proceeded B. and D.M. 1775. He had before published *Exercitationes duae in Euripidem* Lug. Bat. 1762, 8vo. He made some stir in 1769 by an address to the County of Devon in which he accused some unnamed persons of selling plans to the French Government. He died in poverty in 1780. See more about him in Munk's Roll of the College of Physicians, ii. 264.

<sup>2</sup> D. Longinus Dionysius, op. Zach. Pearce, cum notis J. Toupil et emendationibus D. Ruhnkenii, Oxon, 1778, 4to.

<sup>3</sup> Pentalogia sive tragg. Gr. delectus Jo. Burton, ed. Tho. Burgess, 2 vols. Oxon, 1779, 8vo. See Harford's Life of Bishop Burgess, p. 11-13.

<sup>4</sup> The edition in question came out in ten vols. 4to. in 1783, 'cum indicibus et variis lectionibus,' from the Clarendon Press.

little forwardness I am afraid. It is an improvement on Olivet<sup>1</sup>. Mr. Hind, a tutor at Christ Church, is busy about a new edition of Homer<sup>2</sup> (Iliad and Odyssey), with the Scholia, in two volumes. It may not appear for above a twelvemonth yet. It will be clever. Editions of Strabo, some part of Plato, and, I believe, of Dion Cassius<sup>3</sup>, are expected from very learned men, Strabo in particular. An index to Homer is upon the anvil<sup>4</sup>. It will, if compleat, be a very valuable book I should think, particularly as the only one we have is very scarce and dear. In a very few days will make his appearance, in a new coat and liveries, Dawes's *Miscellanea Critica*<sup>5</sup>: the price 6s.—3s. lower than the old edition. Such is the state of affairs at the Clarendon.

The lectures on ancient history that were read here last spring by Scot the Professor<sup>6</sup>, and are perhaps superiour to anything of the kind in point of elegance and erudition, will be very speedily published at London in two volumes quarto, price probably two guineas. The price of attendance was three guineas. I went several times, under the wing of a friend, and would oftner, had not the Doctor's lecture interfered. Scot is intimate with Dr. Johnston<sup>7</sup>. He has a good deal of the Doctor's manner: elevated stile, pointed antithesis, rounded periods, moral and penetrating remarks. Sometimes, however,

<sup>1</sup> Olivet's edition of Cicero's Works was published at Geneva between 1743 and 1749 in nine vols. 4to. with a commentary 'in usum Delphini.'

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Hind, matriculated June 17, 1772, æt. 16, 'son of Doctor Richard of Shering, co. Essex' (Chester); B.A. 1776; M.A. 1779; Rector of Ardley and Westwell, Oxon, and Vicar of Culworth, Northamptonshire; died Jan. 10, 1815. The expected Homer was probably *Homeri Ilias cum scholiis Didymi, Gr. Oxonii*, 1780, 8vo. in two vols., and *Homeri Odyssea Graeca cum scholiis et Batrachomyomachia, etc.*, Oxon, 1782, in two vols.

<sup>3</sup> There was no Oxford edition of Strabo about this time, but Thomas Tyrwhitt published *Conjecturae Strabonem*, Lond. 1783. The Plato reference may be to the *Gorgias and Euthydemus* edited by M. J. Routh, afterwards President of Magdalen, which appeared in 1784. As to Dion Cassius he may be confounding him by mistake with Dionysius of Halicarnassus, of whose *Memoirs of Ancient Orators* an edition came out by E. R. Mores (posthumously) in 1781. All three editors had been Queen's men.

<sup>4</sup> W. Seber's *Index Homericus* was published by the Clarendon Press in 1780.

<sup>5</sup> *Miscellanea Critica*, Ric. Dawes, Cantab. 1745, 8vo. A new edition was published by T. Burgess at Oxford in 1781, 8vo. See Harford's *Life of Bishop Burgess*, p. 14, et seqq.

<sup>6</sup> Sir William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, Fellow of University; Professor of Ancient History, 1773-1785. For an account of his lectures, which he could not be persuaded to publish, see Surtees' *Lives of Lords Stowell and Eldon*, pp. 23-25, and *Wordsworth's University Life*, p. 85.

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Johnson spent a fortnight at Oxford with Sir William Scott. See Surtees *ut sup.* p. 23.

he copies the Doctor's faults, such as his turgid expressions, and that care to avoid the mention of anything mean or familiar by its common name. This is a grand source of burlesque. For how does a man stare, when at the bottom of a great sounding sentence he discovers what is as well known to him by its usual appellation as his gloves or pocket-handkerchief! This was sometimes the case with our lecturer, when he was forced to descend to familiar topics. He turned, doubled, and practised all the windings of a hunted hare, in order to avoid that odious word butter, or cheese, and talked with great ingenuity about shoes for several minutes without naming them. Describing the houses of the Athenians, he acquainted his audience 'that they had no convenience by which the volatile parts of fire could be conveyed into the open air.' How would a bricklayer stare at being told that he meant no more than that the Athenians had no chimneys! One great inconvenience attended this constant and studied elevation, for whenever he popped out a familiar word, for which it was impossible to substitute a synonyme, it came from him with as ill a grace as an oath would from a bishop, or the language of Billingsgate from a fine lady. Take him however 'all in all,' and I am afraid this university will seldom 'look upon his like again.' As he intends for the law, and may e'er long be called to the Bar, it is very uncertain whether he will resume his course again. Other lectures, in different sciences, continue to be read, and many with great *éclat*. We have a divinity lecture every Sunday and Wednesday evening, by Dr. Wheeler<sup>1</sup>, at Christ Church. In his advertisements last spring he requested the attendance of graduates, or those of three years' standing, alone. This prevented me from going, save once or twice, at that time. But finding of late that his restriction, if observed, would almost demolish his audience, I have, out of respect to him and to myself, paid regular attendance. Hornsby, Professor of Astronomy<sup>2</sup>, Williamson of Mathematics<sup>3</sup>, and

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Wheeler, of Trinity College, matriculated Nov. 12, 1751, æt. 18, 'son of William, of Oxford City, Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1755; M.A. 1758; Fellow of Magdalen; Professor of Poetry, 1766-76; Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy, 1767-1782; B.D. 1769; D.D. 1770; Regius Professor of Divinity, 1776-1783. For Dr. Johnson's opinion of him, see Bloxam, vol. 1, p. 161 n.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Hornsby, of Corpus Christi College, matriculated Dec. 1, 1749, æt. 16, 'son of Thomas, of Durham City, Gent.' (Chester); B.A. 1753; M.A. 1757; Reader in Experimental Philosophy, 1763-1810; Savilian Professor of Astronomy, 1763-1810; Radcliffe Observer, 1772; Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy, 1782-1810; Radcliffe Librarian, 1783; D.D. by diploma, June 22, 1785.

<sup>3</sup> This must be James Williamson, Fellow of Hertford, matriculated March 18 1769 from St. Alban Hall, 'son of Thomas, of Elgin, co. Murray, Scotland, Gent.' (Chester); B.A. of St. Alban Hall 1772; M.A. 1775. He proceeded D.D. from

the Vinerian Professor<sup>1</sup>, all of them clever, are either reading or preparing lectures at present. The terms of the two former are two guineas the first course, one the second, and for ever after gratis. (Wheeler gives his for nothing, or at the most, for praise.) If you recommend my attending them, either now or next term, be so good as to inform me in your next. My tutor is proposing to me a course of mathematics with him, but cannot yet make up a class.

Mr. Boucher wrote to me about three weeks ago desiring my assistance at an epitaph<sup>2</sup> for a monument to be erected in University College. I will inclose you it. He furnished the matter principally, and left me to put it into Latin. Whether it will be thought worth putting up or no, I can't yet tell. The lady, who is mentioned, is a friend of his.

In the paraphrase I have sent you there is one line I cannot make out: it is the thirtieth. The book whence I took it was printed above two hundred years ago, and the Greek bad and incorrect. *Τετηκται* I think should be *τερυκται*. The other part I cannot make anything of, for the line still halts, and the sense seems imperfect. *Corrige, sodes!*

With love to all the family, and compliments elsewhere,

I am, my honoured Father,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

J. JAMES.

XXXVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEENS, *November 25, 1779.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Upon receiving your first commands<sup>3</sup>, I was not a little vexed at being so cramped by the artist's marble, nor does my chagrin abate when I find that elegance itself must be distorted to make it apt and fitting. Does it not remind you of the iron bed, as famous

Hertford 1783. His Elements of Euclid was published by the Clarendon Press in 1781. He was a friend and pupil of Dr. Beattie; see Forbes' Life of Beattie, i. 108.

Another James Williamson matriculated at Queen's Feb. 18, 1752, æt. 16, 'son of John, of Kendal, co. Westmoreland, Pleb.' (Chester). He was the Bampton Lecturer, of whom there is a portrait in the Common Room Gallery.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Wooddeson, matriculated May 29, æt. 14, 'son of Rev. Richard, of Kingston, co. Surrey' (Chester), at Pembroke, 1759; demy of Magdalen, 1759; B.A. 1763; M.A. 1765; D.C.L. 1777, in which year he was appointed Vinerian Professor. See also Bloxam's Reg. Magd. Coll. vi. 321-4. His Lectures were published in 1792-93.

<sup>2</sup> See Letter XXXVI.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

as that of Ware, on which a tyrant racked his subjects, and if it would not fit them, made them fit it? I have turned the matter on all sides, without being able to produce anything but a *caput mortuum*. I attacked it again, and bit my pen and dashed it on the ground. 'Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound.'—In short, I can find no other way than what you point out, viz. to leave off at the words *cede mulier*, without you are willing to take the classical allusion in place of the scriptural, and do not suspect me of too paganish notions if I would give the preference to this arrangement. As to the two specimens you send as the work of two very learned men, let me be impudent, and tell you I do not like them. The first of them (marked 2) is very little different, except in a few words, from my own. Its conclusion I think very flat and creeping. The other is, in some passages, I think, unclassical. Do not the words *Ingenio* and *Ætate florentem* border upon a pun? Though each of the substantives is joined with that verb in elegant writers, yet the idea affixed to the one combination is different from that of the other, and under their present form they are like those words in Ovid, where speaking of Jupiter's striking P[h]aethon with his thunder he says:

pariterque animaque rotisque Exiit Aurigam<sup>1</sup>.

You bid me look these over, and if I found a better expression adopt it. I have considered them in vain. There are, however, some passages in your specimen, that I cannot be satisfied about; in point of Latinity I mean. Do let me propose my doubts. Ought it not to be written *Fratres fraterrimos!* the preceding substantives being in the accusative case. I am not thoroughly easy about the phrase *conjunct: in vita et in morte*. Do you think a Roman would have wrote it so? The word *nostratem* is wrote by a slip of the pen for *nostrum*, I should suppose. Would it not be better to say *cum—usus est*, rather than the participle *usus*? The two participles *prospiciens* and *usus*, coming one after the other sound awkwardly methinks. I doubt not but it may be more elegant to write *plorare*, than *desiderare*, although the latter is often applied to the regret we feel for the death or absence of a beloved object. But will not the sentence by which it is governed require a singular number? This you will call piddling criticism. I wish I could offer anything better

<sup>1</sup> A quotation from memory. Ovid (*Metam.* ii. 311 seqq.) has  
dextra libratum fulmen ab aure

Misit in aurigam: pariterque animaue rotisque  
Expulit, et saevis compescuit ignibus ignes.

worth your attention. That I may not conclude, however, without attempting something, I will transcribe you the only abridgement I could hit upon, however ill-performed.

Quæ juncta vides marmora,	21
Heu ! geminâ funestam morte domum indicio sunt.	37
En tibi fratrem alterum, ex iisdem Scholâ & Collegio profectum !	52
Quem eandem legum peritiam, quam literarum tenui, sequentem,	50
In Hospitio Lincolnensi, inessit valetudo :	35
Cui prospiciens, &c. &c. . .	

This, with the omission of only one line, which might be that *Per hæscæ &c.*, will bring the whole within the prescribed compass. I am sorry to present you with so rough and mangled a piece. But remember that my tools are not yet of the finest edge, or my manner of using them the best. Did you ever see any of the epitaphs of Santeuil<sup>1</sup>, a French poet, who is said to have revived the lapidary stile with great success about the beginning of this century? From the very few specimens that remain of the ancient monumental inscriptions, we have reason I think to regret the perishableness of the stone they were inscribed on, as they seem to contain the *acer spiritus ac vis* in a degree superiour to most modern compositions of that sort.

It is with pleasure that I shall obey your kind summons to come up at Christmas in case it be agreeable to my friends in the North. I have mentioned it to my father in a late letter, and expect an answer very soon. If nothing hinder, any part of the [time] between Christmas Day and the 14th of the next month, will be [equally?] convenient to me. [The volume] of the Poetical Calendar you [ask for?] I put in my pocket [before] decamping from your house, in order to amuse myself and friends at Mr. Burnthwaites. Not having an opportunity of returning it myself before I left town, I desired them to send it by my brother the first time he went. I daresay it is safe. As to the great coat, though I will not say positively that I have my own, yet I verily believe it to be mine, particularly from the remains of some viatica in one of the pockets where my provident mother had stowed them upon my leaving home last year. If it be yours, how came these fragments of Shrewsbury cakes<sup>2</sup>, and scraps of ginger-

<sup>1</sup> Jean de Santeuil, 1630-1697, a French ecclesiastic celebrated for his Latin verses.

<sup>2</sup> Shrewsbury cakes are flat and round, with incised edges. They have been immortalized in the Ingoldsby Legends; see Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsbury, stanza 31, lines 3-5.

bread here? My memory in these matters is confessedly bad, so that you need not be surprized at my having such odd marks to distinguish by. My most respectful compliments to Mrs. Boucher and Mr. Addison.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

J. JAMES.

XXXIX.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *November 27, 1779.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have long been sensible of my error in placing John where he is, and wish, though now I fear too late, that it could be remedied. My opinion of all Colleges being much the same, I had many inducements, a kind of natural attachment, indeed, to lead me to Queen's, of which, however, I am now sorry to find that indolence and ignorance are the most distinguishing characters. I think he cannot decently leave it with all this, unless a scholarship or so could be got him in some other College; no matter what it was, while it afforded a pretext for transplanting him into a more kindly soil. But it is a delicate business, and I desire your thoughts as also whether it would be prudent to sound himself upon it. What shall I say to your kind intention of sending for him again to the Hermitage at Christmas? Certainly there is no place, whither I should more earnestly wish him to go, and no possible objection can lie against it, but what may be implied in a doubt, which I leave entirely to your own prudence to clear up, whether such frequent avocations may not have a tendency to unsettle his mind and too much interrupt his plan and course of study. In this light only I beg you to consider it, and after that, order him and do with him just as you please. I have just been writing to him, not to name this, but to thank him for a large packet of great entertainment, which he sent me lately in a frank he had received from you; that, by the bye, however agreeable the contents, I have no reason to wish for their coming to me under *such* a cover. His Lordship is too tenacious of his privileges. Had he resigned, as he seemed lately in the way to do, or should he now do so, I have pretty nearly the best authority for telling you that your conjectures about his successor are right. He was, we are informed, to be in London this week, much recruited after the very

severe illness he has had. It will oblige me if you will tell me whether this be really the case or not; and, still further, if you will take the trouble of enquiring every now and then into the state of his Lordship's health, and communicate to me what you find with certainty concerning it.

Mrs. James joins in most sincere respects to Nelly<sup>1</sup>, and

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

J. JAMES.

XL.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. JAMES.

Among the various modes of relaxation that I have tried, in walking, conversing, sometimes diverting my eyes with a fine prospect, sometimes my ears with the sound of my fiddle, there is none more welcome or more effectual than this—to throw away my Greek book and skip into my mother-tongue, with an address, where, as I live, the very epithet joined to that tongue would seem to imply to you, my dear mother, or any of that beloved circle of friends that are perhaps at this moment 'laughing and chatting all à row' round their happy tea-table. You desire me still to give the rein to my curveting fancy, and attend my letters every fifth morning to Arthuret. Believe me the gratification was too touching to be ever neglected. I have been asking myself how it happened to give so peculiar a sort of pleasure. 'Tis simply the delight of being named and thought of. But, you cry, or rather my own vanity, not a little startled, asks for you, if the being named or thought of is a thing so rare as to deserve so particular a notice; if I never present myself but when my own hand and seal, twice or thrice a month, force me into observation? Away with your suggestions, vanity! you know little of the heart. It is the mutual, the reciprocal satisfaction of hearing that we are named, of thinking that we are thought of, of knowing the day, the hour, the minute when we are sure of regard: 'tis this that flatters the imagination. The vulgar hold that souls meet and converse in sleep in spite of intervening distance. In my case the fancy, and that not a sleepy or a vulgar fancy either, gives into the same agreeable dream, removes all obstructions of miles and mountains, and we seem for a while to enjoy the presence of an absent friend as much as if he were in the same room, and in the next elbow-chair. It was but yesterday that I was entertaining myself in

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Boucher; see p. 59, n. 4.

this very manner. Yesterday, the 18th of December, was the anniversary of the fire that alarmed us all so frightfully last winter. Perhaps you might recollect this. To my memory it presented itself without any effort on my part. In the course of the day I could not help calling to mind some parts of last year's spectacle. Were it but possible for everything worth the remembrance to make the same deep impression, though not at the same expence, what a glorious register might one collect of sound precept and good example, disposed as methodically as the articles in a tradesman's accompt book! You might naturally suppose that in a place where a Founder's day<sup>1</sup> is celebrated with such pomp, and the death of a boar remembred annually with offerings of hog's cheek and 'gay garlands<sup>2</sup>,' the veneration for an anniversary might induce us to mourn upon each 18th of December, and, as in the former instances, we testify our joy by feasting, to drop a letter in that word on the present occasion, and fast in sackcloth and ashes. But I know not how it happens, we are all of us sly Jesuitical rogues in these matters, with a thousand salvos and excuses for the omission of a piece of self-denial, and almost as many regrets for the loss of one favourite indulgence. I have sometimes amused myself with observing the cloud of formal fast-days in a Romish calendar, imaging to myself as I went along the various sops that superstition and casuistry must have produced to satisfy the conscience and the palate at once; and have at last concluded that the Popish rubric might be considered, like the law, 'as the cause of sin.' Yet this is all human nature you will say, and, after a few hours are past and I have climbed the hill for an appetite, I believe I shall be ready to come into your opinion. And so in a few days comes that most gleeful of all seasons, Christmas, the Sabbath of the north, where religion obliges folks to eat, and custom immemorial to be merry. If you draw a line round four, or five at most, of your adjoining counties, you may, I believe, consider the enclosed space as the Palestine of the observers of Christmas. We are Pagans, downright Pagans, here. A minced pie—nay, stare not, Hugo!—is as great a rarity among one half of the southern barbarians as a pine-apple. To you th[is] season comes tricked out in all the charms of Pandora, holding a pot filled with sweets of various composition and high-scented flavour, the very quintessence of minced pies and plum-porridge, in one hand, and in the other a box, as of old, emptied of all its former poisons and now stored with

<sup>1</sup> See p. 2, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of the Boar's Head ceremonies on Christmas Day, see Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. 293 n.

'quipps and cranks, and wanton wiles,' with contentment at the top and innocency at the bottom. Of the former treasure may she give you a large share, of the other a still larger. That is, in plain English, may good things so abound that Hugo may think Christmas the merriest season, and good humour and chearfulness be in such plenty that you may all think it the happiest. On Thursday next, agreeably to my father's permission, I go to take a peep at a town Christmas. I am afraid that they too are a little heathenish. Mr. Boucher summoned me up (as he calls it) in a letter last Thursday. I shall repair my wardrobe, which certainly wants additions as you direct. You shall hear from me soon after I get thither. I was not a little surprised and pleased last night upon receiving a very polite letter from Mr. Spedding<sup>1</sup>, of Armathwaite. I thought it had come from the dead, till upon perusal I found, to my vast satisfaction, that he is still alive, in good spirits, and as far as I can discover in tolerable health. My love to the whole dear family, and compliments to all my friends, with best wishes of the season.

I am, my honoured Mother,  
Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *December 19th, 1779.*

XLI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, *February 12th, 1780.*

DEAR SIR,

'Ecce! iterum Crispinus!' Again, after a long and tedious absence, am I returned to my heathen friends at College. Our meeting was warm enough, at least on my part. I embraced Homer and Virgil, shook hands with Xenophon, and bowed to Pindar and others of the sublimer gentry on the top shelf. In short, though none of them thought fit to return my salute, I have some reason to suppose them pleased at my return, as by their mouldy coats and dirty faces they seem to have deplored my absence. It was not indeed till Thursday evening last that I arrived at Oxford. For above a week after I took my *last* leave of you, my brother recruited so slowly, and was so depressed in spirits that I could not think of parting with him. You ask why I did not wait upon you again at Paddington to get another farewell blessing. The truth was, that I myself was confoundedly afraid I had got a touch of his disorder, having a great un-

<sup>1</sup> See p. 46, n. 3.

easiness and difficulty of swallowing for some days. By a little care and timely confinement the symptoms went off again, and I am now a le to swallow our hasty commons and other impositions as well as ever.

One of the first pieces of business I set about was an enquiry into the nature of the studentships at Christ Church, and the likeliest means of obtaining one of them. Having a friend<sup>1</sup> there, who was formerly, like myself, a commoner of Queen's, and was presented not long ago to an honorary studentship at Christ Church<sup>2</sup>, I was not at a loss for proper information. There are it seems vacant every year three, four, or five studentships, which are in the disposal of the Canons, who have a right of giving them away in turn. The last vacant place for last year was filled up by the Junior Canon<sup>3</sup>. The gift of the next returns of consequence to the Dean<sup>4</sup>, who has the disposal of two, one of which he has already supplied. Dr. Brown<sup>5</sup> is the third in order, and will most probably have the fourth or fifth vacancy to dispose of. As his turn will probably fall in the course of this year, we ought not to lose any time in making application. It is needless I hope to assure you how much we shall be obliged to you for your immediate *vole and interest*. Before an honorary student (as those appointed by the Canons are called) is admitted, a few months probation are generally required, by way of form, and the *meritorious* young man is congratulated formally by his tutor upon the marks of public approbation that his conduct and talents have procured him. If, then, Dr. Brown's answer should prove favorable, here will be a fair reason for taking leave of Queen's and Queensmen. A removal to Christ Church must appear necessary to my tutor, and highly agreeable to

<sup>1</sup> Probably William Thomson, who entered Commoner 1776; matriculated June 20, æt. 15, 'son of William, of Worcester City, Gent.' (Chester); entered at Christ Church, 1778; made student 1779; proceeded B.A. 1780; M.A. 1783; B.M. 1785; D.M. 1786.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Vere Bayne kindly gives the following information: 'The Studentships spoken of were by no means "honorary" in the modern sense of the word; they were filled up by the Dean and Canons, and not elected from Westminster; sometimes those who held them were called "Canoneer" Students to distinguish them from Westminster Students. The Ordinance of 1858 put an end to this system.'

<sup>3</sup> Probably Arthur Onslow; see below, p. 114, n. 3.

<sup>4</sup> Lewis Bagot, D.D. He succeeded Dr. Markham in 1777, and became successively Bishop of Bristol, Norwich, and S. Asaph. See his *Life in Welch's Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852, p. 34, n. 1). His picture by Hoffner is in Christ Church Hall. See also Letters XLVII and XLVIII.

<sup>5</sup> Richard Browne, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, 1774-1780; Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, 1748-1780. He was Rector of Paddington, where Mr. Boucher was Curate. He is frequently mentioned in later letters.

myself; and as to the trial of my conduct and my talents, I think I can promise such regularity of behaviour as shall give them no cause to suspect the one, though it may make them mistrust the other. The value of a studentship at first, and it increases as you rise, is much more considerable than I supposed, £20 per annum and your dinner, which with some other privileges make it worth £20 or £30 more, if you allow the truth of the old saw, that a penny saved is a penny got. I wish much, I must confess, to bid adieu to the farce of discipline and the freezing indifference of this College and its governors. Without some objects to excite emul[ation] and some reward for honest endeavours, the most [active?] spirit will sink into laziness and lethargy. Man is like the magnet, whose power increases in proportion to the weight which it supports. As to the institution of our founder, Eglesfield, it does not seem to possess any of the magnetic virtue, except the property of turning to the north. With most respectful compliments to Mrs. Boucher, Mr. Addison, and the Captain,

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obliged and affectionate,

J. JAMES.

XLII.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

PADDINGTON, *February the 12th, 1780.*

MY DEAR SIR,

It astonished me to hear that John had lagged in London, so long after I supposed him fairly cloystered again in Queen's. I expect his apology for it soon, which I suppose he has already made to you. Be not uneasy about his being with me. He seems to be happy with us, and I say little when I assure you only that he makes us entirely so. I hope, moreover, his time is not quite lost. We are always talking about books and bookish matters. I flatter myself my practical remarks may have their use, as well as the more literate lectures he has elsewhere; nor will I allow you to think it wrong, or dangerous, even if I should transfuse into him some of my own spirit of adventure. *Crede quod potes*, and *potes*, is my constant motto; it has been my own maxim through life, and though it has sometimes led me into embarrassments and scrapes, yet do I owe it to this persuasion that I am as I am. And, I speak my real opinion to you, in assuring you, that there is nothing this young man cannot do, and cannot be, if he will but properly attempt it. I am labouring

systematically to train him fully to my views, in these matters; and I wish you to say whether he has discovered to you any new wishes, or hopes, by which you can descry any increase of ardour or confidence. You will not be afraid of my making him conceited when I venture—and to a parent, it is venturing something—to tell you that I have had occasion, and therefore took it, to check and put him on his guard on this very account. You will not imagine it could be very notorious, as I really did not observe it till it was pointed out to me by a very discerning friend, who is often here, and who one day said to me: ‘This is really a clever and a most promising lad; but, do you not see that, with your maxim of *il faut se faire valoir*, you are in much danger of making him pert and conceited?’ I found means, by the fabrication of a story of some supposed person in a similar predicament, to notify the suspicion to John; and the manner in which he took the reprimand endeared him to me, if possible, still more, by convincing me that his heart is as good as his head. Now all this is *tibi soli*, and I tell it you only to convince you, if I can, that I am not wholly unworthy your confidence. Sure I am, I love him most sincerely, and even your wishes for his doing well are hardly more earnest than mine. We have talked over all the business about Christ Church. He is to be on the watch; and if there be an opening, I am to ply my Rector<sup>1</sup>, who is a Canon there, and professes, at least, a strong desire to have it in his power to serve me.

Mine and Nelly’s best love, &c., &c., to Mrs. James, &c., &c.,  
J. B.

## XLIII.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, February 22, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

Though your last letter contained many things for which I ought to thank you, yet it is more than probable I should hardly have done it so soon, but for one I received this morning from John. He must be the idlest fellow upon earth, who is proof against gratitude united with parental affection. He tells me of a studency at Christ Church being this year at the disposal of the very person through whom you have flattered me with hopes of getting him removed to that College, the main object I find (though he never said so to me before) of his wishes. This at least has a good face. But though I both hope for

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Browne. See p. 101, n. 5.

success from your application, and wish to owe it rather to you than any other person, yet I desire to know whether I can myself be of service in the business, I mean, whether you think them more comeatable through any of my connections in aid of your own influence, in case you should have any doubt of that being sufficient. God knows these connections are very few, and what is even worse, I am but ill qualified to make the most of them, though, I think, on such an occasion I could pluck up assurance enough, not only to ask, but hardly to take a refusal; and still more, if it lay in the way either of Dr. Graham or the Solicitor General<sup>1</sup> to serve me, and you thought this (for certainly I would do nothing without your privity and approbation) a proper occasion to press them upon. John will receive a letter from me to-morrow, in which, without suspecting any thing of what he tells me this morning, I advise him to hint our plan as he shall see opportunity, to his tutor, and that when it is fitting I shall myself mention it not only to him, but the Provost, neither of whom, I flatter myself, will be averse even to helping forward any scheme which may be for his advantage, at least their professions are to that effect. Was I wrong in this? Can it do any harm? or rather is it not both a compliment due to them, and guarding against offence? Perhaps a word or two from the Provost and Fellows of his own College, might do him no disservice, in case your interest and recommendation should have weight enough with your friend to send for him to see what sort of a younker he was. Here then for the present I leave this business, but not without anxiety—anxiety, I doubt, inconsistent even with my own principles, among which, if there be any one which has any pretensions to be fixed and invariable, it is this, that having done what we ought, Providence will certainly direct the issue for our advantage.

Hurried as I just now happen to be, I meant to have concluded my letter here, but I am too much affected by what I hinted in the beginning of it not to continue it, till I have thanked you for two things in my estimation of such a nature as always to engage my most grateful remembrance. Your care and concern for the recovery of my poor Tom, and even more your kind attention to the manners of John. I always thought him best under your roof, and now you have given me the most essential proof of it. Continue, my dear sir, to form him to your own mind, if he be capable of it, in everything act the

<sup>1</sup> James Wallace, M.P. for Horsham, was Solicitor-General from June 11, 1778, to July 21, 1780, and Attorney-General from the latter date till April 18, 1782, when he was succeeded by Lloyd Kenyon. He replaced Kenyon again May 2, 1783, till Nov. 11, when he died and was succeeded by John Lee.

parent to him. Of this instance, in particular, of weakness I have seen so much, that I fancy the soil he is in is naturally productive of such weeds, and I did not expect him to escape.

Best services to Nelly, of whose indisposition I am exceedingly sorry to hear. In these Mrs. James joins, as she does in every good wish for you both.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

J. J.

XLIV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, *March 5th, 1780.*

DEAR SIR,

Though totally ignorant of the effect your letter may have produced in the venerable Rabbi<sup>1</sup>, I cannot help scribbling you a few lines to thank you, as I do indeed most sincerely, for your recommendation, and perhaps partly to try, if by acquainting you with my doubts and apprehensions I cannot in some measure relieve them. I am at loss how I shall come at the Doctor's final determination, whether he will send for me and acquaint me in person, or, which seems most likely, write you his sentiments upon it in answer to your letter. Your letter, dated the 23rd February, did not arrive till last Sunday evening. I dispatched it immediately to Christ Church, praying heartily that it might find him in one of his best humours, either after having finished a good supper, or a good sermon, or chuckling over a new discovered reading or sense, in some crabbed passage of the Hebrew Pentateuch. Had I been versed in the stars, I believe I should have erected a figure, and just addressed him at the moment of some favourable conjunction. If our application fails, I shall attribute it without ceremony to the sinister aspect of the heavens; if it is successful, your address shall have all my gratitude, and all the glory. You ask what I think of your letter. However unfortunate it be, it can never be accused of impropriety or deficiency. It shall be my endeavour that the concluding part, of which myself am the hero, shall not prove entirely the usual encomium of a recommendatory letter. You promise high, and if folks will but be charitable enough to take the effort in part of the performance, so far, I hope, I shall not be found wanting.

Your account of Mrs. Boucher's illness would have gone down very bitterly, but for the assurance that she is better again. I think

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Browne. See p. 101, n. 5.

it is *Swift* who observes to some of his friends, that he scarcely ever knew a deserving person of the other sex that was not subject to some of the evils of a tender constitution. If Mrs. Boucher wanted any other consolation in her attacks than what one of her best and tenderest friends is always at hand to afford, I would recommend the Dean's observation as an excellent cordial. But is it possible that the reasons I gave for my not having revisited Paddington should not be convincing. Is a certain lady's resentment still so high as to demand further satisfaction?

*Tantaene animis faemalibus irae?*

For my part, if plain proof will not do, I am at a loss where to learn the more complicated process of soothing a lady's anger. Aristotle I think is silent on that head, and not one of the five sciences that are taught with so much success in our schools has a single rule, axiom, or definition to the purpose. If reason then will not do, perhaps submission will, and upon these terms I hope to be restored to favour.

In a letter from home about a week ago my father mentions to me the change of situation which we are now prosecuting, and advises me to keep a sharp look-out. I wrote him an account of the measures that had been taken, and hope not to disappoint the expectations I raised. He was then but poorly, his gout having not entirely left him. I wish that plaguy disorder would observe a little more propriety in its attacks, and confine itself to its own circle—the Bishops, Deans, and Canons of this realm. What the plague has it to do with curates, and school-masters, without indeed it be a forerunner of dignity and preferment.

The subjects for the Chancellor's<sup>1</sup> prizes this year are: for the verses, [the] Death of Cook; for the essay, the Study of Antiquities. You talked to me of adventuring among the rest, and I have been weighing the matter. I have a friend who writes verses, and this year will be his last opportunity. If he attempts (and I am not yet acquainted with his resolution) I must lend my little assistance to him. If not, will it be an unpardonable affront to Virgil and the rest if I attempt to wield their weapons? In the meantime, may I request of you to send me down your Cook's Voyages<sup>2</sup>? (All books relating

<sup>1</sup> In mortem Jacobi Cook, Navigatoris celeberrimi, obtained by Lord Wellesley, Student of Christ Church; Study of Antiquities, obtained by Thomas Burgess, Scholar of Corpus, afterwards Bishop of S. David's and of Salisbury. See his Life by Harford, p. 34 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> A new Voyage round the World, in the years 1768, 1769, 1770, and 1771; undertaken by order of his present Majesty, performed by Captain James Cook, in the ship Endeavour, drawn up from his own Journal, and from the papers of

to the subject there are already secured); or if you think Forster's<sup>1</sup> serviceable, could you procure me *that* also for a few weeks? Perhaps you can point out other voyages and travels, where matter may be found? Have any of the Latin poets (modern) that you have got by you treated any similar thesis? Grotius and the rest are likely fellows to say something of Columbus or Gama. May I beg the favor of your Paraeus'<sup>2</sup> book of Latin particles or phrases; as also of any other book of credit upon the same subject, if convenient, particularly if you have any upon Virgil's stile, versification, &c., &c. If you can send the above specified cargo to my brother, he will dispatch them by the coach. The expence of carriage will not be above eighteenpence or so. You will oblige me much by picking up any articles, anecdotes, &c., relating to this late expedition, and the commander's death. I hear or see little of that kind at Oxford. J. Innes would, I daresay, write anything of that kind down for me, either from newspapers or report. When a little more determined, I will trouble you again on this head. I congratulate Mr. Addison and his friends upon their success most sincerely: *sic dii omnia!* With most respectful compliments to Mrs. Boucher, and the two Mr. Addisons.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

J. JAMES.

XLV.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

PADDINGTON, *8th March, 1780.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I never in my life sat down to write to you in worse spirits, or

Joseph Banks, Esq., F.R.S., and published by the special direction of the Right Honourable the Lords of the Admiralty. By John Hawkesworth, LL.D., and late Director of the East India Company. In two volumes: with cutts and a map of the whole Navigation. New York: Printed for William Aikman, Bookseller and Stationer, at Annapolis, 1774.

These were the only two books out of a considerable library which Mr. Boucher was able to bring with him from America in his hurried flight in 1775. They are now in the possession of his grandson, Mr. Arthur Locker.

<sup>1</sup> Voyage round the World in the Resolution commanded by Captain Cook, by George Forster, F.R.S. London, 1777, 2 vols.

<sup>2</sup> 'Commentarius de particulis Linguae latinae' of Phillippus Pareus. 8vo. Franc. 1647. John Philip Waengler, whose name, like his father's, was Latinised into Pareus. He was Professor of Theology, Philosophy, and Hebrew at Hanau from 1623 to 1648.

in a worse humour; for, instead of having some very agreeable tidings to communicate to you, as I had fondly flattered myself I should, I have only a mortifying disappointment to inform you of. But, you must have the story as it is.

Before I had the favour of yours, John had written to me the result of his enquiries respecting the studentship; which was, that *my* Dr. Browne (if I must still bear to call him *mine*) would have the appointment of one in his course, which was the third. Pleased with John's alacrity and ardour on the occasion, I was eager not to check it by any dilatoriness, for which, indeed, I saw no reason; and so, instantly sate down and made my application in form to the Rabbi.

You must not add to the chagrin I already feel, by suspecting that in this instance I was over sanguin. I have really been essentially useful to the man, and he has heretofore confessed as much, accompanying these declarations with unsolicited professions of a warm desire to have it in his powers to serve me. I was also encouraged to ask so small a boon, by the Bishop of Oxford's<sup>1</sup> having told me, not long before, that Browne expressed himself with great regard respecting me. But, see his answer! how cursedly cold, cavalier and (if I did not know the man) even shockingly rude! I am quite at my wit's ends about it. For, though I do assure you, with respect to John, I really was modest and cautious in feeding his hopes, yet that he had hopes is sufficiently evident. And, as it is almost his maiden essay in life, and I had derived the most pleasing presages from his honest ambition on the occasion, I feel infinite uneasiness. What course we are now to take I really am not able, at present, to say, save only that as I have thrust myself into some share of the management of it, you must allow me still so much authority with you as to prevail, that it may not be entirely dropped. My own maxim has been, when one effort has failed, as, God knows, they often have, instantly and with unabated ardour to have recourse to another. I have thought of your little ladder, something like poor Bowling's in Roderick Random, and if your friends could easily be brought to act with effect, I would wish their operations directed towards the Archbishop of York<sup>2</sup>. He, no

<sup>1</sup> John Butler, of University College, matriculated May 10, 1733, æt. 15, 'son of James of Hamburg, Pleb.' (Chester); B.C.L. 1746, D.C.L. 1752; Prebendary of Winchester 1760-1788; Archdeacon of Surrey 1769-1782; Bishop of Oxford 1777-1788, of Hereford 1788-1802, when he died, aged 85. He obtained his Bishopric for political services as a pamphleteer under the title of 'Vindex' during the American War.

<sup>2</sup> William Markham, D.D., late Dean of Christ Church, translated to York

doubt, has the power; and, I think, would have the will; could you and your friends think it, as the phrase here is *tanti*<sup>1</sup>, as to make a point of it. I do not see how either the Provost or Fellows of Queens could now exert themselves to any purpose, and besides, as I understand Dr. Browne's letter, he really has had the meanness and the folly to enquire of them into the young man's character. Let me hear from you again, soon on the occasion, and only do not despair of either the cause, or me, from this one unsuccessful effort.

I have been terribly indisposed with an head-ache, that, I fear, is constitutional, and will one day or other, demolish me; but, I am better, yet not well enough in spirits to write on any other subject, as I must also, this evening, write to John, but how to tell him my story I really know not. Poor fellow, I am sensible it will mortify him exceedingly; he cannot, however, feel it more sensibly than does

Your most sincere and (I now almost hate to add)

*faithful* friend,

J. BOUCHER.

I intended to have sent you Browne's letter at full length; and one also from John, of this evening; but, finding on examination, that I have not a frank for you, I can, with no sort of conscience, think it worth double postage. Take, therefore, the following copy of the part of it which alone concerns you.

'I had, two or three days since, the favour of your letter of February the 23rd, recommending Mr. John James to me for a student-ship. His character is good, and I wish him success elsewhere. But, I am too deeply engaged, and am under too many obligations to be ever likely to serve him.'

#### XLVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

Your letter gave a very high degree of satisfaction in every part but where you speak of your own state of health. I once congratulated myself upon the severity of the fit—as we are inclined to view evils on their fairest side—and formed hopes that it would

from Chester in 1776. See his Life in Welch's *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852), p. 318.

<sup>1</sup> A slang phrase for 'worth while,' still in use in later times.

not only quit you soon, but give you a long lease of pleasant walks, and uninterrupted exercise. These hopes I still entertain, and only wish that the exemption I talk of could have purchased at a lower rate. I this morning entered into the Phædo of Plato. “ ‘ How whimsical a thing,’ said Socrates to his friends as he stooped to rub that part of his leg that had been pressed by his fetters, ‘ how whimsical a thing is this sensation that men call pleasure ! and how oddly is it connected with its contrary, pain ! So opposite are the natures of these two perceptions that they cannot be present at one time in the same subject : and yet, if any man pursue and obtain possession of the one, he will almost always be obliged to admit the other, as if they were linked together in their extreme points. I have a great notion,’ continued he, ‘ that if Esop had thought of this, he would have composed us a fable upon it, how that Jupiter had once a mind to make peace between these natural enemies, but finding himself unable to unite them, at last tied them together at the extremities : by which means wherever one goes, the other follows after. And thus it is with me : for the pain that the pressure of the chain occasioned in my leg, now that is removed, is succeeded by the pleasantest sensation in the world.’ ” I could not help recalling this beautiful sally to your memory for the sake of the application. The removal of the gout and the fetters is attended with similar effects ; not only as it leaves you your own master, but as in some measure it compensates for past sufferings by enhancing the pleasure of present freedom.

My quotation from the Phædo will be partly an answer to your question of what I am doing at present. Before my visit to London I had proceeded almost half way through Homer’s *Odyssey*, and as it was your advice to join the two languages, Greek and Latin, together, I took up Livy, and read through the first five books of his history. Since my return to College my employment has been the study of the same tongues though of different authours. I took Plato to relieve Homer, and instead of Livy entered upon Sanadon and Dacier’s Horace<sup>1</sup>. These books, together with College business and other things, take up all my time, and I flatter myself that it will not be for want of steady application if I do not make some progress. You ask how I find myself affected upon trial after so long an interruption. It is with the greatest sincerity that I can assure you, that if my absence from College—for I cannot say from books—has produced

<sup>1</sup> Dacier’s translation of Horace into French was published at Paris in 1681, 10 vols. 8vo. ; Sanadon’s also at Paris in 1728 in 2 vols. 4to. Both translations were copiously annotated and often reprinted.

any change in my appetite for study, it is only such as you could wish. Believe me, I am too deeply convinced of the solid utility of classical knowledge, and have too quick a sense of the obligation I am under to pursue it with these opportunities, to be thrown off my centre by a few weeks relaxation. Besides, my conversation during that time lay chiefly among bookish men; and it surely adds no little life to diligence, to see the object of our pursuit honoured almost to reverence by those whom we love and esteem ourselves. But there are other motives for wooing this *coy Maid of Athens* that come still stronger home. The path is now becoming smoother, the first difficulties are surmounted, and the attention, less harrassed by the asperities of the road, can now find time to contemplate the prospect. In short, I am now, without my feelings or my vanity deceive me, capable of relishing those beauties of sentiment and expression that I did hitherto suppose abounded in the works of the ancients rather from the reports of others, than from the sensible conviction of my own judgement. Where then the mind can unite instruction with amusement, and is at the same time supported by gratitude and ambition, is there the least room for suspicion that she will run away from her post, or betray her own cause? For my own part, the effect of these combined motives is so strong that I rarely can feel my attention exhausted, and since my return hither have read with perhaps much greater ardour than ever. I am in raptures with Sanadon. His observations seem to contain not only all that is necessary to understand and admire his authour, but also the most perfect model on which to form an elegant style and taste in criticism. Polite, acute, and lively, he at once fixes and relieves our attention. Whether it be owing to his manner, or his language, or both, I know not, but methinks I never read any English critic with half the pleasure. We seem to possess the *fortiter in re* more than any of our neighbours, but the arts of insinuation and address, as well in controverted points of criticism as of fashion, appear with more lustre on the Continent, if at least Bentley and Sanadon be the standards in this case. I promise myself infinite pleasure in the perusal of those parts of Horace that I cannot help confessing, at the hazard of my taste perhaps, please me most; I mean his Satires and Epistles. Do you think we have any expression equal to that of the French—*la morale enjouée*? It occurs in Gilblas, and seems to me to be happily expressive of the manner of Horace's *Muse on foot*. In my passage through the first book which I am just finishing, I could not help hazarding one conjecture which you, at least, will suffer me to propose to you. It is this, that

the 16th Ode, addressed to Tyndaris, was intended by the poet rather as a humourous and burlesque recantation, than a serious one. In another palinodia, to Canidia, we have an instance of Horace's talent at the mock-heroic. His language in both these pieces is affectedly solemn, pompous and tragic. In both, his illustrations and examples are far removed from common life. When he affects to move the sorceress to compassion, he draws his instances ludicrously enough from the Epic. To convince his offended mistress of the baneful nature of anger, he seconds his arguments by the mention of a catastrophe which had furnished the stage with some of its loftiest scenes. In the opening he evidently affects the obscure Pindaric; instead of water he gives us the *Adriatic Sea*. His allusions to the enthusiasm of the priests of Cybele and Apollo are wonderfully soaring; and in short the whole Ode, as far as the twenty-second line, is filled with examples and comparisons so terrible, and marches along with such tragic pomp and cadences so sonorous, that a man would suppose the lady was not angry but frantic, or that the poet was labouring to calm the fury of some dreadful potentate, and avert impending [des]truction from half the globe. But after having declaimed with such v[igour] for the length of five stanzas, we find him all of a sudden slip out of the bush: he at once drops his elevation, and with a face of fun and good-humour explai[ns] himself in humbler numbers; as if having forced a smile from the lady by [the] ludicrous solemnity of the preceding arguments, he avails himself of the favorable moment, and makes his peace 'like a man of this world.' That the mock-heroic is a most powerful opiate of female resentment, we have a strong proof in the Rape of the Lock. Considered in this light, Horace's sally might be successful. And sure no man in his senses would be willing seriously to rest a cause so circumstanced upon proofs and arguments that, from the obscurity of their nature and remoteness of their application, could never affect the passions, or influence the judgment. And now, my dear father, you will think I have said enough, not indeed to prove my conjecture, but to tire your patience. I shall sit in expectation of your sentence, and shall kiss the rod in your hand with pleasure. The subjects of the prizes this year are, for the Essay, the Study of Antiquities; for the Verses, The Death of Cook. On this latter subject I wish to have some talk with you, and will write to you shortly. I had last night a letter from Mr. B., with news of our bad success in the affair of the studentship. The disappointment will not effect me much, as I never reckoned far upon Mr. B.'s interest with a man of so surly a temper. I shall

resume my enquiry into the means of procuring another chance. From Magdalen<sup>1</sup> we are, I believe, excluded entirely. Christ Church must be the place, if any. The reason of my not visiting Mr. B. for a week before I left town, was a cold and some symptoms of a sore throat which I had (though I did not tell you so) during that time. They were so slight that they did not confine me for more than one day. But the weather was bad, and the Hermitage at so great a distance that I durst not venture. The shirts my mother sent are very right, perhaps a little too wide about the neck for me. The weather here is quite spring. I heard from my brother very lately. He is finely. Love to the whole family, and compliments to all friends.

I am, my honoured Father,  
Your most affectionate and dutiful Son,  
J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *March 10th*, 1780.

P.S. Your account of Sister B.'s illness alarmed me much. I trust by this time she is perfectly re-established, and wish much to receive a confirmation of it under her own hand.

#### XLVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

DEAR SIR,

It might perhaps be an affront to the very friendly earnestness with which you tried your interest with your patron in my behalf, if I should tell you that I was not very violently affected at the account of our bad success. The principal point where it galls me is the apprehension lest this affair should cause a misunderstanding between you and the Rabbi. This might indeed be something serious. At present, though naturally *addicted to castle-building*, and of consequence laid a little open to the shocks of disappointment, I do not feel any symptoms of that dejection which you seem to apprehend. Whatever *poutingness* I may have can be easily conquered. Philosophy and roast beef are universal remedies; to these I apply.

Your exhortation to another exertion of spirit has had its due effect. The rebuff I have just experienced, instead of freezing me into moping despondency, has kindled a little resentment which, joined to my other motives, will hardly suffer me to flag till I have tried every

<sup>1</sup> All the Demyships at Magdalen were appropriated to the City of London and to certain counties and dioceses in which Cumberland and Westmoreland were not included.

pass and avenue to gain my point. Should I obtain by other means what the churlish Rabbi has so surlily refused, it would be a kind of triumph methinks. I should march through the gates of Christ Church with as insolent a countenance as a Roman conqueror under his triumphal arch. For this purpose I have learnt the names and connections of the Canons of that House, which I will give you in the order and manner I received them in.

Dr. Bagot<sup>1</sup>, the Dean, has two turns. He has already chosen one. His brother, Sir William Bagot<sup>2</sup>, of Staffordshire, has a principal interest with him. Onslow<sup>3</sup>, an Eton man, chosen from All Souls; brother to Lord Onslow<sup>4</sup>. Dr. Hemington<sup>5</sup>, Westminster man, patronized by Welbore Ellis<sup>6</sup>. Mr. Cyril Jackson<sup>7</sup>, from Westminster, put in and patronized by the Archbishop of York<sup>8</sup>, who has powerful interest at Christ Church. Dr. Wheeler<sup>9</sup>, by the Bishop of London<sup>10</sup>, who has a great ascendancy over him. The remaining ones are Kennicot<sup>11</sup>, Smallwell<sup>12</sup>, and Brown<sup>13</sup>. Where the connections of the two former lie I cannot learn, and of the other, *jam plus satis est*. Perhaps the patrons of some of these men may not be inaccessible to you. To

<sup>1</sup> See p. 101, n. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Bagot, of Bagot's Bromley, M.P. for Staffordshire 1754-1780, when he was made first Baron Bagot.

<sup>3</sup> Arthur Onslow, matriculated Jan. 19, 1764, æt. 17, 'son of Richard, Esq., of St. Annes, London' (Chester); Exeter College, B.A. 1767; All Souls, M.A. 1771; B.D. 1780; D.D. 1781; Canon of Christ Church, 1779-1795, when he was appointed Dean of Worcester. He was a nephew of Speaker Onslow, and cousin, not brother, of Lord Onslow.

<sup>4</sup> George, fourth Baron Onslow, only son of Speaker Onslow, created Earl of Onslow in 1801.

<sup>5</sup> William Hemington, B.A. Christ Church, 1737; M.A. 1741; B.D. and D.D. 1777, in which year he succeeded Dean Bagot as Canon. He died in 1792. His life is in Welch, *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852), p. 308.

<sup>6</sup> Welbore Ellis, first Lord Mendip. His portrait by Gainsborough is in Christ Church Hall. See his life in Welch, *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852), pp. 304, 305. See also Stanhope's *History of England*, ch. 65, vii. 133 (3rd ed.).

<sup>7</sup> The well-known Dean of Christ Church 1783-1809. He was appointed Canon in 1779, and died at Felpham in 1819. See his life in Welch, *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852), pp. 381, 382.

<sup>8</sup> See p. 108, n. 2.

<sup>9</sup> See p. 93, n. 1.

<sup>10</sup> Robert Lowth, New College, Professor of Poetry (1741-1755), to whose chair Dr. Wheeler succeeded. He was successively Bishop of St. David's, Oxford, and London.

<sup>11</sup> Benjamin Kennicot, D.D., Radcliffe Librarian, Canon of Christ Church. See Boase's *Register of Exeter College*, p. 103.

<sup>12</sup> Edward Smallwell, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and subsequently Bishop of S. David's and of Oxford. See his life in Welch, *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852), p. 320.

<sup>13</sup> See p. 101, n. 5.

get an interest with them would be securing the thing effectually. I have some notion that something might be done through Dr. Graham, particularly if he succeeds to a pair of lawn sleeves this year, or Mr. Wallace<sup>1</sup>. I know my father's delicacy upon the head of applications to such men as these, and perhaps he would rather chuse to reserve an address to them till some more important occasion, viz. to get me a curacy or a school. I do not think it would be difficult to procure the interest of the Bishop of Rochester<sup>2</sup>, if you can spy out how it would be of service. If there does not appear any opening by any of these channels, I must look about for some other eligible place elsewhere. The scholarships at All Souls<sup>3</sup> are pretty things, but difficult, I fear, to come at. These, if the present attempt fall to the ground, shall be the objects of my next enquire. I shall be much obliged to you for the books I formerly mentioned, as soon as it is convenient for you to send them. It is now high time to be forming some plan and collecting materials. As one principal part of the elogium will turn upon the former enterprises of our *hero*, Hawkesworth's<sup>4</sup> account of them seems absolutely necessary. I have thought not much about it yet, though some rude sketches have offered themselves which, when I have got everything about me, I shall attempt to reduce, or else reject for better.

With most respectful compliments to Mrs. Boucher, Mr. Addison, and the Captain,

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and obliged humble Servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *March 13th*, 1780.

P. S. I forgot to mention Dr. Bathurst<sup>5</sup> among the Canons, brother of the Lord Chancellor<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The Solicitor-General. See above, p. 104, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> John Thomas, Bishop of Rochester 1774-1793, entered Queen's as Batler 1730. See Chester's Westminster Abbey Registers, p. 55, n. 4, and Welch, *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852), p. 33. He founded two Exhibitions in the College for the sons of clergy in the diocese of Carlisle, with preferences to those educated in the first instance at Carlisle School, secondly at St. Bees' School.

<sup>3</sup> Undergraduates were eligible to Fellowships at All Souls, provided they were of three years' standing. James was not aware that they were only open to those born in the Province of Canterbury, unless they were of Founder's kin.

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 107, n. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Henry Bathurst, B.C.L., Canon of Christ Church, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, father of the Benjamin Bathurst who disappeared at Perleberg, Nov. 27, 1809 (see *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1887, p. 278).

<sup>6</sup> This should be the late Lord Chancellor, as Lord Apsley (afterwards Earl Bathurst) was succeeded by Lord Thurlow in 1778.

## XLVIII.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

PADDINGTON, 18th March, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

Since my last to you I have been favoured with an answer from John to one I wrote to him at the same time, which has greatly pleased me. He is full of spirits, and as alert to renew the attack as I could wish him; in short, he is so very much alive on the occasion, that I cannot but take some merit to myself for having imbued him with some portion of my own adventurous spirit, which, with his qualifications, must, of necessity, ensure him success in his farther progress through life.

He has very diligently enquired into the names and connections of the Canons of Christ Church, of which he has given me the following list:—Dr. Bagot, the Dean, has two turns, one of which is now gone; his brother, Sir William Bagot of Staffordshire, has great interest with him; Onslow, an Eton man, chosen from All Souls, brother to Lord Onslow (by-the-bye, was he not recommended to the King for this Canonry by the House of Commons, whose Chaplain he was? I think so, and if this was the case I have been in his company, and he is a very young man and a coxcomb); Dr. Hemington, a Westminster man, patronized by Wellbore Ellis (with whose nephew, a Mr. Agar, brother to the Archbishop of Cashel<sup>1</sup>, I have some little acquaintance); Mr. Cyril Jackson, from Westminster, put in and patronized by the Archbishop of York, who has powerful interest at Christ Church (and to whom I could get a letter from Mr. William Eden<sup>2</sup>, to whom he is under obligations; but not such an one, I fear, as would do alone; inasmuch as no other advantages than a handsome compliment from him, at the time of my election to the secretaryship<sup>3</sup>, have yet been received from Mr. Eden's recommendation of me to him on my first

<sup>1</sup> Charles Agar, D.C.L., successively Dean of Kilmore, Bishop of Cloyne, Archbishop of Cashel and of Dublin. He was created Baron and Viscount Somerton, and Earl of Normanton. There is a portrait of him in Christ Church Hall, and a long inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey. See all about him in Chester, Westminster Abbey Registers, p. 479, and Welch, *Alumni Westmonasteriensis* (ed. 1852), p. 363.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lord Auckland, brother of Sir Robert Eden, Governor of Maryland, who was one of Mr. Boucher's best friends.

<sup>3</sup> In 1779 Mr. Boucher was appointed Assistant Secretary to the S. P. G.

coming home; which, Mr. Eden once told me, he not a little resented); Dr. Wheeler, over whom the Bishop of London is supposed to have great ascendancy; Kennicott (with the brother of whose wife<sup>1</sup>, a Mr. Chamberlain, I have some acquaintance); Bathurst, brother of the late Lord Chancellor; Smallwell and Brown, *de quo jam plus satis est*, close the corps.

I have given you this list, that you may judge whether they are comeatable at all; and if they are, by what means. A previous enquiry is, whether the object in view be important enough for the exertion of all one's strength; on the supposition that it can only be exerted but once. You see, I have some little knowledge of, and chance with, sundry of them, the Archbishop of York and Bishop of London in particular, both of whom I saw yesterday. I could play a good second part: that is, I could push forward and help on any good application; but what has already passed has, at least, taught me not to rely hereafter on my own single strength. John also mentions the Bishop of Rochester; who, by-the-bye, is about to found two scholarships for the school of Carlisle<sup>2</sup>. No doubt but that if he chuses, he could easily command a thing of this sort; nor have I a doubt, but that, if you think it of moment enough to press it with earnestness, and either the Solicitor-General or Dr. Graham will urge the matter, as it ought to be urged, with the Archbishop of York, but that it will be done.

Do you know, that I have absolutely put John upon trying his strength for the Præmium poem this year; which, no doubt, you know is to be on the death of Captain Cooke? I do, upon my honour, think him abundantly equal to the enterprize; and if it should be successful, it may spare us all the chagrin and mortification of this wearisome business of interest-making; for, after all, merit is one's best and surest friend. Admit that he fails, as, for obvious reasons, I think it more than probable he will, yet *magnis excidet ausis*, and there is even merit in making great attempts. Do not then come in upon us and spoil all with your cold, northern cautions, rather help us with some

<sup>1</sup> In the obituary notice of Kennicott, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1783, p. 718, his wife is said to be 'sister to the late Mr. Edw. Chamberlayne of the Treasury.' See Boase, *Register of Exeter College*, p. 103, who, like Mr. Boucher, spells the name 'Chamberlain.' Bp. Porteus left £500 three per cent. stock 'To his dear and pleasant friend Mrs. Kennicott' (*Life by Hodgson*, p. 256). She founded two scholarships to encourage the study of Hebrew at Oxford, and is remembered in the bidding prayer among the Benefactors of the University as Ann Kennicott, widow.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 115, n. 2, and Jefferson's *History of Carlisle*, p. 296; Whellan's *Cumberland and Westmoreland*, p. 124 b.

good hints and advice, and let us make a common cause of it. I am actually, this week, to send him down a few books for this express purpose.

I am, my dearest friends,

Ever yours, &c., &c.,

J. BOUCHER.

XLIX.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *March 24, 1780.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Though I have not yet acknowledged your most friendly letter of the 8th inst., don't imagine that I have been sitting pouting in silent ill humour on account of the disappointment which it brought me the news of. In truth I have not; and whether I am naturally less sanguine, or having lived longer, though not so much in the world as you, have learned more truly what is really to be expected from it, I was certainly much less affected than you seem to have been. Perhaps that very emotion, together with my dear lad's excellent spirits, of which he gave me the most undoubted proofs soon after, stifled every feeling but those of pleasure; the one convincing me so strongly of the warmth as well as sincerity of your friendship, and the other leading me to indulge the most agreeable presages with respect to a mind so happily formed. But *what course, you ask, are we now to take?* From the formidable list you send me in your last, and the doubt you very properly suggest at the end of it, that question will be easily answered by another. Why should we move heaven and earth, with so little prospect after all of success, for the attainment of an object, of the real value of which I am at least by no means certain—while so many probably remain to be presented, that may be worth all our pains? The pecuniary advantages of a Studentship I have not the smallest idea of, nor what it may lead to—but if the whole, or the greatest part be only the forming of better connections, and gratifying his wishes for a removal, my opinion clearly is to sit still for the present, and decline all further application. In the mean time, however, it can do no disservice to keep upon the look out, that if any thing should offer, which is likely, the opportunity may not be lost.

So it is you that have entered John for the prize. My dear Sir, how much am I obliged by your kind attention to us? But if you feel with the warmth, as you really seem to do, I fear you judge with even more than the partiality of a fond parent—I confess I durst not have thought of such a thing; and though I take for granted the design is fixed, whether from a doubt of its meeting with my encouragement, or he wanted to surprise me by-and-bye, he has not himself given me the least hint of it—unless by telling me the subject and saying that he would want shortly to talk with me upon it. I see all the fine things at least that will follow from success, which you do; but I don't indulge the least hope, though I should be sorry to tell him so. I know he won't shame himself; and let him not only try his strength, but have every encouragement to put it forth. You know him better now than I do. Do you think the subject suited to him? there are others I could pick out much more so in my own opinion, but these may never be proposed—only I should have liked it better for reasons easily conceived if the subject had been his own choice, rather than imposed as a task.

. . . . .

Dr. Nicolson tells me he designs to take Hill's<sup>1</sup> living, if Monkhouse don't. Cooper<sup>2</sup> is not yet to be pities if he should not get it. Had not a different fellowship been my happy lot, I should have come in just between him and Nicolson.

I rejoice to hear of your and your Nelly's better health. God continue it! Very uncertain whether we see you this year, unless you will come hither, which would gladden the heart of us. Nancy's best services with my own.

Yours most affectionately,

J. J.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Hill, entered Batler 1721; matriculated July 11, æt. 15, 'son of Hugh, of Crackanthorp, parish S. Mich. Appleby, Westm. Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1726; M.A. 1730; B.D. 1744. He was elected Fellow in 1734, and was subsequently Vicar of Yattendon (which he held for George Bellass, a minor, son of Joseph Bellass, of Long Marton, Westmoreland), and of Monk Sherborne, where he was succeeded by Thomas Monkhouse. See p. 3, n. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Miles Cooper, entered Batler 1753; matriculated Feb. 27, 1753, æt. 16, 'son of William, of Millum, co. Cumb. Pleb.' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1756; M.A. 1760; elected Fellow 1771. He became President of King's College, New York (now Columbia College), and of the Convention of the Clergy. As such he was created D.C.L. by Diploma in 1767. From Mr. Boucher's Diary it appears that he was curate of Paddington and resigned the curacy in 1776 in favour of Boucher. He was afterwards Rector of Sulhamsted, Berks.

L.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

DEAR SIR,

I have just prevailed upon myself to cease my violent self-accusations for a few minutes to inform you of what you cannot but know, that your quondam patron, Dr. Browne, is suddenly dead<sup>1</sup>. How shall I justify myself to you for my neglect of your charge—to write you immediately whatever happened him—if that charge was really serious? If for want of timely notice you have been anticipated in your designs upon the living of Paddington, I shall certainly hold myself much in fault. As it was, however, it could not be helped without the aid of some of the Scotch second sight. On Monday morning last, the day on which he died, I set out from Oxford to pay a visit to a friend at a little distance, and, from the unseasonableness of the weather, did not return till last night. It is not half-an-hour ago that I was acquainted with this event. Allow me the use of that lofty word. If it be the cause of any good luck to you—and I am in high expectations that it will—it will appear to me as important and as well worthy a sounding title as some state revolutions. How much do I hope to hear you stiled Rector of Paddington. Dr. Glasse<sup>2</sup> is talked of to succeed him as Canon and Lecturer. If this be true, I shall again indulge hopes, warmer than ever, of possessing myself of the much-hunted studentship. Peace to his ashes! The zeal I have for your cause may have made me express myself perhaps unfeelingly of what has happened. But I owe Dr. Browne no grudge, and resentment can have place no longer when its object no longer exists.

*Extinctus amabitur.*

You were hurt<sup>3</sup>, it seems, that he should have made enquiry into the truth of your recommendation. This, though everywhere customary, stands excused by the following circumstance:—A young man of this College was strongly recommended, in terms as high as myself, to Dr. Browne for a studentship, by some respectable friends. The Doctor made enquiry into his character, and found him, in short, the

<sup>1</sup> 'On Monday last died, after a very short illness, the Rev. Richard Browne, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic.' Jackson's Journal, March 25, 1780.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Glasse, D.D., of Christ Church, matriculated June 4, 1752, æt. 17, 'son of the Rev. Richard, of Purton, co. Wilts' (Chester); B.A. 1756; M.A. 1759; B.D. and D.D. 1769. Dr. Browne's successor was Dr. George Jubb, Student of Christ Church, B.A. 1739; M.A. 1742; B.D. 1748; D.D. 1780; died Nov. 13, 1787.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 109.

very reverse of all the fine things that had been told him. He rejected him, as you may suppose, with strong marks of resentment. To the impression made by this accident, which happened not long since, we may justly attribute his scrutiny into my behaviour and morals. The friends of the young man, he would suppose, had been deceived in him. There was a possibility, he might argue, of your being so too. It is not, indeed, clear from his words that he did examine into my character. At least, I trust his refusal was not owing to anything he could discover wrong or irregular in it. Had he made the suspected enquiry, it would hardly be out of mere curiosity; he must, I think, have had it in his power to serve me. The result was to determine him, and that, I hope, if morals were the point in view, would not turn out unfavourable.

The above scrawl will not, I fear, be legible. It was wrote in a most violent hurry to save the post. My best compliments to Mrs. Boucher and the two Mr. Addisons.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and obliged humble servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEENS, *March 24*, 1780.

LI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

*April 5th*, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

As the best mark I can give of my gratitude for your most friendly offices is my readiness to comply with your requests, I have finished the little task you imposed upon me within the time prescribed. You will find inclosed a Greek version of the epistle you mention<sup>1</sup>. Whether or no I have answered your expectations, as well as your demands, I dare hardly ask. My knowledge in Greek will do little more than barely enable me to understand what is written by others, much less to succeed in writing myself. You only require *neatness* I confess, but that alone is surely an excellence far beyond the reach of a sciolist like myself. However, as I do not suppose that it was for any purpose of criticism you set me to work, I am under less apprehensions of censure on the score of inelegancies. If the grammar is sound and the sense tolerably clear, it may be sufficient.

<sup>1</sup> See Letters LIII and LIV.

I received on Thursday last the Second Voyage of Cook, two volumes 4<sup>o</sup>, from my brother, together with Paraeus. After having turned them over with some attention, I begin to think a good deal of my labour useless. There is little matter in them for poetry, or indeed entertainment, as the bulk of the observations turns upon sea affairs, calculations of distances, latitude and longitude, &c., &c. The descriptions of those celebrated islands that promise such luxuriance of matter for the poetical talent are but just hinted at here, as being contained in the narrative of the preceding voyage. This, if I mistake not, is the one you speak of by Hawkesworth, of which my brother has got the abridgement. I wish much that he had sent it me, and should have desired him to do it yet, when I acknowledged the receipt of the parcel, had I at that time known the nature of these volumes. I must therefore still request you to direct him by a few lines upon the arrival of this to dispatch the books immediately, and along with them anything else you have recollected to the present purpose. The delay of these books, and my dependance upon them, have not yet allowed me to make any attempts upon the subject. Indeed, it was not till within this week that I was assured of the intentions of that friend whose determination, as I once mentioned to you, was to fix my own. I hope soon, *συν Θεῷ*, to make some essay towards my purposed structure. I have been under a certain regimen for some time, purging off gross and terrene notions with pills properly compounded from Virgil, as jockeys sweat themselves down against the day of trial. I do not, however, find all that alacrity I could wish. The state of uncertainty I have been in hitherto has sensibly damped the spirit of enterprise. My health indeed, which is at all times a grand object with me, has not been the most steady and confirmed of late. Without this, all efforts towards Parnass would be sailing without wind. As the opening of the spring, however, is the immediate cause of this indisposition, its further advance will most probably remove it, and I may be allowed to proceed with ardour and diligence. I must desire you not to mention a syllable of this whining to my friends in the north. It would alarm them perhaps and without much reason.

How much do I feel at your disappointment<sup>1</sup>. My own shrinks before it. What hurts me more than all is that sentiment of despondency in which y[ou] seem to think the way to preferment in this country shut against you, and that the late effort has been the last. Do, good Sir, think a little more favourably of our folks in power—

<sup>1</sup> See Letter LIII.

that there are amongst them men of disinterested judgement, able to distinguish merit and willing to reward it. For my part I am so much their friend as to be anxious for their fame, and heartily wish that you may presently receive convincing proofs—both of their penetration and integrity.

My best compliments wait upon Mrs. Boucher, and the Mr. Addisons,

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *April 5th*, 1780.

LII.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *April 22*, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much affected by the death of your late patron—not on his, but your account; and have waited with some anxiety and impatience to hear what effect it might have on your affairs. Knowing nothing of the circumstances of the living at Paddington, my hopes and wishes led me to expect, that in a few posts I should be receiving the welcome news that you were soon no longer to be Curate but Rector. Why don't you write to me about it? Some alteration in all probability must take place with you in one way or other upon it; and every alteration and circumstance relating to you is interesting to me.

. . . . .

John complains of a languor, which gives me great uneasiness for more serious reasons than its baleful effects on his present enterprising spirit, though certainly nothing can be worse. I am afraid he sits and pores too much. His native air may brace him again and at all events we must have him into the country to try its effects this summer, though our going to fetch him is still very uncertain. With my complaints, if they continue, I am best at home.

Adieu, my dear Sir! May every thing good attend you and yours! If you have not written before this reach you, I beg you will not delay a post longer to let me hear from you.

Believe me your most affectionate Friend,

J. JAMES.

## LIII.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

PADDINGTON, 27th April, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

You are very good in interesting yourself so much in what concerns me : and I wish I could give you the pleasure of being told that my success had been equal to your kind anxiety.

I had placed John, as you have sometimes seen a crow near a piece of carrion, to watch the death of my patron ; but, the rogue was off his station that day. However, Mr. White of Wadham<sup>1</sup> who came up post, after the Professorship, brought the intelligence in very good time ; and I had my letter with the Bishop of London<sup>2</sup> within twenty-four hours of his death. Anxious to conduct myself properly, I would not rely on my own judgement solely ; but shewed the draught of my letter to the Bishop of Bangor<sup>3</sup>, who was so very obliging as to write it all over again for me, on the presumption that he knew the Bishop, and the best way of addressing him, better than I did. All this looked flattering, and Bangor was almost as sanguin, for once, as I was. The next morning I was favoured with the Bishop of London's answer, which (very unlike Dr. Brown's) was not only polite, but even kind ; but the living had been promised to another from his first coming into the diocese. And both he and the gentleman now in possession of it have again assured me this really was the case. A Mr. Hayter<sup>4</sup>, Fellow of King's, and nephew to a late Bishop of London of this name, is now the Incumbent ; and by the Bishop's express desire, I am continued Curate, just in *statu quo*. Mr. Hayter seems to be a good sort of a man, and a scholar ; he has lately written an answer to Mr. Hume's posthumous dialogues<sup>5</sup>, which is well enough ; but, I do not imagine, if the arch-infidel had been alive, it would have galled him much. On the whole, perhaps, I have no great reason to complain of this disap-

<sup>1</sup> Joseph White, D.D., Laudian Professor of Arabic in 1774, and Regius Professor of Hebrew in 1802.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Lowth, Bishop of London. See p. 114, n. 10.

<sup>3</sup> John Moore, of Pembroke College, B.A. 1748 ; M.A. 1751 ; Canon of Ch. Ch., B.D. and D.D. 1763 ; Dean of Canterbury 1771-1775 ; Bp. of Bangor, 1775-1783 ; Archbp. of Canterbury 1783-1805. He married Sir Robert Eden's sister.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Hayter, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge ; B.A. 1770 ; M.A. 1773. He does not seem to have published, unless anonymously, his answer to Hume. The Bishop was also Thomas Hayter, of Emmanuel College ; M.A. 1727 ; D.D. 1744 ; Bishop of Norwich, 1749 and London, 1761.

<sup>5</sup> David Hume's dialogues concerning Natural Religion appeared in 1779, three years after his death.

pointment; yet I was weak enough to be hurt by it exceedingly, as I told John in the first heat of the paroxysm, who, though I did not desire him, I had supposed might have told you. It impressed me with a persuasion, that there was no preferment in this hemisphere for me: the Bishop of London has always been particularly obliging to me—this was so very small a thing, that I had hardly thought it possible, I should have a rival, whereas I had a dozen; and it was so particularly suitable to me, and so much wished for too by the people. You must own, then, that it could hardly help affecting even a less sanguin temper than mine.

Poor Dr. Browne might as well have quitted the stage with a good grace. If his answer had been all I wished, we should only have been where we now are. I spoke, as I had a good opportunity, to the Bishop of Bangor, who was of Christ Church, and he dissuaded me from applying to the Archbishop of York. It is amazing how much these Studentships are thought of and sought for. I am sorry, exceedingly, for John's languor: poor fellow, his frame is not a very vigorous one; and I think with you, a little northern air would do him good, and indeed is not unnecessary. How agreeable would it be could you come up for him—yet, I fear, even then I could not accompany you into the North. I should see you, however, once more, and even that would be a comfort to me. John will complain of me: a month ago, or upwards, I gave him a task (as I have often done) the translating one of Cicero's letters<sup>1</sup> for me into Greek, which he did *suo more*: and yet I have neither thanked him, nor made him some other returns, which he desired of me. But I will write to him ere long; and, when he knows, that I have been prevented by illness, he will not be severe with me.

. . . . .  
Ever yours most affectionately,

J. BOUCHER.

LIV.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, JUNIOR.

PADDINGTON, 28th April, 17[80.]

DEAR SIR,

I should be ashamed to make my approach, were [I not sure] I should easily disarm your resentment by telling you, as I  
that I have been prevented writing by indisposition. I know [not whether] to blame this sedentary life; the sad succession we have

<sup>1</sup> See Letters LI and LIV.

had of ea[st winds] or the still sadder succession, which has fallen to my lot, of disasters and disappointments; but so it is, I have of late been but very poorly in health, and still more so in spirits. But I thank God I am better; and shall be still more so when I hear again that you are well, and going on briskly with your great scheme. By a letter from Arthuret, yesterday, I was grieved to learn that you have complained of a languor; tell me, it is gone. Yet, I have concurred with your father, that it may be proper for you to take a little bracing of northern air. I thank you for the Greek version of Sulpicius's<sup>1</sup> letter, which answered my purpose admirably. What I wanted it for, was to enable me to correct one of Glassford's<sup>2</sup>, which I wished to send to his father, and have now sent. I had too much reason to distrust my own skill; and as it would probably be shewn to their Greek Professor<sup>3</sup>, it imported me that it should, at least, be correct. Having been very much confined of late, I have little either of literary or other news to tell you; save that I have picked up a good deal of old Greek and Latin, since you were here. Will this tempt you, by and by? I have not seen Tommy, I know not when. Pray, has he sent you my American Edition of Hawkesworth's Voyage? I ordered him so to do, and hope it may answer your purpose, as well as the larger, which I cannot afford to buy. How does Forster's turn out? By the by, there is an English poem or two published on the Death of Cooke. I have not seen them, but you should. A correspondent from Litchfield tells me that one of them was by a lady of that place<sup>4</sup> (famous of late

<sup>1</sup> See Letters LI and LIII.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boucher in his Diary speaks of young Glassford as the son of 'Mr. Glassford of Glasgow, one of the most eminent and respectable merchants of his day;' and adds that 'the greatest stress was to be laid on great ability in Greek, where, as ill luck would have it, I who was strong in nothing was particularly weak.'

<sup>3</sup> The Greek Professorship in the University of Glasgow was founded by the College of Arts in 1581. The Professor at this time was John Young, M.A., who seems to have held office from 1774 to 1821. (Hay's Inaugural Addresses of Lord Rectors.) His only publication was A Criticism on Gray's Elegy, published in London, 1783, 8vo. (Anon.). See Allibone's Dict. s.v., Gentleman's Magazine 1820, vol. ii. p. 567.

<sup>4</sup> This must be Anna Seward (1747-1809) whose father was a Canon of Litchfield. Among her poetical works is an Elegy on Captain Cook, and also a Poem to the memory of Lady Miller, from the preface to which the following is an extract:—'The late Lady Miller, of Bath-Easton, near Bath, held an Assembly at that elegant villa once a fortnight during the Bath season. She rendered this Meeting a Poetical Institution, giving out Subjects at each Assembly for poems to be read at the ensuing one. The verses were deposited in an antique Etruscan vase, and were drawn out by gentlemen appointed to read them aloud and to judge of their rival merits. These gentlemen, ignorant of the authors, selected

for producing genius's—witness Garrick and S. Johnson),—and was sent to Bath-Easton to Lady Miller, who rewarded the author with a wreath, and advised the publication. My poor head is so deranged, else I should be proud to suggest to you but one single reflexion that would please you. Could you not put into poetry some reflexions on the adventurous spirit of modern times—insisting on it as a mark of an highly-cultivated and refined people; as it was one of the strongest characteristics of an ignorant age, that they knew no other than their own shores? See Ovid's Golden Age, descant on the countless and immense benefits to mankind, chiefly by the opportunity it affords to disseminate the arts, learning, and true religion. Is there not something to this purpose in the prefatory dedication of Grotius's piece *De Veritate Christianæ Religionis*? After a Drake, a Raleigh, an Anson, &c., &c., whom the rest of the world might justly suppose to have exhausted all knowledge of this sort—it was no mean honour to this country and this age still to have produced a Cook. Introduce here too, a compliment to the king, that even *flagrante bello*, and amidst such troubles and confusions as would have shook any other Government to the centre, his mighty and truly royally benevolent mind could yet be at leisure to plan, promote, and cherish an adventure so big with prospects of blessings, &c.

In talking of the inhabitants of these newly-discovered islands, you must, no doubt, take the proper side (though I own to you I have often been tempted to think the other the stronger), and urge the misery of the savage life and the blessings of a well-regulated and improved state of society. Might not something poetical enough be contrived out of such an idea? Perhaps Ferguson's Prose Essay<sup>1</sup> on the subject may suggest something of the sort to you.

But it is dark, and I must have done. I shall, I hope, at least have convinced you how much I have your success at heart. Yet, I see no prospects assuring me that you will certainly get the Præmium; for many reasons, you may not. In such an attempt, and in such cir-

three poems from the collection which they thought most worthy of the three myrtle wreaths, decreed as the rewards and honours of the day, the names of the persons who had obtained the prizes were then announced by Lady Miller. Once a year the most ingenious of these productions were published. This institution continued about six years, and ceased with the death of its amiable patroness. That event happened in July, 1781.' Against this may be put Lord Macaulay's estimate (*Essay on M<sup>de</sup>. d'Arblay*): 'Lady Millar who kept a vase wherein fools were wont to put bad verses.'

<sup>1</sup> *Essay on the History of Civil Society*, by Adam Ferguson, LL.D., published in London, 1767; translated into German, French, and Swedish.

cumstances, it is no mean honour even to become a competitor. Let me not, then, have the mortification to hear that your languor has made you drop it; I know too well the influence of the fiend, not to dread everything from it,

Nelly too says, God bless you.

Yours, ever,

JONATHAN BOUCHER.

### C. PEDIONIS ALBINOVANI FRAGMENTUM.

#### DE NAVIGATIONE GERMANICI PER OCEANUM SEPTENTRIONALEM.

Jam pridem post terga diem, solemque relictum,  
 Jam pridem notis extorres finibus orbis,  
 Per non concessas audaces ire tenebras,  
 Hesperii metas, extremaque littora mundi.  
 Nunc illum pigris immania monstra sub undis  
 Qui ferat Oceanum, qui sævas undique pristis<sup>1</sup>,  
 Æquoreosque canes ratibus consurgere prensis.  
 Accumulat fragor ipse metus, jam sidere limo  
 Navigia & rapido desertam flumine classem;  
 Seque feris credunt, per inertia fata marinis,  
 Jam non felici laniandos sorte relinqui.  
 Atque aliquis prora spectat sublimis ab altâ,  
 Aëra pugnaci luctatus rumpere nisu;  
 Ut nihil erepto, valuit dignoscere, mundo,  
 Obstructo<sup>2</sup> perpetuis claudit natura tenebris.  
 Anne alio positas ultra sub cardine gentes,  
 Atque alium libris intactum quærimus orbem?  
 Dii revocant, rerumque vetant cognoscere finem  
 Mortales oculos; aliena quid æquora remis,  
 Et sacras violamus aquas, divumque quietas  
 Turbamus sedes?

I see in a note that this fragment is preserved in Seneca, in Suasoria I. Look for it. Here are some good references, too, to some passages in Tacitus, vide Annal. Lib. II, Cap. 23, and the XLV Chap. of his Description of Germany, 'Trans Suionas aliud mare,' &c. Vit. Agric., Cap. X; De Morib. Germ., Cap. XXXIV; vide Homer, Il. Ʒ, 200. I mention these only as hoping you may find a phrase or so in them; and there are some, I think, not amiss in this Augustan.

<sup>1</sup> *Scilicet ingentes pisces.*

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Boucher has, in transcribing, omitted two lines:—

Obstructo tales effundit pectore voces:  
 Quo ferimur? ruit ipse dies, orbemque relictum  
 Ultima perpetuis etc.

## LV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, *May 12th*, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

It is with the greatest uneasiness and embarrassment that I sit down to return thanks for your last favour. After so much kindness and trouble on your part, and so many efforts on my own, how can I have the face to assure you of the necessity I find to decline the contest? If my wishes to prosecute our intended plan were sufficient, I should not only attempt, but conquer. My regret in giving up the design is one proof of my taste for rewards and honours, but even that regret is trifling compared with the pain it gives me to disappoint your wishes, I dare not say expectations. My health, when I wrote to you last, was much too unsettled to think of venturing upon a laborious undertaking. The benumbing languor you feelingly enquire after was accompanied with some other ugly symptoms, sufficient to deter me from study. Though I have been well enough recovered for this fortnight past to proceed, yet such a variety of employments have crowded upon me as left me little leisure or indeed inclination for verse-making. I have some reason to hope for a visit to the north this summer, particularly as my father still hesitates about his purposed journey to London. The time most convenient for my departure will be the beginning or middle of next month; and do, Sir, tell me if you do not think the present interval too serious and important to be spent in—probably unsuccessful—rhyming? The near approach of my journey homeward fills me, I must confess, with that sort of anxiety that every man feels who fears to disappoint the wishes and expectations of his friends. This you will allow to be no contemptible motive to improvement. I am willing to give it its full force, and upon this principle am desirous to fill up the time I can spare in such a manner as may at least satisfy myself. Perhaps you may now acquit me of the suspicion of indolence. Another obstacle to the further prosecution of my design is that the time allotted for the composition is drawing to an end, and an exercise fit for inspection could hardly be produced in the few weeks that remain. Such are the reasons that have obliged me to desist. Another opportunity may present itself when I may have more leisure, and I hope more ability to embrace it. The trouble you have been at in sending me b[ooks] and communicating some excellent sentiments [and] assistances, has not, I trust, been to no purpose, as they have not added a little to my

knowledge and, I hope, to my taste. How very happy should I have been to have shewn myself worthy so much attention! Along with this letter you will receive the books in 4<sup>o</sup> which you were so kind as to procure me. There may perhaps be some impropriety in my returning thanks to the lady who lent two of those volumes. To you they are due on all accounts. Your indisposition has long ago left you, I hope. The air of Cumberland, methinks, would have as good an effect upon Mrs. Boucher and you as I expect it will upon myself. My best compliments to that lady, and the Mr. Addisons.

We have no University news, I think, except the expulsion of some idle fellows of old standing, and the admission of some new ones<sup>1</sup>.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate,

J. JAMES.

Having missed yesterday's coach, I send this by the post.

LVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

DEAR SIR,

ARTHURET, *July*, —80.

Your good wishes, with the assistance of the stage coach, have at length brought us to Arthuret. Fortune, however, who, jade as she is, does on some occasions seem a tolerable economist, was unwilling to indulge us entirely without mingling a little gall with the pleasure of our meeting, and accordingly threw an accident in our way. We were met at Carlisle by a most agreeable troop of our dearest friends, those two persons to whom in this world we are the most indebted, accompanied with some of the younger part of the family. *O! Qui complexus*. In this charming society we spent part of the evening, and then proceeded towards Arthuret. My father, mother, and two of the children went first in a post chaise. After them my brother T. and eldest sister in a one-horse chair. Myself was on horseback. By some means or other, the horse that drew the chair took fright, and rushing by the chaise with great violence, overturned it, but not before he had got clear of the chair by the breaking of the shafts. My brother was thrown immediately under the chaise with such force that a stone cut him just above the left eyebrow quite to the skull. We were, you may suppose, under terrible apprehensions till the surgeon

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Monkhouse (see p. 3, n. 7) and Matthew Wilkinson (see p. 8, n. 3) had just been presented to Livings, and in their room were elected Richard Pearson and William Fothergill. (College Register, May 5, 1780.)

declared there was not the least danger. But this was not all; he was bruised almost all over in such a manner that it was highly wonderful how he escaped with life, much more without any other consequences than a day or two's confinement. My sister was thrown seven or eight yards, but, most providentially, without any harm. The rest received not the least injury, and all have the utmost reason to congratulate ourselves on having got off so well. I will not tire you with the serious—I will venture to say excellent—reflections that were suggested by the suddenness of this accident, and happiness of our escape. Whatever check it might give to the joy of revisiting our friends, it has made us amends by obliging us to husband our pleasures a little. It is not indeed till within this week that we have been able to pay our compliments to our old acquaintances, and run over, not without a share of that pleasure which you have experienced, the scenes of innocent and childish amusement. A two years' absence will be very trifling in your eye, and yet in that time the hills, I find, have diminished, the houses grown less, rivers are reduced to streams, and a pond which once appeared almost navigable is metamorphosed into a basin of mud. I have just snatched a few precious minutes from amusement and company,—for, trust me, we have both even here—to scribble thus far to you. I hope my letter will find you and Mrs. B. in as good health as it leaves the writer; if not, let it persuade you to recover it by the same means he has taken. My father, who has not had time to write himself, is very much hurt on your account; he desires me to tell you that he thinks your bond good, and that he is equally surprized and grieved at Mr. Addison's strange behaviour to you. He, along with my mother and brother Tom, present their respects to you and Mrs. B. My sister returns her best thanks to that lady for her present. It will give us the highest satisfaction to be assured of the re-establishment of her health.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obliged and humble servant,

J. JAMES, Junr.

LVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *August 31, 1780.*

DEAR SIR,

The immediateness—a word of your own,—of my answer will be a proof how much I am obliged to you for the entertainment your letter afforded. I have chuckled much over the specimen of Oxford

dullness. I would lay a wager that Swift's bookmaking machine in the island of Laputa should produce as good an epitaph at least, in the same time. But 'tis not worth criticism—much less marble; though I cannot help thinking there is some cause of triumph in the hardness of that block which will preserve it for the ridicule of posterity. I have shewn our performance to one for whose opinion in these matters you have much veneration. He seems to think it something too diffuse, and something too crowded with allusions. He thinks the chief virtue of this species of writing to consist in simplicity and brevity, and is afraid we have not been sufficiently attentive to these two points. At any rate we shine in comparison with Alma Mater.

How vastly happier is the life of a man at Arthuret than the life of a man at Oxford. I have here full range for fancy and scope for those affections and benevolencies that are swallowed up and lost in the lethargy of a cloister. Whether I wish to be instructed or entertained I have books for the one, and friends for both. I find no difficulty—believe it ye *Academic Baviuses*!—in improving without tutor, or being regular without confinement, or being sober without sadness, or chearful without intoxication. And yet—*vide hominis inconstantiam*—methinks I could harangue an hour upon the uses and advantages of Oxford; for that it has such whoever has seriously tried must be willing to acknowledge. At any rate, it is a state of good and wholesome probation—and I shall return ambitious of supporting it.

I thank you for your poetical hint, but have many reasons for declining to prosecute it. One, and that a very sufficient one is, that the notion is a good one, and that I should spoil it. The pleasure you speak is too delicate to analyze, and it is certainly injudicious to bring a fine feeling to the level of beggarly description. You may prove more happy. I have taken the liberty to inclose to you a letter for my friend Barrow. You will oblige me much by sending it to Chiswick as soon as you can. It contains his pretty composition, which he tells me he wants immediately.

We have been all thrown into a violent panic by the late ill news<sup>1</sup>. Our most sanguine politicians shake their heads upon it. How does your pulse beat after it? How does Mrs. Boucher's? Though it may look little to enquire after the health of a lady and that of a nation in the same breath, you can have no objection to joining both

<sup>1</sup> Possibly the news of the arrival in July, off Rhode Island, of a French armament of 6000 men under the command of the Count de Rochambeau. This, of course, was a great addition of strength to the Americans.

in one prayer, as you might suffer as much *en mari*, as *en politicien*.  
With respects and service to her,

I am, dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. JAMES, Junr.

LVIII.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

[Endorsed *September 1780* (?).]

MY DEAR SIR,

If I could be ungrateful, it might seem that I have deserved to be thought so for deferring so long to thank you for those instances of friendship and kindness, which my young men are every day relating to me. But I believe we understand one another too well, to think the worse of each other for any omissions of that kind. You will easily judge how happy I am in the company of my two youngers—ay, so much you will say, that I can think of nobody else, and in truth, while they keep clinging to me, as they do, perhaps they do engross more of my attention than is due, even to them. . . . As to John—what a miserable place is that same Queen's College for a lad disposed, &c. as I am happy to think he is! how still more miserable would it have been, but for your kind offices, which I shall never be able to repay! Do, my dear Sir, add to the favours you have done us by exposing to the public the vile impositions practised upon them by these people under the liberal pretence of educating youth, &c. But for certain reasons, which cannot operate on you, as they must on me, I should have a pleasure in pulling off the mask myself. The scheme of removing to Christ Church, which seems at least a desirable one, I am now in some hopes of bringing to bear; Dr. Brownrigg, my very worthy friend, having engaged to interest the Bishop of Rochester in it, and if that will not do, Mr. Robinson, Secretary to Lord North; and we are now just transcribing some of John's exercises in order to accompany his application, as specimens that their influence is not solicited for an absolute blockhead. This is doing all that we can, and however matters succeed, they will certainly not be worse, than before. As to my *great* man here, if he has any interest it is only I believe with such persons, as he may want to employ it with for himself on another occasion. I do not therefore mean to ask him.

The letters from a tutor, which John tells me are Jones's<sup>1</sup>, are some

<sup>1</sup> Letters from a Tutor to his Pupils, London, 1780, 8vo., published anonymously by William Jones, M.A., F.R.S., of Nayland. They were republished in 1846, 12mo., by E. C. (Oxford: J. H. Parker.)

of them clever in every sense, some of them flimsy and superficial, but all so useful to lads (with whom this last character will be no objection), that I expect a dozen copies by the next return of books from London for the use of mine; and I wish they were common in every school in the kingdom.

All that is good attend you and yours—the most sincere wish of,  
dear Sir, your most affectionate friend,

J. JAMES.

LIX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *October 27, —80.*

DEAR SIR,

The season of dissipation is past. Cooler and calmer hours have at length succeeded to a summer of enjoyment, and the love of study, joined to a most inordinate appetite for Greek and philosophy, has again roused—*jam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda*. The bait you threw me in your last to my father might have drawn me to come and taste it, if by that means it had not drawn me from Arthuret, and so to Queens. I am here in an excellent trading country, where learning is the merchandise, and my father is at the same time my pilot and my interpreter. We purchase the best of Greek wines, Coan or Lesbian, for mere trifles, and trade to Attica for figs, without danger of incurring the penalty. What wonder then if I hesitate to quit a station where commerce runs so brisk in my favour, for a coast where, though the mines be rich, they are inaccessible, at least to the young and the inexperienced? We have resumed the design of attempting a Christ Church Studentship. Bravo! you cry, and with an eulogy upon spirit and activity, wish us good luck. We are to apply, by means of Dr. Brownrigg who has promised his assistance, to the Archbishop of York, who has much interest at Christ Church, and is a friend to the doctor as he supposes at least. If we are foiled here, and his Grace's character is too ungracious to expect much from, we have other expectations from Jackson, the Canon, with whose friends we have some interest. Should we fail in that attempt too, we shall still have some consolation. The promised recommendations to Jackson will procure me his acquaintance, and that will be highly useful, or at any rate, creditable to me. Young Glasse<sup>1</sup> was in this part of the

<sup>1</sup> The son of Rev. Samuel Glasse, D.D., F.R.S., Mr. Boucher's predecessor in the living of Epsom. Jones's Letters from a Tutor are dedicated to him (p. 133, note). See his Life in Welch, Alumni Westmonasteriensis, p. 359 (ed. 1852).

world a while ago, and I should have been introduced to him by Dr. Brownrigg, when he was called away very unexpectedly before I could wait on him. I think I have heard you describe him as clever, but finical, and affectedly reserved. The disappointment was on that account very trifling.

Will you do me a favour? A pamphlet is mentioned in the *Critical Review*<sup>1</sup> for August—either in Latin or French—on Hypochondriacs. By the account given in the review, it seems clever, and treats of a case so exactly similar to that of a friend of mine, who is now in the country, that I wish much to send it him, if you will take the trouble to procure and send it me. Could the imagination and spirits, which are principally affected in that disorder, be properly engaged and supported, the cure would, methinks, be half-done at least, and nothing can answer that better than a prospect of such means of recovery as have been found to succeed.

You will receive this scrawl by my brother who returns to supply the place of a friend who [m he] laments. All danger of infection will be past, I hope, bef[ore he] arrives at London, especially as he is now in excellent health. I sympathize with you and Mrs. Boucher most sincerely upon the poor state of your family, but am happy that you have got off so well. I wish we had you here to breathe, and hear, and talk Cumberland. Since I came down I have listened to some border conversation of considerable length in which I durst venture to affirm there was not one syllable, that did not differ either in accent or air or emphasis from the language of the south. ‘Strange that such difference should be.’ On examining your last, I find one part that I am afraid I did not answer—about a cook. I certainly consulted my mother about it, and was desired to acquaint you that she really knew not one to recommend, and that she had declined answering a similar application some time since for that reason. With best respects to Mrs. Boucher,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

J. JAMES, Junr.

<sup>1</sup> There is no such pamphlet referred to in any of the numbers of the *Critical Review* for 1780. In, however, the *Monthly Review* for August, 1780, pp. 136, 137, there is a short notice of *Recherches sur les Causes des Affections Hypochondriques*, by Claude Revillon, Paris, 8vo., 1779, which is probably what young James is referring to.

## LX.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *October 27, 1780.*

MY DEAR SIR,

John is not to leave us for some time yet, at least till we see what becomes of our favourite transplanting scheme. Dr. Brownrigg has undertaken it with some warmth, and will soon, if he has not already applied to both the Archbishop of York, with whom he is on very intimate terms, and the Bishop of Rochester, his old friend, to that end. This looks fair, and if any encouragement be given, my design at present is that he shall not return to his old College again, but be removed immediately to Christ Church to wait the event, which whether favourable or not, we shall have had a fair pretence for begging a *liceat migrare* from the stupid society of which he is now a member. This, however, must be well weighed, before it be undertaken, and I am particularly desirous of your sentiments upon it. His time, I hope, will not be misemployed in the mean while, though really, I believe, a young man can study no where to such advantages as at an University, I had almost said whatever discouragements he may labour under.

My Nancy's best services, &c. wait on you, with those of  
Dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

J. JAMES.

## LXI.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

[*December, 1780.*]

MY DEAR SIR,

I expect John shortly after the holidays; last Saturday I spent with the President of Magdalen<sup>1</sup> (who is come hither to be made Dean of Bristol) and heard a deal of Oxford news, such as it is. Oxford,

<sup>1</sup> George Horne, President of Magdalen, and successively Dean of Canterbury and Bishop of Norwich. See his *Life* by Jones, of Nayland, prefixed to most of the editions of his 'Commentary on the Psalms.' In a letter dated January 18, 1781, Mr. Boucher writes to Mr. James: 'I was mistaken in my news about Dr. Horne; and yet I had it from himself and he had it from Robinson, who had it from Lord North and who should have it from the King. The story is not

I am afraid, everywhere is no longer what it was; there is a frivolousness prevailing in other places besides Queen's. You will believe me, I heartily wish John success at Christ Church, it is not only desirable, but necessary; and yet, I am not *sanguin*. The Bishop of Oxford<sup>1</sup> told me last Friday, he could almost as soon recommend to a Bishoprick, as to a studentship, but if it is to be done you are in the road.

. . . . .  
Ever yours, &c.,

My dearest friend,

J. B[OUCHER].

Tell John the new Oxford Homer is scouted here, I have not seen it. The Caesar is still less liked they say<sup>2</sup>.

LXII.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *January 23, 1781.*

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . . .

John (pardon me for talking for ever to you about these lads of mine) it is at length determined is not to go to Christ Church. Letters both from the Archbishop and Mr. Jackson having effectually put an end to that project. We have been asking a morsel, I find, far too delicious for a common beggar. In three weeks or so he will be with you on his way to his old post, when he will tell you all the how and about it. His employment being so much more agreeable in itself than Tom's, I am not afraid of the same effect upon his mind when he leaves us, though I believe country excursions are not much more

incurious, as it perfectly shews you the true character of this strangely indolent, procrastinating man. He actually went to the King, on purpose to ask for the Deanery of Bristol, for Dr. Horne, but came away and forgot his errand, as he had done before, when he went to ask for Mr. Jenkinson to be Secretary of War. In the mean time, Mr. Hallam, a Canon of Windsor, got the Duke of Montagu to apply for him, and the King thinking himself at full liberty, instantly promised it. He has, however, since been informed of the *accident*; and says, that Dr. Horne shall soon have something *as good*, if not *a little better*.<sup>1</sup> As Dr. Horne was appointed to the Deanery of Canterbury a few months later, he must have felt really grateful to Lord North for his absence of mind on this occasion.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 108, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Reprints of Ernestus's Homer and of Oudendorpe's edition of Caesar appeared at Oxford in 1780.

proper for a young man of letters, than of business. Avocations are unavoidable, and though I have nothing to complain of in him on that score, yet I am sensible that, with all its defects, a college is the only place for study.

And now, my dear Sir, let me thank you (as I ought to have done at first, if these bairns had not so entirely filled my head) for the preference you are pleased still to give to my recommendation of a young man. *Golding*<sup>1</sup> is the only one I can think of as likely to do for you, and he, indeed, would fully answer your purpose, but besides the want of health he is too far advanced upon the foundation of Queen's to quit it for such a birth, as he certainly must. He happens to be now at my house, and I have sounded him upon it, but having stood it so long (for he is Tabardar) he chooses now to see it out. When John comes up he will shew you a specimen of his versifying talent which you will not be displeas'd with. I have a little poem of his on scating, written when at school with me, that would not disgrace a person with much better opportunities.

. . . . .  
I am, yours most affectionately,

J. JAMES.

### LXIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, *May 15th*, 1781.

How flattering it is, my dear Father! how agreeable to my imagination to lay hold on every occasion to accost you! Lothian<sup>2</sup> brings you this packet, which, had I had a longer time to prepare, I should have contrived to make more valuable. What are his particular motives for a journey northward I have not learnt; were they ever so frivolous, I should value them at a high rate for affording me this opportunity. The inclosed little books are something on the plan that I have heard you so often describe as best adapted for conveying the soundest knowledge of this formidable language, Greek. Boucher shewed me the first I had seen or heard of, but at the same time

<sup>1</sup> See p. 52, n. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Joseph Lowthian, who entered Batler, 1778; matriculated May 30, æt. 18, 'son of John, of Kirk Oswald, co. Cumbd. Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1782; and M.A. 1793. The Lowthians held property in the parish of Kirk Oswald, where Mr. James was Vicar.

represented it as a most difficult thing to meet with them. His copy was not his own, nor could he procure another from any bookseller in London. I have been more successful, having met with the two I send you, and another for my own use, and left a third for the next comer. The author's name is Huntingford, late Fellow of New College, Oxford; at present at a living, or master of a school, in the neighbourhood or town of Winchester<sup>1</sup>. He is printing another work of the same nature, a supplement to this, which Prince<sup>2</sup> tells me is extracted principally from Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*, and at the same time that it exhibits a clear view of the structure and peculiarities of the language, comprehends a perfect system of ethics. This is being useful with a vengeance, and being ingenious into the bargain, for who would have thought that single book could have furnished matter for a scheme which with the widest range in the world seems laborious, not [to] say impracticable for one man. But Prince is the printer of the book, so *verbum sapienti!* It will give me great pleasure if you will favor me with your sentiments on this work, which I cannot help thinking the embryo of something more finished. I have yet hardly looked into it. But from the first page, and what I glanced upon in different places, I am led to imagine you will not be perfectly satisfied. As the book is intended for the use of young men, it ought methinks to be clear and intelligible without much considering; and yet I confess myself puzzled with the use of the first preposition. What does *about the love* mean—*about the stars*? Should he not have determined this point by the addition of another word, perhaps *they quarrelled about your love*, &c.? Should not the use of *αμφι* when it means *circiter* (Viger in prep.) have been noticed? In page 13 he renders *ψαλλω* 'to play,' which would infallibly mislead a beginner. However, I have no doubt that you will find the book useful. Par, of Norwich<sup>3</sup>, late of Colchester, puts it into the hands of all his boys after the Greek grammar, and when they have made themselves masters of it, gives them Greek

<sup>1</sup> George Isaac Huntingford, D.D., F.S.A., Warden of Winchester from 1789–1832, during which time he also held the Bishopricks of Gloucester (1802–1815) and Hereford (1815–1832). From entries in the Winchester Rolls and Registers, kindly extracted by Mr. C. W. Holgate, he appears at this date to have been Assistant-Master (*sub-praeceptor*) at Winchester College, and Rector of S. Lawrence in the same town. His Introduction to the writing of Greek, after the manner of Clarke's Introduction to Latin, was published in 1781, and two later editions in the two following years. In 1837 it reached a 14th edition.

<sup>2</sup> See Appendix I.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Samuel Parr, Master successively of the Grammar Schools of Colchester and Norwich.

verses. I have not, and I think you will not blame me, too much pride to go to school again to this master, but purpose to study every page, first making the Greek, and then, a few days after, giving the English.

As my time is short, and I wish to write a few words to the dear little folks, you will permit me to conclude for the present, and assure you how sincerely I am,

My honoured Father's very affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

My compliments, if you please, to Mr. Carter.

LXIV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

OXFORD, *May 19th, 1781.*

MY DEAR SIR,

My brother in a letter last evening informs me that he saw you well on Sunday at Paddington and told you of my safe arrival at Queen's. This *most interesting news* has by this time circulated to all my friends, so that I am waiting for congratulations from all quarters. Were it not, indeed, for this hope, and the little bustle I have been in, since my arrival, to set my rooms in order, I should have been a little on the melancholy order, and have wished, like the old Greek general, to get rid of a memory which only taught me to value what I had left, and to regret it. The sky however keeps pretty clear, and the wind promises soon to bring me a packet from Arthuret, a place from which I have had no tidings these three weeks.

The present Vice-Can.<sup>1</sup> offers to be much more severe and active, and what indeed follows of consequence, much less beloved than his predecessor. Perhaps there never was a man in that station so revered as Dr. Horne appears to have been; but his mildness and benevolence—his *leniores virtutes*—were better calculated to acquire the affections than promote the good of our University. The reformation of this establishment requires a man of activity and perseverance, or perhaps a combination of such kind of men. Dennis would make a good figure in such a junto of heroes; of himself he is too feeble to redress any but the more puny abuses, unable, perhaps unsollicitous

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Dennis, D.D., President of St. John's 1772-1795, was Vice-Chancellor from 1780-1784.

to proceed further. The new regulations introduced by him are in consequence of the late disturbances, and extend only to petty irregularities, whilst the weightier matters of the law are disregarded. It is in these in particular that our superiours are very exact and profuse of rebuke. Thus very lately a man was *imposed*<sup>1</sup> for having missed chapel, while others were suffered to get drunk without any but a trifling verbal reprimand.

I have procured three copies of Huntingford's Introduction, two for Arthuret, which I have sent, and one for myself, and can have another for you whenever you commission me to buy it. I should not have hesitated to secure it at once, but from suspicions that you had already provided yourself, and because it is in no danger of being called for. These four copies are the whole of Prince's stock. I expect in a few days to hear my father's sentiments on this work, which seems to be the embryo of something more compleat. I design for my own part to go through it with all the patience of a plodding school boy, first writing over the Greek, properly rectified, and then turning it into English. I have not as yet paid any great attention to the book, but from my very superficial view of it, cannot help being afraid it is imperfect. For instance, in the first page, I am much puzzled with his translation of the preposition *αμφι*. What does *about the love* mean? *about the stars, about the death*? The precise signification of the preposition here should undoubtedly have been ascertained, and that might have been done barely by the addition of another word. Thus, to quote his examples at large, *αμφι αστερων η γραφη* Luc. Astrolog. *αμφι τῶ θανατῶ αυτης διξος εκφερεται λογος*, Herod. The addition of *γραφη* and *λογος* would have cleared up the matter at once. N.B. You are not to give me much credit for discovering these examples, for I found them where I suppose he did, in my dictionary under the word *αμφι*. Prince informs me that the other work, the supplement<sup>2</sup> to this, is now in the Clarendon Press, to come out in a month. He says it is to contain a compleat system of ethics as well as idioms and syntax, and is extracted from Xenophon's Cyropaedia. Before I conclude my paper, permit me to request a favour of you. I have a friend<sup>3</sup> at college who is just agoing into Orders, and is at a loss for sermons to

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Murray has no instance of 'imposed' in the sense of 'given an imposition.' Some schoolboys use 'impot' in this sense.

<sup>2</sup> The Second Part of the Introduction to the Writing of Greek (see above, p. 139, n. 1), being select sentences from Xenophon's Cyropaedia, was published at Oxford, 1782, 8vo., 2s. 6d.

<sup>3</sup> Shepherd (see p. 144, and p. 45, n. 2).

preach immediately. He asked my notions on this head, and I, after pleading ignorance, promised to consult you. His audience will probably be country [people?], with now and then a few persons of genteeler character and improved [taste?]. It is unnecessary to give you a description of what may seem to us [pro]per, your experience and skill in these matters being such as he m[ay con]fidently trust. All he wishes is, that they may be rather of a moral and pathetic kind, as he means to attempt the argumentative and explanatory himself, with the aid of the best commentators he can procure.

Be so good as make my best compliments to Mrs. Boucher. In a few lines to Mr. Barrow lately I made Mrs. Boucher's apology, in consequence of which he may probably be paying you another visit.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your very obliged and sincere humble servant,

J. JAMES.

You will oblige me much by complying with my request as soon as convenient. My friend will go off very soon to a curacy, and wishes to have sufficient time to purchase the books you recommend.

LXV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, *May 23rd*, 1781.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

I cannot permit any opportunity to pass without paying my respects to you. On this account I am tempted to seize the offer my tutor makes me of a place in his frank, and to tease you with another letter. A thousand thanks to my mother for her account of the state of affairs at Arthuret. It came like manna from heaven, for though I could not in conscience expect an earlier answer, my impatience to be assured of the welfare of my friends was very great. I congratulate you on the improvement of your walking faculty—to talk *en peripaticien*. It is a proof to me that your exercise has been greater of late than usual, and that the benefit you experience has been such as may tempt you more frequently into the fields. This is the season for botany, a study I should have rejoiced to pursue with you at Arthuret. I had made some progress in it before I left Oxford last year, but the chain was broke by my departure, and by the time I found opportunity to resume it, I had forgot everything. I have now entered on a fresh

course, in company with my friend Nicolson<sup>1</sup>, whose knowledge of flowers is pretty considerable, at least compared with my own. Thus the hours of amusement and exercise are turned to account, which is as much perhaps as the most rigid œconomist of his time can say.

Last Monday then, if nothing prevented, poor Will<sup>2</sup> set off to Newcastle. In the packet<sup>3</sup> by Lothian there were a few lines in French for him, inviting him to a little correspondence in his newly acquired language. Should you have opportunity to send him them, it will save me the trouble, if I may use that ugly word, of writing a second challenge. When I have more leisure I mean to aim a few French letters at you, the very writing of which, no matter how bad the composition, will be of the same kind of use as the transcription of Greek.

The Lectures agoing forward here at present are in Experimental Philosophy, Mathematics, Botany by a Mr. Shaw<sup>4</sup>, Arabic, and, I believe, Law. These had all commenced before my arrival, so that had you designed that I should attend any of them, which you did not appear to do, it would have been too late. Indeed, my college and other business have engrossed my whole time. They clapt a declamation on me three days after I got to college, and Mr. Dowson<sup>5</sup>, formerly with you, now chaplain, summons me to hall at twelve o'clock, to hear for half an hour or more, bad Latin, bad arguments, and bad philosophy. The Doctor has dropt his lecture, and I am now almost old enough to take my leave of logic. Mr. Lowry's<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Clement Nicholson, entered Commoner 1777; matriculated Nov. 13, æt. 18, 'son of Clement, of Bondgate, City of London, Gent.' (Chester); and proceeded B.A. 1781; M.A. 1784.

<sup>2</sup> His second brother William, born May 17, 1765.

<sup>3</sup> See Letter LXIII.

<sup>4</sup> George Shaw, of Magdalen Hall, matriculated Dec. 14, 1765, æt. 12, 'son of Rev. Timothy, of Berton, Bucks' (Chester); B.A. 1769; M.A. 1772; B.M. and D.M. 1787. He was the 'cockle-shell brother' of Dr. Shaw, of Magdalen. See Wordsworth's *Scholæ Academicæ*, p. 177, Cox's *Recollections*, p. 103, and Bloxam, vi. 342 seq. The other courses of lectures seem to be the same as in 1799. See Letter XXXVII, p. 93.

<sup>5</sup> William Dowson, entered Batler, 1765; B.A.,<sup>\*</sup> elected Taberdar, 1770; M.A. 1773; admitted Chaplain, Aug. 19, 1780; B.D., elected Principal of St. Edmund Hall and Vicar of Bramley 1787; and D.D. the same year; died early in 1800. 'With you' probably means a schoolboy at St. Bees.

<sup>6</sup> John Lowry entered Queen's, Batler 1723 (O.S.); matriculated Jan. 21, æt. 15, 'son of Richard, of Kendal, Westmoreland, Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1728; M.A. 1731; Fellow 1736; Proctor 1741; Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy 1742; Rector of Charlton on Otnoor 1753; died 1784. In Jackson's *Journal* for Jan. 26, 1765, his marriage is mentioned as having lately occurred 'to Mrs. Risley, a widow lady of the most amiable accomplishments.'

family have left Oxford for a few weeks; they are on a visit to Mr. Keate in town, author of the *Sketches from Nature*<sup>1</sup>, &c., &c. I went in form to pay my respects to Mr. Jackson<sup>2</sup>, but was informed that the good Canon was absent in town, to return nobody knows when. I have often wished to compare the season here with that in the north. In order to do this, will you take the trouble to observe the state of the trees and flowers about you on Thursday or Friday next? it will be a fruitful subject for Molly when she writes, and I in return will send my observations.

Shepherd<sup>3</sup>, who takes Orders next Trinity, has desired me to recommend him some decent preachable sermons. Will you do me ye favor to point out any author whose sermons are pretty good and not common. My love to the dear family, and compliments to Mr. Carter, &c., and to all friends in the neighbourhood.

I am, my honoured Father,  
Your very affectionate Son,

J. JAMES.

The inclosed for Golding is of some consequence to him. Be so good as to dispatch it by the post as soon as possible.

LXVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR SIR,

QUEEN'S, *July 15th*, 1781.

It is my luck to write to you to beg favours; indeed, my letters are now-a-days little more than petitions, though to you a petition always *infers* a letter of thanks; and to my shame be it said that, though I have allowed this inference twenty times since I received your answer to my request, I have never returned the thanks. But, when I have nothing to ask, what have I to say? This place presents nothing new, and my unassisted brain will furnish little that I can bear to read myself, and still less of what is fit to be read by others. One reason still remains, to enquire after your health and that of Mrs. Boucher; questions I seldom omit when opportunity offers, and which are in general satisfactorily answered by my brother. It is, however, time to discover to you the immediate object of this letter,

<sup>1</sup> *Sketches from Nature*, published in 1779, by George Keate, F.R.S., F.S.A.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 114, n. 7.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 141.

which is to inform you that Braddyll<sup>1</sup> has at length opened the passage of a newspaper to me, and that you will add another link to the chain of favours by sending under his name as many of your newspapers, and as often as you can spare them. This you were so good as to promise when I last parted from you, since which time the expectation of a newspaper has helped to diversify the train of college ideas, being a new movement of the mind, of which no metaphysician, as far as I know, has taken notice. Give me leave then to repeat my request, that you or Mr. Robinson will take the trouble to send a paper when you have opportunities; if it should be inconvenient to do this every day, two or three, you know, may be lumped and sent at the same time. Should the news be as *old as our ale*, which to be sure it may without being very musty, it will be news to me, who rarely visit a coffee-house, and then only to look at a review.

Huntingford's new book is printed, but not published. He has got all the copies—about 500—at Winchester, but will not refuse one or two perhaps to a little importunity. Should I have the luck to procure only one, I am resolved to contradict the celebrated adage by sending it *from home* to you. This business of prepositions sticks by me yet. Another and simpler form of teaching their regimen might methinks be found; perhaps by ascending to their primitive signification, or by comparing them with the Latin. Six at least of the meanings of *εἰς* might be represented by the Latin preposition *in*. It is true that the Latin preposition is as different in each combination as the Greek; but this difference, if not already known, may be more readily comprehended than the precise signification of each English preposition unconnected with a sentence to explain it. There are some other defects in this part of the book which I had not observed when I wrote to you last. In one place he quotes Homer's authority for the use of a preposition, when the reading of the passage alledged is uncertain. The phrase by which he proves that *ὑπο* with a dative case signifies *in*, seems no authority: *κολπος* in Homer (vide *Iliad*, Z. 136, and Σ. 398) means, I apprehend, *sinus*, or the garments that cover that part, and *ὑπο*, as joined with the verb, expresses merely the manner of receiving the falling body, *kepping*<sup>2</sup>—*cumberlandice*. The phrase occurs again, *Odyssey*, O. 469, where it means, beyond doubt, *under the garments of the bosom*. Besides assigning some

<sup>1</sup> Wilson Gale Braddyl, M.P. for Lancaster 1780–1784; for Carlisle 1790–1796. See Ferguson's Cumberland and Westmoreland M.P.'s.

<sup>2</sup> 'Kepp, to catch, to receive anything in the act of falling, Sax. cepan, Teut. keppen.' Brockett's Glossary of North Country Words.

senses which a preposition has not, he omits some that it has. To give one instance of several which I have collected: *κατα* is sometimes joined to verbs of pursuing, searching, &c., and means *after*, or some such word. This he has overlooked, although Herodotus, Clio, c. 94, says that the Lydians set sail *κατα βιον και γης ζητησω*, *in search of*, &c. . . .

I have just been introduced to two persons, one of dignity, &c., and the other of admirable character, whose acquaintance may do me much service. The first is Cyril Jackson, Canon of Christ Church, whom I had once solicited for a studentship — *scis quid fortuná*<sup>1</sup>. I waited upon him with Dr. Brownrigg's compliments last Thursday. What my sensations were I leave you to guess. My ideas of his character, austere and solemn, and of that *hauteur* which mark the children of Wolsey<sup>2</sup>, were such that I did not h[ear] him approach without emotion. How was I disappointed to find him condescending and polite beyond any man, almost, to whom I have been introduced! This familiarity pleased, but disconcerted me. I was prepared only for an audience of state. Such was my respect, that if it did not by a lucky turn flatter his self-opinion, it would, I fear, seem to border on what you call *sneakishness*. He invited me to go and see him often and I shall not lose the opportunity. The same morning gave me an acquaintance of a different order, a Dr. Wall<sup>3</sup>, Chemical Professor here, to whom a letter of Dr. Brownrigg's introduced me. He is sensible, and courteous, has a family, where I shall go to relax and domesticate myself with the sound of clocks, females, and children. His invitation was more pressing and minute than Jackson's. I shall be a common guest with him, and a holiday visitor to the Canon.

Before I conclude, let me ask your opinion of the following notion of mine. Johnson in his *Life of Pope*, or *Philips*, speaking of that paper of the *Guardian*, in which Pope compared his *Pastorals* with those of *Philips*, and artfully preferred his own when he seemed to

<sup>1</sup> See Letter LXII.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Ch. Ch. men.

<sup>3</sup> Martin Wall, F.R.S., Fellow of New College, matriculated Nov. 21, 1763, æt. 16, 'son of Dr. John, of Worcester City' (Chester); B.A. 1767; M.A. 1771; B.M. 1773; D.M. 1777; Clinical Professor 1785–1824. James is wrong in calling him Chemical Professor, as the Chair of Chemistry was not founded till 1803. Accounts of his lectures will be found in later letters. There is in the Bodleian a Syllabus of a Course of Lectures in Chemistry read at the Museum, Oxford, by Martin Wall, M.D., Public Reader in Chemistry, Oxford, 8vo. 1782. This appears from comparison with Letter LXXVII, p. 168 seq., to have been the course attended by young James.

depreciate them, calls it *an unexampled and unequalled artifice of composition*. Is this correct? Does not *unequalled* imply that comparison with works of the same kind, which *unexampled* rejects? If my notion is just, what shall I do with it?

My best respects to Mrs. Boucher.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectioned and humble servant,

J. JAMES.

LXVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, *Monday, July 16th, 1781.*

MY HONOURED FATHER,

Your frank arrived with its very precious freight safe on Tuesday evening last. What other answer have I to make to those expressions of affection, which your letter and my sister's contain, but imperfect thanks! The advice, criticism, and sentiments you so liberally give, all require a separate acknowledgement; perhaps I shall be able to return no more than a verbal one. At present I hasten—for I see you are impatient—to tell you of the success of the good Doctor's<sup>1</sup> letter, which, for reasons of convenience, I did not deliver till Thursday. I had waited once on Dr. Wall and found him not at home; my second call, which was about an hour after, did not promise much better, for he was still absent. Resolved, however, not to be disappointed, I walked in and sat down in a pretty summer parlour, where his wife<sup>2</sup> was sitting at work, with a little girl of about four or five years old playing near her. I was here very agreeably entertained with the conversation of the lady and romping of the girl

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Brownrigg's letter of introduction to Dr. Wall, see last Letter.

<sup>2</sup> Her monument is in New College Cloisters on the north side:—

Infra requiescit  
 Maria  
 Martini Wall M.D.  
 Professoris Clinici et hujusce Collegii olim Socii  
 Conjux xvii annos superstes,  
 et ejusdem denique sepulchri particeps  
 quæ  
 cum amorem et reverentiam suorum  
 sibi mire conciliatam  
 ad ultimum servasset  
 animam Deo reddidit  
 anno ætatis xc die Junii vii  
 A. S. MDCCXLI.

Her maiden name was Humpherys.

for half-an-hour, when the Doctor made his appearance. He read and thanked me for the letter, and in consequence of what the writer had been pleased to say in my favour, behaved to me with the highest degree of civility. After chatting for the rest of the hour on the Doctor's books, and the means of conveying the promised fossils to Oxford, I took my leave, strongly invited to visit him often, which I shall doubtless do so often as not to be troublesome.

Here, then, is one grand point atchieved. Had I chosen a family in this place to which I should be introduced in preference to all others, it would have been Dr. Wall's. He is a man of sense, learning, and politeness; and promises to be of infinite service to me when I commence *chymist*. This intention of mine I took occasion to inform him of during our conversation; his terms are three guineas a course, and his first lecture is to be read in the beginning of October next. He delivered *gratis* an introductory lecture a few days before my arrival in Oxford. But I have no reason to regret my delay, having procured a sight of this performance a short time before my introduction to him from an acquaintance to whom he had lent it. I have accordingly made an abridgement of as much as a few hours would permit, which indeed amounts to most of it, and will send you the *principal features* when I have leisure to copy them. The very same morning I summoned up resolution to make my first visit to Jackson, who was just come to college from London, where he had been enjoying himself for some time in the bosom of that other Alma Mater, Lincoln's Inn<sup>1</sup>. I was shewn into an elegant apartment, from the windows of which I might have entertained myself with the beautiful prospect of his garden, had I not been fully engrossed by the contemplation of the dignity of the man I visited, who, like the other sons of that proud establishment, I expected to find lofty and unbending. I heard his approach with emotion; but how agreeable was my surprize when he addressed me with a courtesy and even familiarity that at once delighted and unhinged me. I was prepared only for an audience of state, and could not readily mingle with grace in a conversation so new and unexpected. He explained to me the reasons that made it impossible for him to comply with the applications in my favour, which were nearly the same with those in his letter to Parker. What was most flattering to me was the very polite manner in which he insinuated that had I begun the pursuit earlier I might have been successful. He asked me various questions about the

<sup>1</sup> He was made Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, 1779, the same year in which he was made Canon of Ch. Ch.

opportunities of preferment in other establishments, and particularly seemed to point out those of Oriel and All Souls, of which I mean to make enquiry. From this point of the conversation, if I may conjecture anything, I should form hopes of obtaining his interest in case we should think it worth while to make another attempt. When I took my leave, he invited me to repeat my visit.

These are favourable omens. Should Jackson ever think proper to do me any service, he has it in his power as amply as one could wish. I shall therefore not neglect to pay my respects to him as opportunity offers—a holiday visitant with him, but a common and domestic guest with Dr. Wall.

Inclosed is a letter to Dr. Brownrigg, which I have left open for your inspection. Should you find it deficient or improper—and I beg you to judge severely—I shall labour with cheerfulness to produce a better. It is unnecessary to say that I shall receive as the highest favours every censure, fully assured of their justice and use.

I wrote to Boucher lately, to inform him that Braddyll had at length permitted a newspaper to pass under his name to me at Queen's. In consequence of this I requested Boucher to send me as many of his papers as he could spare, according to promise, and shall, I suppose, commence politician of course. In the same letter I ventured to dissent from his opinion of Huntingford, confirmed and emboldened by your sentiments in your former letter. I had once before expressed my doubts about those prepositions to Boucher, who made a kind of defence of them, which I do not think you would find satisfactory. He asserted, not indeed that Huntingford's scheme was perfect, but that he had not materially failed, his object being rather to inure boys to the regimen, than the precise signification of the preposition. But is not the regimen governed by the signification? does not *προς*, e.g. require one case when it means *of* or *from*, and another when it signifies *to*? I hazarded also a few more objections to this part of the Introduction, of which, however trifling, I cannot refrain asking your judgement. He gives no examples of *μετα* with an accusative case: yet how often does that regimen occur in Homer and others. To prove that *υπο* with a dative sometimes means *in*, he quotes *υπο κολπῳ* from Homer. This phrase only occurs once through the whole Iliad and Odyssey; vide Odyssey, O. 469: and there does not *κολπος* mean *sinus*, or the garments that cover the bosom? and if so, does not *υπο* retain its primitive sense of *under*? We have *υπεδεξατο κολπῳ* (Iliad, Z. 136, and Σ. 398); but here does not the preposition joined with the verb express merely the mode of receiving the descending

body<sup>1</sup>, and give to the substantive the force of *supposito sinu*? Besides attributing to a preposition the senses it has not, he seems to have omitted some that it has. Of this I think I have collected proofs from Herodotus; and, to mention one, he takes no notice of the force of *kata* as we find it in that phrase *kata βίου και γης ζήτησιν* (Herodotus, Clio, i. c. 94). Have I exhausted your patience yet? The pleasure I have in proposing my notions to you for your correction makes me downright talkative when I address myself to you.

I am, my honoured Father,

Your very affectionate and dutiful son,

J. JAMES.

LXVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

July 20th, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR,

Accept my politest thanks for your attention to my request. The newspapers with your *advice* arrived safe last evening, in spite of a small error in the address, which you will be good enough to correct, directing for the future, not to the *member at Queen's*, but to him *with me* at that place. As it stands at present it is addressed to the whole society, which I am apt to think has no claim on either of us for such a favor.

How you load me with civilities! so kind an invitation to Paddington must not, cannot be resisted. Tempted however as I am, I am able to guide myself by the occasion. If therefore you remain any part of your holidays at home, I verily think I must become your guest. If not, I shall as *necessarily* remain with my dry nurse here, seeking for consolation in Greek and Philosophy. I make this declaration the more frankly as I am fully persuaded it will not affect any of your schemes. And to go further and shew myself perfectly disinterested, let me add my voice to the thousand arguments that vote you down into the country. Mrs. Boucher's health, which I am grieved to hear is so low, absolutely requires it. And if Arthuret is not—but why should it not?—to be made happy by the presence of its dearest friends, there are still many other places, where you may retire and forget the fatigues of a troublesome employment. Without a manœuvre of this kind, what is there in a holiday that can at all compensate the labours that have preceded it, or give fresh spirits to renew them? Perhaps your excursion may lie this way—how delighted should I be to receive you at Oxford!

<sup>1</sup> *Kepping, Cumberlandice.*

I have dipped into Huntingford's scheme of the tenses, where I thought I smelt something of the fault you mention. However difficult it may be to discover and explain the differences of the two futures and the two aorists, surely there is a visible distinction of tense between the aorists and perfect. I will not say that the Greek writers are exact in preserving the distinction, for I have, of late in particular, observed places in which the two tenses are, to all appearance, confounded. But in general, methinks, the aorist of the Greeks is discriminated from the perfect in the same manner and with the same precision with which the same tenses are distinguished in the French. My walks have of late been directed to discover means of clearing up this matter. But so little seems to have been said on the subject by the old grammarians, that whoever makes the enquiry must draw from the fountain head, and form his system by a collation and comparison of the original Greek writers themselves. There are, however, some faults in this part of the Introduction which a little attention would have corrected. Such are those inexact versions of some of the Greek words. Thus *αρχω* is rendered by *command*, a word of various meanings, of which one only applies here. A boy who finds *ψαλλω* translated to *play*, will be much more likely to understand it, for the future, of his diversions than of a musical instrument.

I have taken the liberty to inclose along with this a letter to my brother, which I need not request you to forward to him.

I am, my dear Sir,

(With best respects and wishes to Mrs. Boucher),

Your very obliged and affectionate,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *July 20th*, 1781.

#### LXIX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR SIR,

The night before last I received a few lines from my brother, the main purport of which was to acquaint me that on Monday you and Mrs. Boucher are to set out upon a visit to the country, and that you recommend to me to decamp immediately to Paddington, and wait till your return. Much as I am obliged to you for the kindness of this proposal, there are some striking objections against it. I do not indeed know what I should do with myself in a place almost strange to

me, deprived of your society, the principal end of all my journeys to Paddington, and at such a distance from my town friends. Your library, it is true, would afford me a thousand pleasures; but if by sitting a fortnight longer at Queen's I can finish a course of study which is just drawing to a conclusion, will it not be better to stay to read where I am? Had you left behind you a number of boys, who could by any *presence of mine* be kept in order, I should march without delay. But as it is, I should *reign in an empty hall*, so that I had better remain a little longer in my present solitude, and assist my flowers to ripen into seed before I leave them. On the whole then, I will wait your return to Paddington at Oxford, and if there remains then sufficient time before the end of your holidays for a short visit, will seize it with pleasure. That I may not lose a moment, if you will take the trouble to inform me of the day when you mean to be at home again, I will take care to be among your first visitors. In the meantime, may the country be Arcadia to you; may every gale bring health and cheerfulness. In plain English, may you both leave all your ailings behind you, and Mrs. B., to whom I beg my best respects, return convinced of the efficacy of an English atmosphere.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and humble Servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEENS, August 3, 1781.

My father, as I hear by my tutor, was last Saturday at Carlisle, a sufficient proof, I hope, of his recovery.

LXX.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, August 23, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . . .  
I am happy to find that John is with you. It will be a most agreeable relief from the severe confinement which I know he prescribes to himself in College, and I need not say a most useful one too. In every view I am perfectly happy when I know my youngers are under your *parental* roof; and I desire no further proof than their being happy there too (as they always are), either of their *being* or *doing* just what I wish them. As their *temporary* father, therefore (for more not all the world would tempt me to allow), order them or do with them whatever you please. Tell John, however, that I am rather

anxious about his mode of travelling<sup>1</sup>, lest he may have suffered by it; nor, with all his agreeable flourish about the advantages of it, can I bear to think of it for more than once, and that as a frolick. You, I am sure, will take care that his return shall not be in the same way. If I did not know that he was never happier than when he is writing to me, I would desire you to make him tell you immediately how he is. As a *father now*, you can *feel* the reason of this.

. . . . .  
I am, yours most affectionately,

J. J.

LXXI.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

PADDINGTON, 9th September, 1781.

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . . .

I suppose John has told you that our boys are beginning to drop in, to-morrow being the day of returning to business, and that, of course, I shall pack him off in a few days. I think myself under the greatest obligations both to him and you for these visits; this has been particularly seasonable and kind, for, indeed, I have wanted the satisfaction and comfort of such a companion. Both your boys are here to-day, so that we make up a sort of a *la'el* Arthuret. (Does Mrs. James remember that word? She would, I am told, if I had put *ammen* to it.) I have not forgot how much I owe her for some little good offices of this sort amidst many greater, and Nelly is now endeavouring to repay some of my debts to her, by tutoring this Oxford scholar, in which she takes vast pleasure. It is odd, but I find it generally remarked that Tom's dialect is much less septentrionized than John's. I do not think you need suspect me of flattery; I therefore tell you with the greater freedom, that, in my opinion, John is much improved. Some of our acquaintances used to think him too much the creature of tuition. He was not so natural and easy as Tom, though full of information. Observation and attention have almost wholly wore this off, and he is now highly companionable; though, to be sure, there cannot well be a place more unfit than Queen's is to train him to this, or anything else, that is clever and good. As I now talk with him, almost as I should with you, I one day, without intending it, happened to mention, what has long been in

<sup>1</sup> Apparently on foot, see Letter LXXII.

my head, that might I have the carving of his future allotment in life, I would first send him, with some young nobleman, or man of fortune, on the tour of Europe. And I had infinite pleasure on finding that it met his own wishes. To be sure, it is among the *τὰ οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῖν*, there can be no harm, however, in looking forward to such a thing. I think myself hardly less interested in him than you are, and, though, excepting young Wallace, whose father, I am afraid, will not be so manageable in such a business, I see no very good prospect yet, I wish you to let me go on, in thinking about it, as I hope you also will. All the difference it need to make at present is, that, when proper occasions offer, he should go rather more into company, so as that he might be, and be thought to be (*esse et videri!*) every way accomplished.

I am, ever yours, &c.,

J. BOUCHER.

LXXII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR SIR,

Having it in my power no longer to make my usual enquiries *vivâ voce* after the health of my much esteemed friends at Paddington, let me repeat them by letter. Your answers to such queries will, I have reason to think, be very satisfactory, let them but be as often as your pittance of leisure will allow; for my notions, or my wishes deceive me, if Mrs. Boucher's vivacity does not promise a long fit of fair weather; and your own health is now so established that any apprehensions about it would be sneaking and unreasonable. Do me the favour however to inform Mrs. B., that as at Queen's we humbly conceive her recovery to have been owing to the assistance of that excellent physician, Dr. Horse, so do we logically infer, that the likeliest way of supporting this acquired health is to continue to use the same physician, and that we respectfully recommend it accordingly. Should she dispute the judgement of Oxford scholars in this case, we beg leave to observe that this regimen is universally understood and pursued here, that no study is so generally or perseveringly prosecuted, and that for some months in the spring a large meadow adjoining to Oxford is nothing but a riding school.

My journey hither was much enlivened by the recollection of those parts of the road, where in my way up, I had stopped to read or

refresh myself. It is not without a peculiar sort of pleasure that I look back on that expedition, which had every recommendation of novelty and exemption from all the shocks that coaches are heir to. Nothing but a certain prohibition could have prevented my descending with all humility to pursue my journey on foot and study the manners of the Germans.

I have found Oxford more solitary, if possible, than I left it, being myself the only commoner in Queen's or almost in the University. The difference between this and the place I have left is so striking that I seem to have lost all at once the sense of hearing. It is, however, a solitude by no means disagreeable to me, however unpleasant it may be to some of my friends whom I shall be tempted to pester with letters.

In our conversations about matter and spirit, you expressed some doubts whether although matter operates on spirit, spirit can act upon matter, and asked whether a man had ever been known to think himself into a fit of the gout. It did not immediately strike me that there were cases where actual diseases of the body were evidently occasioned by perturbations of the mind. Instances of the force of imagination in pregnant women are notorious. Convulsions and fainting are common effects of fear, an extreme degree of which has been said to turn the hair white. And I have heard an odd story of a man at Edinburgh that was persuaded, by the stratagem of some physician, into a fever. But these kinds of cases, however authentic, are of no weight in the controversy concerning the nature of the soul, as they require that the soul should be previously shewn to be spirit. If we may suppose the human soul to be spiritual as the Deity, or as angels are spiritual, this part of the question seems settled, as we have abundance of proofs in scripture that they act on matter. But may we not fairly infer that to allow the agency of matter upon spirit, is to allow the possible agency of spirit on matter, and vice versâ. If matter cannot be affected by spirit, neither can spirit by matter, for that which separates them must be some inherent and essential difference of constitution. If oil and water refuse to mingle it alters not the case which of them you take first, the oil or the water.

I forgot at parting to desire you to continue me the favour of your newspaper as often as convenient. It may not be unnecessary to repeat the direction,—To Wilson Bradyll, Esq., M.P., with &c.

No news in Oxford, except the death of the Head of Lincoln<sup>1</sup>, who

<sup>1</sup> Richard Hutchins, D.D., who died August 10, 1781. He had been Rector for 26 years. See Jackson's Oxford Journal, Aug. 11, 1781.

is succeeded by one Mortimer<sup>1</sup>, a notorious sloven. The blackguard Stinton was a beau to him. There is also a Fellowship<sup>2</sup> at that College vacant, of about 60£ per annum; one candidate is from Queen's, and is thought a likely man, the Provost of Queen's being very hand and glove intimate with Mortimer. With best respects to Mrs. Boucher,

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *September 16th, 1781.*

LXXIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MON PERE HONORE,

J'ai retourné, il y a onze jours, à Oxford, au lieu de la sagesse, ou dans autres mots, au palais de la solitude. En verité, rien ne ressembloit jamais plus à une ville saccagée & desolée que cette demeure. Tout le monde s'en a fui; tous les amusemens ont cessé. Point de la gaieté, du bruit, peu même de la litterature. Le Dieu des lettres n'a pas voulu ici garder son domicile de l'été, mais à présent

*Delum maternam invisit Apollo.*

S'il est certain que de tous les saisons de l'an ce temps de silence est le plus fait à les gens des lettres, il est aussi certain que peu de ces messieurs veut s'y preter. Le gout de plaisirs, plus vif & puissant que l'amour de la sagesse, tous entraine à se chercher des autres jouemens que ce qui se trouvent dans le sein de la philosophie. En verité, *personne n'est sage tous les jours*, & personne ne souhaite de l'être. Rien de plus heureux qu'une teinture de la folie, legere et lumineuse, qui peut relever par son contraste la mine sombre de la science.

Quant à moi, je crains qu'il n'est à soupçonner, qu'en me rélachant à Londres j'ai eue grande part à cette folie, sans en avoir à cette sagesse. Mais, en honnête homme, je vous assure que de toutes

<sup>1</sup> Charles Mortimer, B.D., who was 'unanimously chosen Rector' on August 30, 1781. Jackson's Oxford Journal, Sept. 1, 1781. He only held the headship for three years. He left £300 to Lincoln College. There is a pen and ink sketch of him, formerly in the possession of Dr. Griffiths of Wadham, now belonging to the Provost of Queen's.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Birtwhistle, B.A., of Lincoln, was elected to the vacant Fellowship. See Jackson's Oxford Journal, November 10, 1781.

les sottises, qu'on appelle amusemens, qui se trouvent à tous les coins de cette ville-la, je n'ai gouté presque rien. Au contraire, je m'ai appliqué entièrement à tirer tout ce qui m'étoit possible des entretiens de mes amis. Parmi des autres choses, on m'a bien corrigée la prononciation, qui étoit beaucoup plus fautive que je n'avois esperé. À ce sujet, comme à mille d'autres, j'avoue que je ne sais rien. Outre que la méthode d'énoncier les mots au Sud, soit bien différente de la nôtre ; il y a aussi un certain ton de voix, une legereté des organes, une manière de parler vive, delicate, & brillante, qui, comme les graces de la musique, ne peut s'exprimer par des notes, ni s'acquiescer sans les efforts de Demosthéne. Le genie meridional d'Angleterre, prochain & semblable à celui des Francois, ne veut pas s'arreter sur des choses. Il aime ce qui est rapid, coulant, & leger ; la vitesse de Mercure, plutôt que le pas grave & majestueux de son père. Cette grace indefinable, le Sibboleth des gens du Nord, M. Boucher n'a pas acquise. Il prononce comme les autres, mais il ne parle pas comme les autres. Il ressemble à certains musiciens qui touchent chaque note, comme il faut ; mais qui jouent le tout ensemble, comme il ne faut pas. Ses organes, mal-adroits & grossiers, donnent un son pesant ; il leur manque de la dextérité, de la netteté, du mouvement.

M. Boucher, pendant ma demeure chez lui, me faisoit voir quelques-uns de ces discours, qu'il va soumettre à votre critique. Il me donnera grand plaisir de savoir vôtre jugement, & de la de corriger le mien. Si vous me demandez ce qui est que cela,—frivole comme il est, comment osez-vous le donner. Mais il faut avouer que plusieurs lieux de ces discours me choquoient l'oreille, par la bassesse & les amas de metaphores, tirées, sans menagement, ni mesure, de toutes les choses, qui pouvoient en fournir les plus frappantes. Il m'a toujours paru, que le caractere de cette espece d'e[c]riture comme cela du poëme epique, demande un choix des figures le plus exact, & qu'il n'en admet les plus choisies & menagées qu'en nombre moderé. De plus, n'y a-t-il pas quelque chose à blamer dans cette foule des passages qu'il cite de l'Écriture-Sainte ? Un discours mêlé & broché de cette sorte me fait toujours ressouvenir de la peinture comique, dessinée par Horace, à la tête de son art poétique.

Nôtre ami a un esprit vif & fort, habile à rammasser & combiner des images de tout ce qui s'offre. De la vient que sa conversation est animée & éclatante. Il exprime sa pensée avec de la vigueur, par le moyen des metaphores heureuses qui, tirées de choses connues & familiares, communiquent les idées avec de l'aise & force. Voila, si je ne me trompe pas, la raison de ces sermons brochés.

Vous demandez dans votre lettre, ce qui se passe dans les entretiens chez Dr. Wall & mes autres amis. Tout cela une autre fois, s'il vous plait. À present, je vous prie de me fournir d'une occasion de faire une seconde visite chez M. Jackson. Depuis ma premiere, nous avons été, l'un, ou l'autre, absens. J'en ai devenu etranger. Et ce n'est pas cause suffisante de troubler son repos, de demander comment va santé.

On m'a accordé le privilege d'entrer dans notre bibliothèque. Une autre lettre vous en dira la cause & les effets.

Je vous prie de dire à ma chere mère, & le reste de la famille, que je les embrasse ; & de me permettre de vous assurer que je suis,

Mon Pere honoré,

Votre fils obeissant & affectioné,

J. JACQUES.

AU COLL. DE LA REINE, *Septembre 25, 1781.*

LXXIV.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *October 26, 1781.*

MY DEAR SIR,

John, as was to be expected, was not less happy under your friendly roof, than you could possibly be to have him there. He acknowledges too, as he ought, the benefit he has received from his kind tutoress—I wish his tutors would do half as much. Of such consequence is that business of speaking with propriety, and so little do we know of it in this country, that for my own share, if fortune should ever draw me to the south side of Trent, I should certainly, in public at least, set a seal upon my lips. In the other particular relating to him, I entirely agree with you. He wants simplicity and ease. Here at least his brother far exceeds him. When in the country together, the difference was very manifest; and though in every thing he shewed a mind highly cultivated, yet he did it not without a mixture of affectation which hurt me a little sometimes. But as I knew where he got it all, and that it was not natural to him, I was very sure it would soon wear off. If his father observed this, no wonder you should, and while you give me the pleasing account, in which I cannot suspect you of partiality, that he is much improved in these respects, how greatly do I feel myself obliged to you and your Nelly for the pains you have taken to make him what I wish

him, and think him really capable of being. The travelling scheme has long been a favourite one with me as well as him, and I should be glad to see that is so with you too, if there were any probability of its succeeding, for otherwise we only talk about it to mortify one another. All I shall say upon it is, that as I shall certainly omit no opportunity of bringing it about, so I hope you will not, in the full assurance that in every plan which you may continue for that end, I shall fully concur with you, and thank you into the bargain.

Having some time since had a letter from his tutor with some very unusual compliments on a declamation of his, I desired a sight of it; and in reward for the pleasure it gave me, I have promised him a set of the *Glasgow Tully's Works*<sup>1</sup>, which I told him I would get you to purchase for him in London, and send the first opportunity—unless there were any thing else of equal value which he would rather have, which in that case he was to desire you to get him in their room. If therefore you have not heard from him to the contrary, will you do me the favour to buy them for me and send them to Oxford—or if they should not be to be had, the *Glasgow Thucydides*<sup>1</sup>, and anything else to make up the value, which you yourself shall think proper? He has already that edition of Herodotus<sup>1</sup> I find, thanks to your generous friendship.

. . . . .  
Yours most affectionately,

J. J.

LXXV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, *October 31st, 1781.*

MY HONOURED FATHER,

A letter you would receive the day after the date of your last would assure you of the safe arrival of the bill, and apologize for a few impatient and I fear peevish lines, your very affectionate and obliging answer to which has my sincerest thanks. I was very careful to deliver your letter, along with twenty-five pounds, to Dr. Nicolson; and waited the event with some curiosity. Accordingly he sent for me; you

<sup>1</sup> The editions of the Classics published by Foulis at Glasgow are much praised by Harwood (see p. 48, n. 10), Revickzky, and others (quoted by Dibdin, *Introduction to Greek and Latin Classics*, vol. 2, p. 23). The Cicero appeared in 1749 in 20 vols., the Thucydides in 1759 in 8 vols., and the Herodotus in 1761 in 9 vols., all in 12mo.

will shortly hear from himself what he said to me. With the appearance of much concern, he protested that we had entirely mistaken the matter, for that there was not a single exhibition from Cumberland to any *independent member*<sup>1</sup>. Holme<sup>2</sup>, he said, and I have since found that he is right and that *I* was mistaken, had no exhibition. But Holme certainly understood, with many others, that there were exhibitions open to us, as he used, I now learn, to declare that if they should offer him one he would refuse it. It is possible what the Doctor says may be true, though it is probable his indolence and general inattentions to these points may have deceived him. Still, however, there are many unoccupied exhibitions from various quarters, confined indeed to certain counties by the will of the benefactor, but which it is commonly believed they may and do occasionally bestow on an indifferent member till some claimant appears. This they may evidently do as conscientiously as convert it to the use of the college. All I want is some case in point, which, as our numbers are as yet so small, I cannot meet with in a hurry. I shall, however, take measures to come at the truth, not with a view to apply a second time, which would be very disagreeable to you, but for your satisfaction, and my own.

You wish perhaps to know the issue of the examination<sup>3</sup> which I think I told you I was to pass on Monday sennight, but which was deferred till the Friday following for want of Masters<sup>4</sup>. Besides the gentleman I mentioned as my associate I had another, a person<sup>5</sup> of Merton, who, being to take Orders on Sunday last, was under absolute necessity of having his degree. Trifling [and] farcical as these things are known to be, I never saw a man under more apprehensions, or with greater reason; for he protested to us with vehemence that he had not looked in any Latin or Greek book since his matriculation; and as for the sciences, he was hardly acquainted with their names. It would be an affront to Hugo to make any sort of comparison between them; and yet he escaped, and was rewarded by a certificate signed by three Masters, setting forth—ay here it is—that Cattel of Merton College, ‘in singulis

<sup>1</sup> All the Exhibitions at Queen’s at this time seem to have been confined to persons on the Foundation.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Holme, entered Commoner 1775; matriculated May 4, æt. 17, ‘son of Robert, of Carlisle City, Gent.’ (Chester); B.A. 1779.

<sup>3</sup> For an account of this examination, *opposing, doing generals*, etc., see Knox’s Essays, No. 77, reprinted in Wordsworth’s *Scholæ Academicæ*, pp. 228 seqq.

<sup>4</sup> They were examined by three Masters of Arts of their own choice. *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> William Baron (it is Bacon in the Queen’s Entrance Book) Cattell, matriculated from Queen’s Oct. 13, 1777, æt. 18, ‘son of William, of Bath, Somerset, Gent.’ (Chester); B.A. (from Merton) 1781.

‘artibus seu scientiis, quas et quatenus per statuta audivisse tenetur, laudabiles progressus et pares ei gradui, quem ambit, fecisse; ac speciatim in rebus quotidiani usus animi sui sensa linguâ Latinâ explicandi eâ facultate pollere quam statuta requirunt.’ However disgraceful it may seem to be associated with such ignorance it is a common thing upon these occasions, and not at all a discredit in the eyes of the University. After this I hope I need not take much pains to assure you I was successful. It was my luck to answer all their questions but one which I did not exactly hear, and to perform the other exercises, which consisted of only a few lines in my classics to construe, without any blunder. The very small share of regard paid to literary qualifications in the candidates for a degree is a real disgrace as well as disadvantage to *the Universities of this land*. Whether ‘they order things better in France’ I cannot tell; but I will venture to affirm that here at present these kind of honours are often conferred on men of the meanest ignorance, and frequently, as in the present instance, to confirm and ensure their title to become teachers of the people. I have now compleated all the exercises necessary to my degree, have *opposed, done generals, &c., &c.*; and have nothing to prevent me devoting myself without interruption to philosophy and the muses.

I told you that I had finished Herodotus, some time since. Shall I tell you what perhaps must be told in confidence, that I do not feel the strongest desire to read him again. The perusal of nine long books of a history broken and, as it were, eked with impertinent digressions often fabulous and generally tedious, has a strong tendency to cloy and cram; and from the size and complication of his fable one is half inclined to cry with the Lacedæmonians<sup>1</sup>, as he relates, on a similar occasion, ‘that having forgotten the first part we cannot comprehend the last.’ Had Herodotus begun his history at the fifth book, at that point where the affairs of Greece become connected with those of Persia, what would have been the consequence? We should have lost much curious history, much curious information; we should have lost a valuable account of the manners of Persia and of Egypt, together with a beautiful controversy on the best form of government; but we should have perused again and again the precious fragment; we should not have entered upon the most interesting part of the work fatigued, and confounded with an involved detail of idle incidents, of facts, which contrary to the rules of that other kind of history, the

<sup>1</sup> Herodotus, iii. 46.

drama, conduce nothing to the principal action. What I have ventured, in compliance with very strong feelings, to throw out will very likely require much indulgence. It goes on the presumption that this father of history proposed as his subject the contests of Greece with Darius and Xerxes, with which he was induced to connect the revolutions and conquests of Persia partly for want of a just model to regulate his taste, and partly from a natural ambition to display that knowledge which he had been at immense pains to acquire. The effect of this has been an apparently astonishing want of method and design. From the four first books of his work no man would guess at that which follows. We begin with Asia, and end with Greece. I think I have heard you call Herodotus *an old wife*. Never was there a nurse or a Chelsea pensioner so fond of a story. He collects them from all hands, of all characters and degrees of credibility. The consequence of this doting trick is, that he has many tales without meaning or moral, many narrations of facts without use, a fault which no select history can be guilty of. From this number, however, the story of Arion in the first book, though in itself absurd and incredible, deserves to be excepted for the eminent elegance with which it is related. It might be said to contain an useful lesson, were not the modern race of poets out of all danger of growing rich. If I durst venture to form any judgment of the particular stile of Herodotus, it would be in general, that he is the *most natural* writer of all the Greeks excepting Xenophon. The construction of his sentences is simple and clear, without harsh transpositions or strained metaphors, save one instance, censured by Longinus, where women are called *αγγιδνας οφθαλμων*, Terp. 18. It might be difficult to find a single example of affectation, either in the shape of antithesis or any studied grace, through all his work. Accordingly he has been praised from the time of Cicero till the present, for flowing elegance, an Ionian rotundity of stile graceful and dignified. The difficulties I have met with are not many; I shall take the liberty of desiring your assistance in the explanation of some of the principal ones: Euterpe, c. 94, *απιπουσι*, *non occurrit in lexicis*, *ibid.* c. 99, *ετι δε και νυν υπο Περσεων*, &c. What had the Persians to do in Egypt? Thalia, c. 46. The meaning of *θυλακω περιεργασθαι*? *ibid.* c. 62, *unde et quid εκ γε προπε à calce capitis?* *ibid.* c. 71, *και εμοι υπερεθεσθε*, *non longe à calce*. The meaning of *υπερεθεσθε*? *ibid.* c. 130, *quid υποτυπουσα?* *initio ultimæ sententiæ*. Melp. c. 129, the meaning of the last sentence? *ibid.* 153, *Θηραιουσι δε εαδε αδελφειον [τε] απ' αδελφειου πεμπειν*, *quid vult exprimere phrasis subnotata?* Terpsichore, c. 65, *παρεστησαν δε*

επι μισθῷ τοισι τεκνοισι, &c. Ibid. 72, του εργα χειρων τε και ληματος, &c., *ad calcem*. Polymnia, c. 20, *prope ab initio*, ανομενω. *Unde et quomodo formatur?* Ibid. 36, *non longe ab initio*, του δε Ελλησποντου, κατα ροον, να ανακωχνη τον τονον των οπλων. *Quis sensus hujusce loci, et præcipuè vocis ανακωχνη*. Ibid. 61, *quid, in primâ sententiâ* πιλουσ απαγας. Ibid. c. 122, απειθη, *quid*. Calliope, c. 49, *prope ab initio*, ψυχρη νικη; *harum vocum quis sensus?* I had noted down some other difficulties which a second examination has enabled me to solve. There is still however a passage or two impenetrably obscure to me, but which are scarcely worth proposing, both as they are very likely compleatly unintelligible, and as they would not reward the trouble of even a successful examination. I mean the philosophy in the second book concerning the annual inundations of the Nile, which it would be folly to dwell upon. Since my travels through Herodotus I have endeavoured to discover who have illustrated or criticised him; but have been very unsuccessful. There is a treatise upon him by Dionysius Halicarnassus, in which he is preferred by a most extravagant comparison to Thucydides. But I find little appetite for ancient criticism. Some very curious observations on the credibility of his history have been written by Richardson of this University<sup>1</sup>. They consist chiefly of objections drawn from the Oriental writers. Finding no mention made by any Eastern historian of the conflicts of Greece with Asia, nor of any such emperor as Xerxes, he is induced to dispute the truth of the Greek accounts. Perhaps too much is allowed to a testimony merely negative; but is it not astonishing that a king of Persia should have made an expedition to a foreign country, accompanied by one of the most immense armaments ever assembled on the face of the earth, that he should have been defeated and most of his huge army destroyed, without being so much as noticed by historians of his country? There seems no way of saving Herodotus from contempt and ignominy but by supposing either that this formidable critic has erred for want of information, or that some edict, similar to that by which the ancient Scotch records are reported to

<sup>1</sup> A dissertation on the languages, literature and manners of Eastern Nations (originally prefixed to a Dictionary of Persian, Arabic and English), by John Richardson, Esq., F.S.A., of the Middle Temple and of Wadham College, Oxford. Oxford, 8vo. 1777. The references are probably to the second edition, Oxford, 1778, to which is added Part II, containing additional observations, together with remarks on A New Analysis of Ancient Mythology in answer to an Apology addressed to the author, by Jacob Bryant, Esq. The points referred to in the text are mainly found on pp. 51 sqq., 82 sqq., 292 sqq. in the Second Edition. It may have been this book which set young James reading Bryant, as we see further on.

have been destroyed<sup>1</sup>, was issued by some patriot king, after Xerxes, to blot the name and disgrace of that unfortunate monarch from the annals of the empire. Besides these arguments from the silence of the Oriental historians, Richardson has availed himself of the internal evidence of the Grecian accounts themselves. There is indeed something in the number of the Asiatics as related by their most moderate historians, so monstrous and extravagant as not to be credited without the utmost difficulty. I wish you could see the objections themselves; they make part of a very elegant and learned dissertation on Oriental manners, &c., &c. It is a considerable time since I had an opportunity to peep at them; but I recollect to have been much pleased.

I am returned this morning from Wall's third lecture on chemistry. He opened on Monday to an audience of not more than fourteen or fifteen, with a repetition of his introductory lecture<sup>2</sup>. I formerly had a copy of this by me for a few hours, and abridged great part of it; what remained I now endeavoured to supply. This lecture treats first of the uses, and then of the history of the art. Its uses are various. It mingles itself with all the arts in which fire or mixture are employed; the dyer, refiner, painter, smith, and the cook himself are all in some degree chemists. But its most eminent powers are reserved for medicine, in which it has a principal part in all operations not merely chirurgical. With respect to the history of the art, it is by some supposed to have been an immediate revelation from heaven to Adam, and to have had its name from Cham, the progenitor of the Egyptians, amongst whom it is thought to have flourished. The two most remarkable periods in the history of chemistry are the dark ages, in which it was strangely worshipped and abused by the alchemists, and the æra when it was rescued and reformed by the efforts of Lord Bacon, the morning star of all philosophy. From the time of that great man to the present it has gradually improved, having been reduced from a heap of experiments and a jargon of wild theory to a regular system. The definition, selected as the best of many celebrated, is that of Dr. Black<sup>3</sup>, that 'Chemistry is a science teaching by

<sup>1</sup> 'The Calumny of King *Edward* I's destroying the *Scottish* Records, was invented by *Boetius*, a very Fabulous Author, and has been often confuted.' Note in Kennet's Hist. Engl., ed. 1719, vol. i. p. 198 [note appended to text, *Life & Reign of Edw. I.*, by Daniel]. See also Lingard's History of England (ed. 1849), ii. 551 note.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Wall announced a Course of Lectures on Chemistry in Jackson's Oxford Journal, Oct. 13, 1781, the public introductory lecture to which had been given on May 7, 1781.

<sup>3</sup> Joseph Black, M.D. He was Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow, and subsequently at Edinburgh. Professor Odling, who has kindly looked over the chemical

experiment the effects of heat and mixture upon bodies.' This lecture was peculiarly entertaining from the selection and novelty of the facts, but it was not original, nor well written, being far too declamatory. The lectures of to-day and yesterday were upon the expansion of metals; the communication of heat; thermometers; the rarefaction of air and other fluids by heat; the nature and causes of cold fluidity; absorption of heat necessary to fluidity; latent heat. You must observe here that we have not gone far into our subject, great part of the above being merely natural philosophy. It is unfortunate for us that the Doctor is tied down to a single hour, by which means his lectures are read with a rapidity that prevents much from being remembered, and anything from being taken down. I attempt to recollect what has been said upon my return, but should be dissatisfied, were not the subjects accessible otherwise. If you find any notions in Jones<sup>1</sup> on the doctrine of fire and heat worth mentioning, you will oblige me much by communicating them, together with your own; and if you please, your sentiments on the *Old Boy's*, as he is called by his friends, physiology.

The honour of key of the library<sup>2</sup> was in consequence of my application to the Doctor. It has however many inconveniences, whenever I want to go in, I am forced to get the *butler's* keys, there being two locks on the door to prevent a subscriber's entering without leave. The chief use I have made of my privilege is consulting lexicons, and Bayle's Dictionary. The Memoirs of the Royal Society afford me many opportunities of better understanding some passages in the chemical lectures. You now see part of my present employments. My abridg-

parts of these letters, speaks of him as 'the Father of modern chemistry.' See also his Science Primer on Chemistry, p. 7, etc. The definition mentioned will be found in substance in Black's Lectures on Chemistry, ed. by Dr. Robinson, i. 11, 12. See also Wall's Inaugural Dissertation in his Dissertations on Select Subjects in Chemistry and Medicine (Oxford, 1783, 8vo.), p. 8.

<sup>1</sup> In *Physiological Disquisitions, or Discourses on the Natural Philosophy of the Elements*, by William Jones [of Nayland], London, 4to. 1781, the fourth discourse is 'of Fire, its properties and effects,' and includes in pp. 81-217 'experiments preparatory to the constructing of a new and more extensive scale of the Degrees of Heat and Cold, on the Heat of Climates, on the nature and causes of Cold, and the Philological consideration of Fire.' Jones was author of *Letters from a Tutor* (p. 133, n. 1), and the principal Hutchinsonian Divine, he converted Bishop Horne to that way of thinking. He is the 'Old Boy'; see Teale's *Life of Jones in Lives of English Divines*, London, 12mo. 1846, p. 407, "'the old Boy," as his friends usually call him,' in a letter from his friend Wm. Stevens.

<sup>2</sup> 'During the last century the use of the library was apparently confined to the Fellows, or at least M.A.s of the College, and a fee was paid for the privilege of possessing a key.' (R. L. Clarke, in *Notes and Queries*, ut sup. p. 86, n. 2.)

ment of Locke, and the study of the Greek Testament, with Pasor's<sup>1</sup> Lexicon, and if I can come at it, Parkhurst's<sup>2</sup>, fills up the rest of my time pretty compleatly. On this last I am just entered, and request your advice at large. With most affectionate respects to my dear mother and the rest,

I am,

My honoured Father's very faithful and obedient Son,

J. JAMES.

LXXVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I am happy to be able to talk to you about your health in a stile very different from the usual one. Instead of prayers, and fears, or worse than fears, I find myself authorized to congratulate you; and do sincerely congratulate you, and Mr. Boucher, and myself on your prospect of perfect recovery. I have hinted to Mr. Boucher, what I cannot help repeating to you, that we at Queen's are of opinion, that your constitution has at length settled accounts with this odd English climate, to which after a few *American* struggles, it has fairly and dutifully yielded. And upon this principle we recommend, as you value the health you are about to receive, that you continue amongst us. Were I not assured that all such offers were useless, and afraid they might seem quackish, I should make you a tender of my newly acquired chemical knowledge. For you must know, madam, that the practitioners of chemistry have long boasted the discovery of an universal elixir, or cure for all diseases on the face of the earth. There are numbers of receipts to make this charming medicine, but by some strange fatality, one half is unintelligible, and the rest unsuccessful. The only one I am possessed of, the ingredients of which are sea salt and flints, has not obtained much credit with the world, merely because the unfortunate man who invented it, died by an *incurable* disorder at the age of forty-eight. However though you have now no need of this medicine; there is said to be another which cannot

<sup>1</sup> George Pasor (1570-1637) published his *Lexicon Graeco-Latinum in Novum Testamentum cum indice Graecarum vocum copiosissimo* at Herborn in 1762 or 1763.

<sup>2</sup> Parkhurst's (*J. M. A.* 1728-1797) well-known Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament was first published in 4to. in 1769.

be unnecessary to any constitution, and this is a nostrum by which life may be extended to any number of years. I will not promise you any of this divine elixir, nor point out its uses at present, as I cannot swear the secret is not lost. But it would be vastly agreeable for you to live to see America reduced and submissive, and Mr. Boucher a bishop or archbishop there; neither of which perhaps is likely to take place before our present scanty term of years is up, and the scene closed.

Mr. Boucher tells me to send my resolutions about new cloaths to you. It is not I believe usual for gentlemen to talk to ladies on these subjects: but I must submit to authority. I have not however much to say; for as my present garniture will hold out well enough till Christmass, I think it better to defer repairing till that time; or in other words to run the risque of coming to Paddington. The friendship of the Hermitage would at any time make me a happy guest there: seconded by your polite invitations, it is enough to subdue all attachments to Queen's. I shall therefore send back the patterns, requesting you to inform Sutherland if he should call, of my intention. It will be more convenient to bring the cloaths down with me; and I should chuse to have a new measure taken, his last being I think too scanty. Should I not have it in my power to be in town at Christmass, I shall take care to give him proper orders.

With warmest wishes for a long fit of health and sunshine to Mr. Boucher and yourself,—and all apologies for the trouble I give you.

I remain, dear Madam,

Your very sincere and faithful humble Servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEENS, *November 13, 1781.*

LXXVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, *November 18th, 1781.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have reason to wish on many accounts that your great work was at an end. It will gratify my curiosity to know what it is, and my affection to see what, without flattery or enthusiasm, I expect to see, an increase of honour and reputation—let me add, of profit to the authour. There are some men, whose indifference to shew them-

selves, and to make an open and honest display of their powers, I am often inclined to wonder at. For this reason I can hardly persuade myself that you never appeared in print: and for the same reason it gives me the greatest pleasure to conjecture that the important business you are now engaged in is literary, or at least for the press. If the genius of science were to be met with easily within our precincts, I would make her daily and regular vows in your behalf. At present, I might perhaps have little better success than the Parliament of Barebones. However, we are sufficiently furnished with the materials of science. If therefore you wish for extracts, hints, authorities, or assistance of any sort, from the Bodleian or any other of our libraries, command me, and you shall be *furnished with all possible expedition*.

If the library at Queen's contains some rubbish, it has also much useful, or at least curious learning. The collection of books in medicine is large, from the works of Hippocrates and Galen (which I find is *Greek*) to Boerhaave and Mackenzie<sup>1</sup>, and perhaps some more modern, though I believe not many. This last author gives a short history of the rise and decline of that exploded project—the transfusion of blood; which it seems fell into disrepute only by some unfortunate experiments on the distempered corpses of some great folks in France. Of the mode of executing this singular experiment an account is given in some of the earlier Philosophical Transactions, from whence I hope to obtain a tolerable skill in it, and perhaps to perform it, or direct its performance on a couple of superfluous cats, at Paddington. We have also some good things in philosophy; the best perhaps are the Transactions of the Royal Society from the first papers till within these nine or ten years<sup>2</sup>. If the collection has been continued since that time, I am surprized that the volumes are not in the library. Still, to conceal is not so bad as not to have continued them. The articles in which we are most deficient are the classics, the Belles Lettres, history,

<sup>1</sup> The important collection of medical books is due to the benefaction of Sir John Floyer (entered Commoner May 30, 1664; B.A. 1668; M.A. 1670; B.M. 1674; D.M. 1680) of Lichfield, who left the College his library. There are also a large number with the bookplate of Theophilus Metcalfe (of Hart Hall, D.M., 1724). Of Galen and Hippocrates the library has the Paris edition of 1639, 13 vols. fol. bound in 9, and of Galen, the Venice edition of 1556, 4 vols. fol.; of Boerhaave, besides the *Historia Plantarum*, Rome, 8vo. 1727, and the *Elementa Chæmiæ*, 3 vols. in 2, 4to. Paris, 1733; there are the Lectures on the Theory of Physick, 6 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1742-6, and other medical books. Of Mackenzie (James, M.D.) there is *The History of Health*, 8vo. Edinb. 1758.

<sup>2</sup> The College collection of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society is complete from the beginning.

travals, &c. The principal of the old divines, some curious editions, translations, and comments<sup>1</sup> of the Bible, among which are the Polyglott, Calmet's, and Kennicot's, together with Dupin's Ecclesiastical History<sup>2</sup>, make up, I think, the chief and certainly the best part of our divinity. On this subject, it is astonishing what loads of rubbish we possess. The works of all the angelic, subtle, seraphic, and wonderful doctors, with their ten thousand impugnors, advocates, disciples, critics, and imitators; dissertations on all the whims, impieties, and nonsense of the old theologians, monkish legends, and millions more of ineptiæ, disgraceful to reason and learning, are heaped like Ossa on Pelion. Had Xerxes reviewed this part of the labours of the learned, his grief at so lamentable a spectacle of human infirmity would surely have choked him. Our logical treasures are not sufficiently magnificent for the character of the college. An old edition of Aristotle, with John the Grammarian, and a few other commentators, make the bulk of that science. If you now ask what I have done in the midst of this magazine of knowledge, I might be puzzled for an answer. Whether it be lucky or unlucky, I have not been able to make either frequent or long visits to the library, being obliged to have the keys from a servant of the college, who is often out of the way, and sometimes cannot spare them; while the unwholesomeness of the air makes it very disagreeable and even dangerous to remain long. In my last visit, I opened upon the works of St. Ambrose. The following passage from the ninth chapter of his Hexahemeron, or discourse on the first six days of the creation, struck me as warm, lively, and perhaps poetical. After reciting the *fiat*, by which light was made, with considerable

<sup>1</sup> The Polyglott referred to may be Brian Walton's Biblia Sacra Polyglotta in 6 vols. fol. Lond. 1657, or Le Jay's, Paris, 1645, or the Original Complutensian, or Montanus' printed by Plantinus at Antwerp, 1571, all of which were in the old library. Calmet is *Commentaire litteral sur tous les livres de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament par le R. P. D. Augustin Calmet*, Paris, 1724, 8 vols. in 9 parts. Kennicott is *Vetus Testamentum Hebraicum cum variis lectionibus edidit Benjaminus Kennicott S.T.P. Aedis Christi Canonicus et Bibliothecarius Radclivianus Oxonii*, 2 vols. fol. 1776.

<sup>2</sup> Dupin's Ecclesiastical History. This is *A new history of Ecclesiastical Writers*, written in French by Lewis Ellies du Pin, Doctor of the Sorbon and Regius Professor of Divinity at Paris, vol. i. 2nd ed. Lond. 1693, vol. ii. 1693, bound in one. Inside the cover is inserted 'Liber Collegii Regii. Oxon. Ex dono Johannis Scott, Carleolensis, nuper Socii, A.D. 1696.' He also gave volumes 3-6 bound in one volume, and the College seems to have purchased the rest as they came out. There are altogether 13 volumes bound in 5, bringing the History down to the end of the 15th century. The 16th century is contained in two more volumes, and there is a first volume of the 17th century. The original was contained in 61 8vo. volumes, which included 2 volumes on the 18th century.

vigour of imagination, he proceeds: 'Resplenduit igitur subito aer, et expaverunt tenebrae novi luminis claritate; eas repressit, et quasi in abyssum demersit repente per universa mundi fulgor lucis infusus; facta est lux. Sicut enim cito lux caelum terras, et maria illuminat et momento temporis: relectis surgentis diei splendore regionibus, nostro se circumfundit aspectu: ita ortus ejus cito debuit explicari. Quid mirum est, si Deus locutus est lucem, et caliganti mundo lumen emicuit, quando si quis inter aquas mersus oleum ore emiserit, clariora faciat ea, quae profundis tegebantur occultis<sup>1</sup>?'

My attention to the Greek Testament has been considerably interrupted by other business. The commentary you recommend is not, that I can find, in our library; the booksellers know nothing of it. Upon enquiry I fancy your interpretation of the initials J. U. D.<sup>2</sup> is right. Nobody can tell me where such degrees are conferred. Perhaps at Doctor's Commons; but most probably at Geneva. What is your opinion of Beza's<sup>3</sup> Commentary on the New Testament? I have made some use of it, and am pleased with his accuracy in rendering and explaining some words, the force of which is lost in the Vulgate. Whitby<sup>4</sup> seems to borrow from him: and most of the observations on the New Testament to be found in the notes to Simpson's<sup>5</sup> Memorabilia of Xenophon, are his criticisms.

The business which most interrupts my study of the Greek Testa-

<sup>1</sup> In the Benedictine edition of St. Ambrose the passage here quoted runs as follows:—'Resplenduit igitur subito aer, & expaverunt tenebrae novi luminis claritate. Repressit eas, & quasi in abyssos demersit repente per universa mundi fulgor lucis infusus. Pulcre itaque & proprie dixit: *Facta est lux*. Sicut enim cito lux caelum, terras, maria illuminat, & momento temporis sine ulla comprehensione relectis surgentis diei splendore regionibus, nostro se circumfundit aspectui; ita ortus ejus cito debuit explicari. Quid miramur si Deus locutus est lucem, & caliganti mundo lumen emicuit, quando si quis inter aquas mersus, oleum ore emiserit, clariora faciat ea quae profundi tegebantur occultis.' Ambrose, Hexaameron, lib. i. cap. 9, sec. 33 s. f. col. 20 A, B of the first volume of the Benedictine edition, 2 vols. fol. Paris, 1686.

<sup>2</sup> Juris Utriusque Doctor, the Latin equivalent for LL.D. Cambridge, Dublin, and all the Scotch Universities give LL.D. degrees, not D.C.L.

<sup>3</sup> The Annotations of Theodore Beza (1519–1605) were first published in 1556. His editions and Stephens' formed the basis of the Textus Receptus.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Daniel Whitby, Fellow of Trinity College and Precentor of Salisbury, published in two vols. folio, London, 1703, a paraphrase and commentary on the New Testament, which went through several editions.

<sup>5</sup> Xenophon's Memorabilia, Gr. Lat. cum notis H. Stephani, Leunclavii, A. E. Porti et Ernesti recensuit suisque annotationibus auxit Bolton Simpson, Oxon. 1741, 8vo. (ed. 2da 1749, 8vo.) See above, p. 14, n. 4.

ment is the chemical lecture. This intricate, but entertaining science, demands a very large share of attention. It is useless to enquire how far a knowledge of chemistry may promote my future prospects in life, or assist in qualifying any man for a clergyman. The Scotch have talked so much about the utility of every branch of learning in expanding and enlarging the mind, that one is almost ashamed to say that chemistry may produce so remote an effect. It may, however, answer such an end; it promises to afford a firm and elegant basis for a compleat skill in Natural Philosophy; it may furnish variety of hints, allusions, expressions in every kind of composition; and it certainly *will* enable any divine in Europe to describe with confidence the operation by which Moses *might* have reduced the golden calf to powder—to the confusion of Voltaire and all his disciples. The lectures I am now attending are read by Dr. Wall, to whom I was introduced by Dr. Brownrigg. Wall is a scholar, and understands how to diversify his compilations, for such you may suppose they *must be*, with elegant learning. He sometimes intermingles a spice of divinity, if observations on some names of chemical substances in the Bible may be so called. We had, for instance, on Friday an enquiry into the nitre mentioned in the twenty-fifth Proverbs, which appears to have been a substance entirely different from the nitre of the moderns, *which does not effervesce with vinegar*, and seems to have been unknown to the ancients in general. The nitre there described was most likely an alkaline salt, the *natron* of Egypt, where it is found native, which at the same time that it is affected by acids in the manner alluded to by Solomon, has detersive properties, and is therefore fit for baths, to which purpose we learn from Jeremiah it was applied by the women of the East.

. . . . .

Nothing new in Oxford: the press is not big with anything at present. I shall announce to you its pregnancy on the first symptoms.

I remain, dear Sir,  
Your most affectionate and obedient Servant,  
J. JAMES.

LXXVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, *December 12th*, 1781.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

My engagements to chemistry have been so pressing of late that I have deferred returning thanks for your last most agreeable letter,

till it could be deferred no longer. My brother informed me some days ago of the death of Aunt Wilkinson, with which I was the more struck as I had not understood she was worse than usual. He acquainted me at the same time with your pleasure that I should get mourning, and let you know the expence. At such a distance from home it seemed unnecessary to go into deep mourning, on which account I have only got black waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, of an inferiour sort of florentine<sup>1</sup>, which may be worn at any time hereafter: the expences about £2 6s. My grandmother, I am afraid, will take very ill the loss of my aunt.

In the same letter my brother mentions T. Forster's having been seized with symptoms like those of the Carlisle fever<sup>2</sup>. I shall be anxious to have this contradicted; should that disorder confine itself no longer to the poor people, I shall be happy to think you are no nearer Carlisle. Our course of chemistry, which was to consist of twenty-seven lectures, is now approaching to a conclusion. The class has hitherto held out pretty well: our numbers are however beginning to fall off daily. From his success in this first attempt the professor has conceived greater expectations from a second. He certainly merits encouragement from his diligence, modesty, and the real excellence of his instructions. For the most of what he delivers is to be found in the writers on chemistry, and he can pretend to no original discoveries, or new theories, still he has the merit of collecting curious information, scattered through a number of books, which if we could procure, we could not, perhaps, make any use of. Besides, it requires considerable skill to be able, from a heap of facts, to select such alone as have a just connection with the subject, to choose the best, or most probable of *contending theories*, and to give an uniform and regular appearance to a mass of matters from a thousand different authours. All this the Doctor seems to have performed as successfully perhaps as a first attempt will admit. His object throughout has been to explain the nature of bodies, or perhaps, as far as may be, the internal constitution; their relation to each other, and their connection with pharmacy and medicine. A scheme of this kind skilfully arranged and executed promises to afford an admirable basis for natural philosophy on one hand, and physic on the other. Perhaps no man can

<sup>1</sup> A material made in silk, worsted and cotton, chiefly used for gentlemen's clothes. See Waterston's Cyclopædia of Commerce.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of the Carlisle fever in 1781, see Lonsdale's Life of Dr. Heysham, ch. iv.

be a compleat philosopher or physician without a knowledge of chemistry. There having been hitherto no unexceptionable arrangement of the particular objects of chemistry, the professor assumed the privilege of introducing a new one of his own, I believe; avowedly imperfect, but seemingly more comprehensive and distinct than those of former philosophers, whose general failing has been, either by attempts to simplify the distribution to create exceptions and *epicycles* without end, or by dividing too minutely, to entangle and perplex the subject with a multitude of particulars. The present arrangement consists of six heads. One, saline bodies; two, earthy; three, inflammable; four, metallic; five, aerial; six, aqueous. In this distribution it is evident that many things are degraded to the rank of species, while others, of no more importance, are dignified by a distinct class. Thus, if metals compose an order themselves, it may be asked why animal and vegetable substances have not the same honour. The apology offered for this omission is perhaps plausible enough; for both animal and vegetable matters may be reduced by chemical decomposition to the four substances, called elementary, and are therefore, in some measure, species of those genera; whereas the perfect metals, gold and silver, cannot by any art be resolved into their first principles. What is said of the entire decomposition of animal and vegetable substances must not be admitted without some limitation. An analysis is only then perfect, when by the reunion of the separated parts the original substance is revived. Of this surprizing phenomenon, which is exactly like the proofs of arithmetical calculation, chemistry affords many instances. Thus, when by fire or acids iron has been deprived of its inflammable principle, and converted to earth, it is restored by exposing it to the action of matters containing or emitting that principle: by holding it over burning charcoal, or sulphur, or by fusing it with oils. But no art has yet been able to produce any animal or vegetable substance by any combination, or modification of their parts. 'Let all those heroes of science meet,' says Boerhaave<sup>1</sup> of the chemists; 'let them take bread and wine, a food that forms the blood of man, and by assimilation contributes to the growth of the body. Let them try all their arts: they shall not be able from these materials to produce a single drop of blood!' This challenge of Boerhaave, the wisest of the chemists, was in consequence of the foolish boastings of some adepts, that by means of artificial heat and digestion they could imitate the works of God.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann Boerhaave, the Dutch physician and naturalist, 1661-1738.

Out of all I have written and remembered from Wall's lectures I do not know anything almost, which can be well selected for your entertainment. In the twelfth lecture we had a little divinity, if that name may be given to a dissertation on some of the chemical substances mentioned in the Bible. Speaking of nitre, which is a neutral salt composed of nitrous acid and vegetable alkali, he observed that it did not seem to have been known to the ancients. The Greek words generally supposed to express this substance, such as *νιτρον, νιτρον, νιτρον αφρωσ*, are evidently descriptive of something different both in its formation and properties from the nitre of the moderns. Nitre, like the other neutral salts, makes no effervescence with acids. But from Prov. xxv. 20, it seems probable that this effect was produced by a mixture of nitre and vinegar. Indeed, the passage referred to is differently read and rendered in different versions. The translation of the LXX. is, *as vinegar to a wound*: and the French<sup>1</sup>, *as vinegar to soap*. It appears from Jeremiah ii. 22, and other places, that natron was used in baths, especially by the women; for which purpose the modern salt is entirely unfit. We have reason therefore to conclude that this substance, from its effervescence with acids, and its deterative qualities, was an alkaline mineral salt, the same with what is brought from Egypt, where it is found native on the banks of salt lakes. This idea of the nitre of the ancients is confirmed by the accounts of Pliny and Tacitus<sup>2</sup>.

In confirmation of this opinion, I had the luck to remember and suggest to the Doctor another and perhaps unexceptionable authority from the second book of Herodotus<sup>3</sup>. We there find a striking distinction between the Egyptian and Europæan nitre, the former being of so corrosive and putrefactive a nature as to have been used by the *Ταρχευραι* to destroy and dissolve the fleshy part of the dead body. You will, if you *dare venture* to look, have a chance to find this passage by consulting the index of your Herodotus at the word 'nitrum,' 'natron,' or wherever there is a reference to the Egyptian practice of preserving the dead. On the other hand, our nitre is a well-known antiseptic.

<sup>1</sup> Ostervald has 'comme du vinaigre répandu sur le nitre,' and so two other French versions in the library, but a translation published anonymously at Geneva, 4to. 1588 par les Pasteurs et Professeurs de l'Église de Genève has 'comme le vinaigre espandu sur le sauon,' and in the margin 'ou salpestre, ou nitre.' The copy James saw may have been in 12mo. Geneva, 1605, without the margin.

<sup>2</sup> For a confirmation of this theory, see Odling's Chemistry Primer, p. 47.

<sup>3</sup> Herodotus, ii. 86.

I think I mentioned to you the professor's opinion upon the pulverization of the golden calf by Moses, which Voltaire's profound ignorance had led him to reject as impracticable. Stahl had discovered a very easy way of reducing gold to powder by the menstruum of a mixture of sulphur and alkali, with which it readily amalgamates, and from which it is separable in the form of a bitter powder by any acid: and in the Jews' letters to Voltaire<sup>1</sup> this process is opposed with great triumph to the Frenchman's assertions. The professor is, however, induced to ascribe the operation on the golden calf to the same power which drew water from the rock. Still, however, what necessity of having recourse either to the process of Stahl or supernatural agency? We are told that the calf was *stamped* and *GROUND to powder*: and where is the difficulty in this? Caspar Neuman, a German chemist of the highest reputation, expressly tells us that 'Langelot, by grinding gold in a particular mill, for a length of time, reduced the metal to such a degree of tenuity as to remain suspended in water<sup>2</sup>.' If you approve of this idea, shall I suggest it to Wall? The circumstance from Neuman is in an obscure corner of his book, where he is treating of another subject, and may have been overlooked by the Doctor: else, does it not furnish an example of a process *in point*?

I have also some other notions which, if you think proper, I may take occasion of *insinuating* to him. One is as follows. The different metals have been distinguished by the alchemists by the names of the sun and planets. This has been generally ascribed to an imagined connection betwixt the virtues of the several metals and the heavenly bodies whose names they bear. But might not an easier and more natural reason be found in a connection of another kind? The sun is often distinguished in the Latin and Greek writers by the epithets *aureus*, *χρυσεος*, *χρυσοφανης*, *χρυσουανης*, *auricomus*, &c. May we not suppose that the first chemists took the hint from this, and as the *sun* was called *golden*, called *gold the sun*? The same connection is easily discovered between the moon and silver. Thus we have

<sup>1</sup> Lettres de quelques Juifs Portugais, Allemands et Polonois à M. de Voltaire, 4th ed. 8vo. vol. i. (Paris, 1776) p. 379. 'Or potable de M. Stahl. Prenez trois parties de sel de tartre, & deux parties de soufre, que vous ferez fondre dans un creuset. Jetez-y une partie d'or, il s'y fondra parfaitement. Après la fusion, retirez la matière du feu, vous trouverez un hépar sulphuris, qui se pulvérisera. Mettez cet hépar sulphuris dans l'eau, il s'y fondra facilement. Filtrez l'eau, elle est rouge & chargée d'or. C'est un or potable qui est d'un mauvais goût, approchant de celui du Magister de soufre.'

<sup>2</sup> Caspar Neumann, M.D., Professor of Chemistry at Berlin, F.R.S.

Argentea Luna and *αργυροεσσα Σεληνη*, and *Αρτεμις αργυροπεζα*. The relation between iron and Mars is very evident, even without classical authority. If that is necessary, I should not think it difficult to find. They are each described with the same epithets, *οξυς, κρατερος, ολοος, &c.* Hesiod, in the Shield of Hercules, calls iron *αρης αλκτηρ*: vide Scut. H. v. 128. But I have fallen upon a quotation from Quintus Calaber<sup>1</sup>, which seems more in point, in which, if I am not mistaken, Mars is synonymous with iron: *Και ρ' οι μιν πονεοντο πολυκμητην υπ' Αρηι*. Can the epithet *polykmetus* be applied to *Αρηα*, but in the sense of iron, to which metal it is given by Homer in many places? *Copper* is *Venus*. In Greek copper is called *Κυπριος*; the goddess *Κυπρις*. In Hesiod's Theogonia, Venus is said to be *Κυπρογενεια*: Theogonia, v. 199. This, says Pasor<sup>2</sup> in his Index, 'epitheton est Veneris, quae nata dicitur in insulâ Cypro. *Cuprum* 'quoque, *ceu scortum*, metallis omnibus misceri dicitur.' Perhaps the same classical affinity may be found between the remaining metals and their respective planets. Tin may be discovered to possess something in common with Jupiter, and certainly a modern fancy is struck with a resemblance of Saturn to lead. Perhaps, too, it is unnecessary to detect a connection between all the metals and their planets. Those who saw a reason for wedding four of the metals to certain heavenly bodies would easily coin one for the rest. A relation of this sort being once established, it is not difficult to conceive the manner in which it might come to be abused, mistaken, or forgotten, and so to afford a motive for supposing a thousand foolish and visionary affinities. Is it not thus that Bryant<sup>3</sup> accounts for that silly notion of the Greeks, that Delphi was the navel of the earth? The Phenicians called the oracle Om-phalos, or the Temple of the Sun. The Greeks, having received the name, forgot its signification, and gave it an absurd one of their own; just as the alchemists may be supposed to have interpreted those terms, the original meaning and reason of which they no longer remembered.

I would beg your pardon for having detained you so long with these notions, were I not desirous of having your opinion of them, and sure of indulgence. If you ask how I relish this new science,—

<sup>1</sup> Better known as Quintus Smyrnaeus. The reference is to book vii. line 20.

<sup>2</sup> George Pasor's Index et analysis grammatica Hesiodi totius is appended to several editions of Hesiod from 1631 onwards.

<sup>3</sup> Jacob Bryant was of King's College, Cambridge, and Secretary to the Duke of Marlborough. The reference is to his *New System or Analysis of Ancient Mythology*. London, 2nd ed. 4to. 1775, vol. i. p. 240.

perhaps I have been too much attached to it. It has engrossed so much time, that I have hardly been able to spare an hour for anything else. My way is, to take down during the lecture as many hints as I can, and on my return home, to draw them out into a form sufficiently intelligible. This business has not only employed the remainder of the day, but the chief part of those other days, Thursday and Friday, on which no lecture is given. I have, at the same time, found it necessary to examine the chemical writers on the subjects before me, either to recover such information as had escaped me, or to obtain an exacter idea of the several processes described. But, with all the sail I have been able to make, the subject has, at least, been as much as I could manage. It will not, however, I flatter myself, be without reward. Dr. Nicolson's objections to this study may possibly be of many kinds. It is new, and, like other new things, has prejudice to contend with; nor can he persuade himself, probably, that it has any connection with my future plans in life, which, if it does not promote, it may be supposed to retard. One might, I think, point out a connection and a thousand advantages which he has overlooked—if such a thing were not impertinent in a letter to my father. But, if examples have weight, what precedent better than Dr. Hales<sup>1</sup>? Dr. Watson, of Cambridge, who is certainly a respectable divine, is at the same time an excellent chemist, as witness his two elegant volumes on chemistry<sup>2</sup>. Dr. Adams<sup>3</sup>, the Head of Pembroke College, a distinguished divine in Oxford, is said by Dr. Wall to be considerably deep in chemistry. A large part of our present class consists either of clergymen, or men intended for the Church; and it is the advice of some tutors here, and of Mr. Collinson<sup>4</sup>, at Queen's, amongst the rest, to obtain some know-

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Hales (1677–1761), D.D. of Oxford, by Diploma; F.R.S., Fellow of Corpus or Benet Hall, Cambridge, the author of several medical books. See Wordsworth, *Scholae Academicæ*, p. 174.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Watson, born at Heversham, 1737; Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1760; Professor of Chemistry, 1764; Regius Professor of Divinity, 1771; Bishop of Llandaff, 1782; died 1816; author of *Institutiones Chemicæ*, An Apology for the Bible, and numerous other books.

<sup>3</sup> William Adams, matriculated from Pembroke College, Aug. 6, 1720, æt. 13, 'son of John of Salop, com. Salop, Gent.' (The family seem to have matriculated early. John, son of John, matriculated Dec. 10, 1773, æt. 14, and William, son of John, May 20, 1779, æt. 13.) B.A. 1724; M.A. 1727; B.D. and D.D. 1756; Master of Pembroke, 1775–1789; Archdeacon of Llandaff, 1777; author of an Answer to Hume's Essay on Miracles; see Boswell's Johnson.

<sup>4</sup> Septimus Collinson, entered Batler, 1759; matriculated June 13, æt. 19, 'son of Joseph, of Langworthby, Cumberland, Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1763, M.A. 1767; B.D. 1792; D.D. 1793. He became Fellow 1777, and succeeded Radcliffe

ledge of this science previous to the study of natural philosophy. So that, although it is no imputation to be without this knowledge, it is surely none to endeavour to acquire it. The attention I have been obliged to bestow on the subject before me will be an apology for the cessation of all other studies. The counsel which you have often given, and which De Witt pursued, of doing but one thing at a time, is, I feel by experience, the surest key to all improvement. To have intermingled divinity or any other study with chemistry would have broken and spoiled both.

I must take another opportunity of endeavouring to rectify my most luckless references to Herodotus. The Doctor has your edition: by comparing it with my own, I may perhaps discover what I want. Whether it was the effect of your letter, or of second thoughts, the Doctor has been remarkably gracious of late. I had last Saturday a long conference with him, when he chatted away most familiarly, drew me plans of his house, rooms, and garden in Warwickshire<sup>1</sup>, and asked me opinion of the time of year most proper for going into quarters there. He was much obliged to you for your attention to his interest, but says the living is better than you suspect; he prefers it much to Lowry's<sup>2</sup>. Among other things, he made me an offer of becoming my own cashier after the next quarter-day, which is the very thing you wished.

Golding desires me to present his respectful compliments to you and the family. He is entirely engrossed at present in the contemplation of a new set of china. Had they been pagods instead of cups and saucers, I should have been in some fear for his religion. Mr. Murthwaite, on whom I have had occasion to wait sometimes of late, generally enquires after you.

Pray what is the great work on which Boucher is employed at present? or is it proper to ask? In a letter some weeks since, he described it as something very important. At the same time he, as usual, commanded me up at Xmas. I am afraid it will be inconvenient for me to accept this invitation at present. At any rate, should you think it necessary to comply, the visit must be short. Dr. Brownrigg has never acknowledged Dr. Wall's letter, nor sent him any of his

at Holwell in 1793; in 1796 he became Provost and resigned Holwell; in 1797 he became Rector of East and West Dawlish, Somerset; Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in 1798, and Canon Residentiary of Worcester. He died Jan. 24, 1827. See Cox's Recollections, p. 27, 1st ed. (p. 30, 2nd ed.).

<sup>1</sup> The living of Newbold Pacey to which he had been appointed.

<sup>2</sup> Charlton-on-Otmoor, see p. 143, n. 6.

fossils. What is to be done? Shall I write to the Doctor? You will oblige me by letting me know, as soon as you can, your sentiments about this. I believe Wall expects me to write.

I am, my honoured Father,  
Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

Where will this letter find you? Wherever it does, may it find you and my dear mother, with the rest of the family, well! May all the good wishes of the season be with you.

LXXIX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

[December 24, 1781.]

MY DEAR SIR,

When a man hesitates to do himself one of the most agreeable favours,—he does not commonly stand so much in need of an apology, as of comfort or encouragement. Yet is my case at present of such a nature, that I must at the same time deny myself a very high pleasure, and beg your pardon for it. To be present at your charming treat to-morrow is now absolutely impracticable; it is now late on Monday afternoon, and if I save the post, I do as much as is possible. The reason why I have made it impracticable is this. As entirely as I wish to submit myself to your *delegated authority*, and, even without such delegation to comply with everything you command; I have thought it necessary to take the opinion of counsel at Arthuret, whether or no it might be agreeable to them that I should enjoy this season at the Hermitage. I put this to them in consequence of your former invitation; but no answer having yet arrived it is—you will allow—improper for me to move. There [are] also some reasons, why they may possibly choose that I should defer my visit, on Dr. Brownrigg's account, who is preparing for town; or indeed, in consideration of your intended absence, and the business I have at present on my hands, to let it alone entirely. Believe me it costs me no small effort of philosophy to refuse myself a pleasure, which — like the feasts of

Atticus, was it not?—*pleases not only at the time, but ever afterwards.* For the present then, permit me to return you simple but sincere thanks, and to congratulate you, and my dear Mrs. B., on the prospect you have of a return of fortune. That it may continue, and you have health to enjoy it, is the wish of, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient Servant,

J. JAMES.

Pardon me for being so abrupt and perhaps unintelligible. I have waited for this tardy letter from Arthuret till I can wait no longer.

As you seem to think Mrs. Boucher will remain at home, I will take the liberty of inclosing to her in a frank, some directions for Sutherland<sup>1</sup>.

Sad news from the West Indies<sup>2</sup>! *sic omnia fatis in pectus ruere, &c.*

By the by, can you not contrive to make Oxford in the way to Bristol? I have calculated the distances and the difference is not many miles against you. At any rate; a pleasant journey to you.

J. J.

LXXX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

*Wednesday, December 26th, 1781.*

MY HONOURED FATHER,

On Monday last, the day before the arrival of your agreeable packet, I wrote to Boucher, to excuse myself to him for not accepting his Christmas treat. Some days before that I had a letter from him, containing a very pressing invitation, which I could not possibly have refused, had he not at the same time furnished me with a reason, which was, that he will be absent from Paddington all the time at least which I could spend there. On this score, and because I had not received any commands from Arthuret, I *lamented that I could*

<sup>1</sup> See Letter LXXXI.

<sup>2</sup> A severe hurricane had visited Jamaica in August, but the reference is probably to the alarm caused by the French capture on the 26th of October of St. Eustatius (or Eustatia), which had been taken from the Dutch on the 5th of February. The state of feeling is illustrated in an address and petition presented to the King, Jan. 2, 1782, from the West India Merchants who 'implore your Majesty . . . to direct that without delay reinforcements, naval and military, adequate to the permanent defence of your Majesty's West India Islands may be sent out, so that by the blessing of Providence those most valuable possessions may still be preserved to the British Empire' (Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1782, p. 42).

not with any propriety visit the Hermitage, at present; and I hardly think I can have done what would give me the greatest pain, obliged him. The cause of his absence he will himself probably have explained to you before this, and along with it the nature of his great work, which you take to be sermons, and he laughs at me for imagining to be something about Greek or Latin. It is indeed on many accounts more agreeable to me to remain where I am this winter. There is something ridiculous enough in the idea of visiting a man without seeing him. Besides which, the necessity of waiting on Dr. Brownrigg, which I mentioned to Mr. B., is sufficient cause for deferring the visit, and the business with which I am engaged here another, for letting it alone entirely perhaps. Should Dr. B. stay in town till Easter I may find the means of seeing him, which at another season will, I am afraid, be impracticable.

Seconded by your authority, I will take some occasion of mentioning, with as much modesty as I can, my notions to Dr. Wall. In a late visit I found he was apprised of Dr. Brownrigg's journey to London, and as I gave him reason to think I would see the Doctor, he does not perhaps expect me to write him. If still it seem necessary, I will inclose a letter shortly in a frank to you.

On enquiry, there seems some shadow of obligation to Dr. Nicolson for his late offer<sup>1</sup>. He has indeed determined to accept the vacant living, as a proof of which he yesterday came down from his throne in chapel and laid aside his surplice. But he may still keep pupils one quarter more if he chooses, so that his kindness is not *δωρον αδωρον*. It is by no means necessary to have a second tutor, against which I find myself as ready to declaim as Dr. Primrose against a second wife. The value therefore of the Doctor's favor is between three and four guineas. The late affair about the exhibition<sup>2</sup> seems not without favourable consequences. It has increased the Doctor's condescension to me; he has lent, and perhaps given me, a book (containing some excellent things in divinity, by Sherlock, Pearce, and Lord Littleton<sup>3</sup>), and has spoken warmly of my interest on several occasions.

<sup>1</sup> See Letter LXXVII, p. 174.

<sup>2</sup> See Letter LXXV, p. 160.

<sup>3</sup> The excellent things are probably (1) The Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus, by Thomas Sherlock, D.D., Bishop of London; (2) The Miracles of Jesus Vindicated, by Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester; and (3) Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul, in a Letter to Gilbert West, Esq., by George, Lord Lyttleton. All three were often reprinted, and sometimes bound up together.

Old Lowry<sup>1</sup> has of late been in remarkable spirits, and when in spirits I do not know anywhere a more cheerful and pleasant old man. He has taken for a considerable time past a medicine for the stone, by one Perrot I think, from which he believes himself to have received great benefit. He certainly got rid of a stone, some while ago, which was to all appearance corroded by the action of the solvent. In a late lecture Dr. Wall made some remarks on solvents in general, which tho' dubious, or weak in their operation, he observed have undoubtedly a power of relieving pain in a very surprizing manner. He seemed also of opinion that a discovery may be possibly be made of a solvent to act on the stone without injury to the body; similar to that digestive liquor of the stomach, which at the same time that it destroys and macerates substances of great hardness has no action on the part where it resides.

Our chemical lectures ceased some days ago. Having compleated my notes, which I hope to do very shortly, I mean to make a second attack on the Greek Testament, with the assistances you mention. Pray what sort of a commentator is Beza? I have his folio, with the Vulgate and his own version and criticisms, and confess myself taken with him. His opinions, as far as they are visible in his preface and a few of his annotations, seem orthodox enough; at least he reviles the Roman Catholics most vehemently, and dedicates his book to Queen Elizabeth. What is more, I find many criticisms on the New Testament in the notes of Simpson's Memorabilia are taken from Beza, but without references. Perhaps you are in the secret of this. The bookseller's bill which the Doctor will send you, consists of a Duport's<sup>2</sup> Psalter, a Grævius, Cicero's Epistles, three Huntingford's Introduction, and twice as many of his Second Part. Of these I sent two to Mr. B., and have been watching an opportunity to send you the others. It seems on the whole too easy: the verbs are all put in the right tense, and the substantives marked with figures to denote the case of each. Now what difficulty is there, or what remains for a boy to discover? These, and a chemical dictionary, three volumes 8<sup>o</sup>, make the whole. I have found several franks beside the two

<sup>1</sup> See p. 143, n. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Δαβίδης ἔμμετρος* sive metaphrasis libri Psalmorum Graecis versibus contexta cum versione Latina, Cambridge, 1666, 4to.; reprinted Oxford, 1712, 6mo.; by James Duport (1606-1679), Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Regius Professor of Divinity, 1632-1656; Prebendary of Lincoln, 1641; Archdeacon of Stow, 1641; Dean of Peterborough, 1664; Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, 1668; buried in Peterborough Cathedral, where his monument is in the north choir aisle.

I received last night. I must not therefore rob your other correspondents.

With love to the family and the usual compliments,

I am,

My honoured Father's very affectionate Son,

J. JAMES.

LXXXI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Upon this day, with what can I begin better, than with an earnest wish, that you may see many and happy returns of the new year, and that the evils, sickness, and cares of the late year may have expired with it? If Mr. Boucher is at Paddington, do me the favour to tell him I have put up the same prayers for him; that I take them to be *Christian and classical*, and am sure they are sincere. Perhaps you are keeping house by yourself, for if I understand Mr. Boucher right, he should at this time be at Bristol. The idea that I might possibly contribute to your entertainment by having *learnt to read* at College, was not the least inducement for me to visit Paddington this Christmas. This, and a thousand more *agreeablenesses*, I am under the necessity of sacrificing, for very weighty reasons; for you must do me the justice to believe the reasons weighty indeed that obliged me to resist your invitations. I am *sufficiently* happy here at present, and it is my interest to keep so; for to tell you the truth, a visit to Paddington is to me, what a new gown or a ball is to little Miss behind the counter: it makes me giddy, turns my head, and I cannot again *take to business* without regret and reluctance.

Perhaps this letter may find you, not at Paddington, as Mr. Boucher gives reason to think you may have made one of the party. I hope they will not send it after you; I should smile to think that the compliments of the season, and something about Sutherland the taylor should travel from Oxford to town, and from town to Bristol.

Upon due consideration I find it will be better to furnish myself with a new coat, which is all I want, in Oxford, than order it in London, where I cannot make choice of a pattern, not having time to wait, or run the risque and expence of carriage. Besides which, a different measure being necessary, I should be there in person, a thing now out of the question. Do me the favour to acquaint Sutherland when he next comes, with these circumstances, which to a *gentleman of his sense and politeness* will be a sufficient apology.

If the weather with you has been anything like ours, you have kept house very close of late. For this week past we have had little else than repeated showers of rain and hail, in consequence of which our valley is deluged with water.

Your constitution is now, I reckon, proof against these things. May it long continue so!

I am, dear Madam,

Your very affectionate  
and obedient humble Servant,

J. JAMES.

OXON, QUEENS, *January 1, 1782.*

LXXXII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

[Undated.]

MY HONOURED FATHER,

The freight of the frank I send you is so large that if there is room to ask you how you do, it is as much as the bargain. I write to Dr. B[rownrigg] in hopes to catch him before he leaves the country, and if possible to set him about fulfilling his promise to Dr. Wall. For if he does not send the fossils before he goes to London, it is a question whether they arrive these eight months. My acquaintance at Dr. Wall's is built entirely on his *mineral connexion* with Dr. Brownrigg. Should the Doctor neglect his engagement, I have no title to any further civilities: and my visits there are so agreeable and so *en famille* that I must manage to keep my ground if possible. I must, as upon all other occasions, request you to judge of the propriety of what I have written to the good Doctor. Censures, however severe from you, bring with them such advantages as cannot fail to make them highly acceptable. Boucher once remarked to me, that the letters of young men are mightily given to egotism,—he did not so much mean conceitedness as the repetition of that monosyllable *I*. *I* think, *I* observe, *I* believe, *I* flatter myself, are oftentimes qualifying and modest expressions; yet still the apparition of the person or writer himself has a bad effect. If *I* mistake not, my letters are too liberally garnished with this strutting vowel, the very dimensions of which force it into notice. *Mais comment faire!* On subjects where the matter arises from *yourself*, or is connected with your own opinion, observations, &c.—*comment faire!* The Greek, Latin, and modern Italian have a blessed advantage here, as they allow a man to shade himself by

retiring into a verb of the first person singular, and indeed our own journalists sometimes slip out of sight by a figure of more modesty than elegance. Do favour me with your criticism and advice on the subject. My wish is honestly that *you* should be more the hero of my letters than I.

From the little room and time—for it is now late—that remains, you must permit me to conclude, with love to my mother and the family. Golding has just been with me, desires his best respects, is much indisposed.

I am, my honoured Father,  
Your affectionate and obedient Son,  
J. JAMES.

Do not forget in the next advices to inform me particularly of the state of your foot. I wish you could join in the amusement we expect in a few days on the ice. The winter hitherto has been mild. I heard a thrush some days ago, and this morning. The frost is, however, commenced; my shoe-black informed me to-day that the bell-rope was a quarter of a yard longer than yesterday evening, an evident proof of the approach of dry weather. Dr. N. is just returned from town—have not had time to wait on him since.

## LXXXIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *January 22nd, 1782.*

MY HONOURED MOTHER,

Where will this letter find you—at Arthuret, Penrith, Carlisle, or where? Let it but find you well and happy, and the place is indifferent. The fourth of next February being the first Monday in the month, it is not probable that the school will meet sooner, so that one may fairly reckon you holiday-birds till then. All my fear is that my father's impertinent visitor, the gout, may have detained you at home; and whether it has left him or not I am yet in the dark. If a mild winter could expell it, and your winter has been not more severe than ours, I am satisfied the fit was short. Our winter from the beginning of December till now has hardly had a single cold day. The symptoms of frost mentioned in my last disappeared in a few days again, and the season is now so far advanced that even we who love skating so passionately, have laid aside all hopes and wishes for our favourite

weather. It would indeed be unconscionable to do otherwise. A frost at present would catch the earth with all her pores open, and if it should not ruin the hopes of the year, would completely destroy all that the mildness and warmth of the atmosphere has been bringing forward. From my windows I can observe an adjoining garden in which there are several lilachs ready to burst into leaf. By a late letter from my friend Thompson at Edinburgh, I find that vegetation there is in wonderful forwardness; so that it is reasonable to conclude that the season has been equally favourable to Arthuret. I mean to resume a project hatched last spring<sup>1</sup> for determining the difference of the time of vegetation here and in Cumberland. For this purpose we should agree to observe the flowering of the same plants. The most common and observable flowers will be most proper; and if I can prevail upon any of the family to choose their flowers, and give me a list of them, and then take a peep once a day at each, we may make out something like a probable calculation. In return, I am preparing a list of early and common plants to assist in making the selection. Perhaps we shall not find the climates to vary so much as they seemed to threaten last year.

I this morning closed accounts with my tutor, and am now my own cashier, &c., &c. He took care to inform me of the extent of the obligation he confers by this act of kindness, telling me that I am still to be supposed his pupil for the two following terms. He means to transmit his final account to you in a week or so, at which time I will send you my own. A late regulation in Queen's<sup>2</sup> will, it is to be hoped, assist in reducing the usual extravagant charge for eating, the College servants having no longer the liberty of taking out anything upon our names without a written order under our own hands.

The Doctor told me of Mrs. Tomlinson's marriage with Mr. Archdeacon<sup>3</sup>. He has so often mentioned it to me, that is not likely he

<sup>1</sup> See Letter LXV, p. 144.

<sup>2</sup> The College was at this time, it would seem, disposed to increase the stringency of its sumptuary regulations. In August, 1781, three Bachelor Taberdars were fined one pound each for having exceeded the sum allowed them to battel quarterly. (College Register, Aug. 20, 1781.)

<sup>3</sup> 'Mr. Archdeacon' was John Law, Archdeacon of Carlisle, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert, 1782; of Killala, 1787; and of Elphin, 1795. He married Anne, only daughter of the Rev. W. Plaskett, Vicar of Ganton, Yorkshire, and Brampton, Cumberland, and relict of John Thomlinson of Carlisle and Blencogo Hall, Cumberland (see Burke's Peerage, s. v. Ellenborough), a kinsman of Mr. Boucher's. She was also half-sister of James Wallace, the Attorney-General (see p. 104, n. 1). See Bishop Law's Life in Jefferson's Leath Ward, pp. 485 sqq.

may have been a little interested in the fate of the lady. If so,<sup>1</sup> it is unlucky she should have ruined his wishes by wedding just when he was empowered to make her Rectress of Newbould. He returned last Wednesday from getting himself inducted, was wet on his road, and complains of the rheumatism in his knee. My father would smile if it should prove the gout, caught by being read into a good living. He informs me too that Mrs. Gaskarth is dead.

I begin to look for the pots of char you mention. Pray be kind enough to tell me how they are to be cut, as I suppose the good people have rarely seen any such thing, and will apply to me for instructions. Dr. Wall and Mr. Lowry have entertained me very genteely, or if you like it, hospitably of late. I must desire to be informed in the first letter whether it is my father's intention that I should attend Dr. Wall's second course of Chemistry, which begins the twelfth of next month. I have not enquired the Doctor's terms; but in all likelihood they will be two guineas this second course, after which I shall be free of them for ever. These are the terms of most of the lectures in Oxford. I wrote some time since about your Prayer-book to my brother, but have had no answer. No opportunity has yet offered of sending you one from Oxford. I comfort myself with the assurance that the want of it cannot have spoilt your devotions. Is there any probability of Dr. Brownrigg's coming through Oxford? What do you say now to the aspect of Boucher's fortune<sup>1</sup>? The good charitable benefactress is a maiden lady of the same village, wonderfully taken with Mr. B.; so that should Mrs. B. give up her place, which may she long hold, he would be in danger perhaps from his gratitude. They tell me Pattinson is at Netherby, from whence he has made application to this College for Appleby School<sup>2</sup>; but his credit here is, I am afraid, not very great.

I am, my honoured Mother,

Your obedient and affectionate Son,

J. JAMES.

<sup>1</sup> The 'maiden lady of the same village' was a Miss Barton, the daughter of a silk mercer in Ludgate Hill. She took a house on Paddington Green, so as to be near the Bouchers. About this time Mr. Boucher accompanied her to Bristol, where she was ordered to take the waters, and before setting out she made a will entirely in his favour. The waters however did her no good, and in less than a month she returned home, and died on March 31st of this year, leaving Mr. Boucher possessed of property worth not less than £500 a year. (Extracted from Mr. Boucher's MS. Autobiography.) There is a monument to her memory in Paddington Church.

<sup>2</sup> At this time the Head Mastership of Appleby School was in the gift of

## LXXXIV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, OXON, *January 26th, 1782.*

MY DEAR SIR,

My brother tells me you are returned from your Bristowan jaunt, and I find a desire I will not baulk to welcome you home again. Your health can never be too good to be enquired after, so do not refuse me the satisfaction of knowing that the air or waters or the medical genius of the place have added new firmness to your constitution, and that Mrs. B. is at least no worse by staying at home. Besides, what anecdotes have you picked up on your journey. You have visited the seat of the archives of Rowley, and I know would not omit the opportunity of satisfying your eyes and ears with all the information to be got by a stranger on the subject of the controversy<sup>1</sup>.

Have you seen Mills<sup>2</sup> in 4<sup>to</sup>? I have been casting about to get a peep at him, for, after your example, I have read Bryant<sup>3</sup>, and am now warmed with the question. We have it here that T. Warton<sup>4</sup> is preparing a pamphlet in answer to Bryant, roused, no doubt, by the personal address, which you must remember; and that he declares himself *more an infidel now than ever*. How he will contrive to controvert the facts adduced by the old gentleman, without the aid of some of Berkeley's scepticism, it is difficult to guess. For my own part, allowing these to be true, the point seems so decided that I must think any man a stubborn unbeliever indeed who draws another conclusion. My tutor, however, says *audi alteram partem*; it is, however, impossible to suspend judgement in this case, and I shall read Warton's

Queen's College. Pattinson's application was unsuccessful, the appointment being given to James Coward, (entered Batler, 1773; B.A. 1777; M.A. 1781; Fellow 1787; B.D. 1796). There was at this time some dispute on the part of the governors as to the right of the appointment ceded to the College in 1671 in consideration of donations from Bishops Barlow and Smith, the Rev. Randal Sanderson, and Sir John Lowther, Bart. See Appendix J.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Tyrwhitt, had published Chatterton's productions in 1777, with an Appendix, to prove that they were not written by any ancient author, and the controversy was now raging.

<sup>2</sup> Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a commentary by Jeremiah Mills, D.D., Dean of Exeter. London, 1782.

<sup>3</sup> Observations upon the Poems of Thomas Rowley, by Jacob Bryant. London, 1781.

<sup>4</sup> An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, by Thomas Warton, F.S.A., who had been Professor of Poetry, and was afterwards Professor of Ancient History and Poet Laureate. London, 1782.

answer more from curiosity than hopes of proof. *He* cannot, I think, make any use of the late instance of Macpherson's<sup>1</sup> imposture. The existence of Rowley in MS. is sufficiently proved, and the loss of those MSS. sufficiently accounted for, to make the cases entirely different, to say nothing of the actual detection of the Scotchman's fraud. Then the internal evidence of Rowley's poems is of the most convincing kind, whereas that of Ossian is scarcely any evidence at all; for to rhapsodize like the son of Fingal requires no depth of historical, or almost other knowledge, as is plain from the ease with which he is imitated.

My literary employment for some time past has been chiefly directed to the Greek Testament; and whatever might be my veneration for the sacred volume before, it is now increased to a strong affection. The plan I pursue is such as was recommended by yourself and our friend at Arthuret—to obtain in the first place an accurate critical knowledge, leaving the load of expositions and comments to some other time. Beza is certainly what Casaubon says of him—*Linguae Græcæ cognitione maximus*. He not only shews that the words, &c., he condemns in Erasmus and the Vulgate are not translations of the Greek, but shews of what words they are translations. He is, however, a strong disciple of Calvin, which accounts for the inveteracy he displays against the Church of Rome; but he has reserved the main body of his divinity till the Epistles, whither I am not yet arrived. I have provided myself with Leigh's *Critica Sacra*<sup>2</sup>, which, with Pasor and Beza, may be supposed to form a compleat Lexicon of the New Testament. To these I am going, in my usual way, to request some additions from you, after having explained to you the occasion. When I was last with you you more than once advised me to get an acquaintance with Hebrew, for many weighty reasons, and among the rest, for one consideration which has with me the force of an argument, that I might at another visit assist in reviving what you had formerly learnt in the language. An opportunity just now offers for this purpose, the

<sup>1</sup> Fingal, and other Poems by Ossian, by James Macpherson. London, 1762.

<sup>2</sup> *Critica Sacra*. Observations on all the Radices or primitive Hebrew words of the Old Testament, in order Alphabetical, by Edward Legh, Esquier, M<sup>r</sup>. of Arts of both Universities. London, 1641, 4to. 3rd ed. 1662.

*Critica Sacra* or Philological and Theological Observations upon all the Greek words of the New Testament in order Alphabetical, by Edward Leigh, Esquire, Master of Arts and a Member of the House of Commons. London, 2nd ed. 1646, 4th ed. 1662.

In the title-page of the two late editions above specified he is called Edward Leigh, Esquire, M<sup>r</sup>. of Arts of Magdalen Hall in Oxford.

Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic<sup>1</sup> being about to read lectures in Hebrew (on the 31st of this month), to which we undergraduates are admitted by the recommendation of our tutors. Being resolved, in consequence of your persuasions, to adventure, I this morning waited upon my tutor, whose opinions on many things of this nature are not the most liberal. He granted, however, his certificate, but not without marks of indifference, and some observations on the disrepute into which he said the study of the language had been brought by the extravagancies of some Hutchinsonian<sup>2</sup> divines of *this University*.

The request, then, I have to make to you is that you will, with your usual goodness, lend me any of your Hebrew books—grammars and dictionaries—that you can spare without inconvenience, and think useful. I am entirely unprovided with things of this kind, and wish to borrow till I am sure I shall not repent of buying,—and there is no man in the world to whom I apply with more confidence than to you, or with more gratitude. The most convenient way of sending me these books will be to leave them at the turnpike-house, as you go from Paddington to Kensington Gardens, to be given to Whiten's stage-coach, which passes that way to Oxford every morning about eight o'clock<sup>3</sup>; if you cannot well send them thither, my brother will undertake to have them conveyed to me by the carrier.

Have you seen 2 vols. 8vo. published here lately by one Gutch<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Ford of Christ Church, matriculated from Pembroke College, July 9, 1776, æt. 23, 'son of Henry, of Cranbrook, co. Kent, Gent.' (Chester); B.A. 1780; M.A. 1783; D.C.L. 1788; afterwards Principal of Magdalen Hall, 1788–1813. See also p. 202, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> For the Hutchinsonians see Blunt's Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, etc. Lond. 1874, pp. 212, 213. They held that the key to all scientific and philosophical truth is to be found in the Holy Scriptures. They attached much importance to types. They endeavoured to overthrow the Newtonian theory of gravitation. They had peculiar views about points in Hebrew, and some of their physico-theological views were regarded as heretical. Bishop Horne, The Rev. W. Jones of Nayland, Parkhurst, the Hebrew Lexicographer and Romaine the early Evangelical, are classed as belonging to this school. In the Bodleian is a coarse anonymous attack on them with a parody of the Athanasian Creed, *Symbolum H...nianum*, by T. Jack, Professor of Conundrums. London, 1730; and *A word to the Hutchinsonians*, by a member of the University animadverting on Sermons published by the Rev. Dr. Patten, the Rev. Mr. Wetherall and the Rev. Mr. Horne. London, 1756.

<sup>3</sup> Whiten's coach-office was opposite Queen's College. See advertisement in Jackson's Oxford Journal, Jan. 5, 1782.

<sup>4</sup> John Gutch, M.A., F.S.A., matriculated from All Souls College, Feb. 23, 1765, æt. 19, 'son of John, of Wells (city), Gent.' (Chester); Chaplain of All Souls, Registrar of the University 1797–1824. He was also Rector of S. Clement's (1795–1831), where there is an inscription to his memory as well as in the church-yard of S. Peter's in the East. In a MS. diary of his, under the date Dec. 15, 1781, occurs this entry: 'Publication of *Collectanea Curiosa* finished for delivery. 750

under the title of *Collectanea Curiosa*, and containing a variety of papers relative to history and antiquities, most of them new? I have looked them over, but found them in general somewhat dry. Some memorials, however, of the conduct of the seven bishops—*nonjuring*, I think they are called—in the memorable year 1688 are highly entertaining. There is also a character of William I, by Sir H. Wotton, a piece of very strong language. One paper, a memorial concerning the Universities, has given great offence to our grandees. It proposes the means of a reformation in those establishments, chiefly to correct the Jacobitish principles prevailing at the time when it was written. One proposition, the most obnoxious to my tutor, is to limit the term of every fellowship to twenty years; for that by a longer possession *they are overrun with the spleen and get sottish*. This is evidently the case at Queen's; and the former part with nobody more than Dr. Nicolson. He is, however, on the point of seeking a refuge from ennui in a snug living, just fallen in Warwickshire, into which he was inducted very lately.

I have taken the liberty to inclose a letter to my brother, and, as you like Latin verse, a Latin ode for your inspection. The date you may observe to be New Year's Day<sup>1</sup>, at which time the younger members of our society make their annual compliments to the Provost and Dean, generally in prose, but, as Mr. Murthwaite was at that time *Vice-Dean*, and a lover of Latin verse<sup>2</sup>, I ventured to address him, as you see. I hate *to harangue on what I sing*, but it may be necessary to inform you that the allusions in this ode are to Murthwaite's well-known peculiarities; his skill in criticism, his wit, his love of books, perfumes and essences, and tobacco. With best compliments to Mrs. Boucher,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

J. JAMES.

LXXXV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR SIR,

QUEEN'S COLL., *January 31st, 1782.*

What do you say to my request for Hebrew books? To-day we had our first lecture, upon the alphabet and vowels. The Professor is a Subscribers. 1000 Copies printed.' It is interesting to remark that J. James' daughter married a son of this 'one Gutch.'

<sup>1</sup> For other ceremonies at the College on New Year's Day, see Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, ii. 292 n.

<sup>2</sup> For a specimen of Murthwaite's Latin verses, see Bloxam's Register of Magdalen College, i. 193.

young man<sup>1</sup>, preferred to this post, I believe, by Lowth. He lectures at home in a snug private room, which will no doubt assist in *familiarizing* the language. It did not strike me when I pointed out the means of conveying the books to me, that Whiten's coach stops every morning at half past seven o'clock at the Green Man and Still in Holborn, to take in parcels, whither you may find it more convenient to send. I have not time to add anything but compliments to Mrs. B. and that

I am, my dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and humble servant,

J. JAMES.

LXXXVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR SIR,

We proceed briskly with our Hebrew, having waded through all Leusden's *Epitome of Buxtorf*<sup>2</sup>. The Professor does nothing more than point out the passages most worth remembrance; and in the praxis, read, construe and analyse a few sentences at a time, and then make us do the same. I am much pleased with the language as far as I have advanced. The simplicity, order, connection I everywhere see give me hopes of an easy conquest. To read both the sacred volumes in their original language will be an acquisition worth purchasing by any labours. My attention to the Hebrew has been diverted these few days past by some foolish, but necessary business I have to do in the Schools<sup>3</sup>, previous to my degree. I have been sitting there to-day, *fixis pedibus*, till I am starved; and have the same penance to undergo to-morrow. You have heard of the death of Dr. Graham of Netherby<sup>4</sup>. The news was brought me by a letter from home last Sunday in which I was informed that all were well at Arthuret. The reason of your remaining so long without an answer

<sup>1</sup> See p. 190, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Johannis Buxtorfii Epitome Grammaticae Hebraeae à Johanne Leusden, Editio quarta, Lugduni Batavorum, 1716, in 16mo.* The copy in the College Library 'Bibliothecae Taberd. moriens legavit Robertus Atkinson, A.M. Coll. Reg. quondam socius & Ecclesiae de Newnham cum Mapledorwell in Com. Hant. Rector dignissimus, 1761.' It does not appear to be in the Bodleian Library.

<sup>3</sup> Before proceeding to his degree every undergraduate had to be present during two day's vivâ voce of other candidates. This was called sitting in the schools.

<sup>4</sup> Died. 'On his journey to London, the Rev. Dr. Graham, of the co. of Cumberland, supposed to be an Episcopum designatus.' *Gent. Mag.* Feb. 1782.

is the rambling life you and they have led since Christmas. Do you think the death of Dr. G. can affect my father's inter[ests]. The loss of preferment in case of the Dr.'s exaltation is no disappointment as my father never indulged any hopes of that kind. Should the living of Arthuret be given to him to hold for some of the younger children, it would perhaps be something more to the purpose than anything he would have received from the *Bishop*.

My respects and best wishes to Mrs. Boucher.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *February 14th, 1782.*

LXXXVII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

Let me not be among the last to congratulate my dear and honoured father on his good fortune! I wish I could express to you my sensations last evening when I learnt that you were arrived in London, and meant shortly to be in Oxford; and that you were now Rector of Arthuret and Kirkandrews<sup>1</sup>. I have a thousand things to ask, by whose kindness this has been brought about, whom I am to thank, and perhaps, how much; for I have no exact idea of the value of what he has conferred. These and many others must be deferred till I can have an answer, the most agreeable of all others, from your own mouth. My joy upon this occasion, though unlooked for, and the first of the kind which fortune had permitted me to experience, was by no means extravagant. It was thankful and pious; concluding with a prayer that Providence may continue its bounty, and grant you health to enjoy it. The only thing that seems to lessen the pleasure of this occasion is my brother's indisposition. This I trust will be

<sup>1</sup> Died. 'Feb. 15. Cha. Graham, esq. (eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Robt. Graham, whose death was mentioned in our last, p. 94). He was at London on a visit of business; had in the morning of that day presented the rev. Mr. James of Arthuret to his father's livings of Kirkandrews upon Esk and Arthuret, worth together 1200*l.* per annum. The presentation was signed between twelve and one o'clock; at four the same afternoon, Mr. James received institution from the Bp. of Carlisle, and at six Mr. Graham died.' *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1782. Charles Graham, as well as his father, was buried at Arthuret. Their epitaphs are in Hutchinson, vol. ii. p. 682.

presently removed. Your arrival will be a powerful medicine, and I hope to be told by you that he is perfectly recovered, or in fair way to it. Your journey to town will, I flatter myself, have many *restorative* effects. My cousin, who I am persuaded only wishes for a proper opportunity to apologize, will now have it in his power to reconcile himself. Do me the favour to make my respects to my uncle, whom I expect to have the pleasure of seeing here in a few days along with you. Few people will rejoice more sincerely than Mr. Boucher. I have figured to myself your meeting, and would sooner have been of the party than at the most splendid Court in Europe.

My tutor and I have just had some conversation on the subject of your taking a degree, of which he tells me he has sent you necessary information. He said so little about your success, and was so serious and chilly, that were it not inconsistent with the charitable spirit of this morning's solemnity, I could almost suspect he was not pleased. This appearance of coolness might however proceed from a very natural cause, my feelings were as they should be stronger than his and I expected more than was natural or reasonable. What he has told you about procuring lodgings in an adjoining house is, I suppose, needless; as you will more probably stay at your inn, and entertain your company at the College common-room, which will doubtless be at your service. At any rate, the rooms mentioned by the Doctor are occupied; as indeed are most of the good lodgings in Oxford. When you have determined what to do in this case, I must desire you to send me instructions, that I may provide beds, &c., &c., in good time.

Adieu, my dear Father,

And believe me your affectionate and [dutiful son]

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S COLL., Oxon, *February 17th, 1782.*

LXXXVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, Oxford, *27th February, 1782.*

MY HONOURED MOTHER,

I must not lose the opportunity by my tutor's frank of asking how you and the dear family do, and congratulating you on our

late good fortune. I cannot express to you how much I was delighted and surprized to hear of my father and uncle's arrival in London, and with what eagerness I looked for their coming hither. On Monday evening they arrived; think how I rejoiced to receive them, especially as I found them perfectly well, my father in particular considerably improved by travelling, or perhaps by success. The only thing to diminish our satisfaction is my brother's illness; but this we have every reason to think is going off. The sight of his father will be more powerful than a shop-full of medicines. You can hardly conceive how exceedingly my father has been and continues to be hurried. He himself is telling you the trouble and perplexities he has been involved in, with so little appearance of success. The papers necessary to his degree<sup>1</sup>, which should have been here on Monday, are not yet arrived, though twice sent for. This morning my coz went off to London for them; and if not peculiarly unfortunate, will be here again with them to-morrow before eight o'clock, in which case my father's degree may be conferred on Saturday. 'Twill be a busy and troublesome day. The College is to be mustered in order to walk behind in procession, preceded by the Vice-Chancellor, with half-a-dozen beadles—great and gross fellows with maces. A dinner is to be given to [the] greatest part of this company, but from which, and any part of the entertainment afterwards, I am by the usage of the University excluded. It looks odd to separate father and son in this manner, but customs of this kind are observed here most rigidly, and cannot be dispensed with on this or any occasion. Dr. N. manifests great and, I believe, very sincere joy. When I first waited on him, after the receipt of the news, the day was gloomy and the Doctor embarrassed with the appearance of the trouble he was to suffer in preparing my father's way. This gave an air of coldness to his manner of wishing me joy, which excited some uncharitable suspicions. But he is warm and I am sure sincere.

I have had very little of my father's company, nor is it likely I shall have much. He will tell you I am perfectly well. Let me know as soon as possible that you are recovered, that sisters and Hugo are well and happy. My father is in spirits; delighted with the revival of old ideas. Our grand difficulty is to keep my uncle entertained. He has conceived bad notions of this lounging life. Adieu!

I am,

My honoured Mother's very affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix K. for the Chancellor's Letter, etc.

## LXXXIX.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

OXFORD, *March 1, 1782.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Hurry and bustle have here, as in London, persecuted me, and I have had little time to fulfill my promise of writing to you. From the dilatoriness of the Chancellor in signing the letter<sup>1</sup> applied for, I have been a good deal put about, which my nephew, if you see him (and I have desired him to call on you on his return), will explain to you. Things are now, however, going on swimmingly. I meet with the utmost respect and civility, and to-morrow I shall be admitted to my degree with *vast eclat*. Here, too, as in London, I am hurt not a little by the bustle; but it grows easier, and to-morrow all will be well. On Sunday morning at the latest—to-morrow evening says my brother—we set our faces northward, and hope to be there by Wednesday.

Shepherd is the only person I can think of for the chaplaincy, but he lives at Hungerford in Berkshire; and whether he will accept of it, eligible as it seems, is doubtful. If you think of making him the compliment, you will be so good as write to him yourself. But as I have taken no steps in the business, you will consider yourself at full liberty to do as you please.

Let me hear from you soon at Arthuret. My love to dear Nelly. God bless you both!

Your most affectionate friend,

J. J.

Love from John.

## XC.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

*March 13, 1782.*

No, my dear friend; you and your affairs are not indifferent to me. The days and transactions of old are still remembered with pleasure, and will be among the last things that are forgotten. I feel myself deeply interested in everything that befalls you, and was affected in a manner more than common by the account you gave of yourself and family. Happy parents, happy children! May nothing ever happen to interrupt your happiness! Within this week, the

<sup>1</sup> See preceding Letter and Appendix K.

papers have informed me, that you are presented to the livings of Arthuret and Kirk-Andrews—the very point that was to be wished for. The patron, I am sure, has done himself great credit, and the parishioners ought to thank him. I sincerely rejoice with yourself and Nancy upon the occasion; and hope the gout will permit you to enjoy your preferment, and that you will long reign the best and happiest parson in the country. Poor Dr. Graham! Death has terminated all his prospects, and turned the lawn sleeves into a winding-sheet.

From one Doctor to another the transition is natural. A son of Dr. Dodwell's<sup>1</sup> made me a visit last week, and gave me, with tears in his eyes, a most melancholy description of his father, who, it seems, has almost outlived all his faculties, and is unfortunately very perverse and unmanageable. He was an able and sound Divine, and had such a wonderful pleasure and facility in composing sermons, that I know he will leave at least four hundred behind him. But all is over with him; and he has such strange whims and fancies as are sadly distressing to all about him.

Though last not least in love, a third Doctor must be introduced. I mean, our old and valuable friend Dr. Nicolson, who is now in possession of one of our best College Livings. It is situated indeed in a dirty country, but is in all other respects unexceptionable. Intimate as we two have been these forty years, he hardly ever mentioned Fanny to me, either living or dead. He does not know what a deliverance he has had; and I rather think he will never make a second connection. My predecessor's son<sup>2</sup> was lately elected upon the new Foundation, and I have been endeavouring to bring him acquainted with *lile Johnny James*, who is the best lad and best scholar of his time. Hobson acquitted himself remarkably well upon his examination; and if I can but introduce him into good company, I shall have no farther fears about him. Docker, I am told, thinks himself extremely unfortunate, that neither Nicolson nor I should settle in Hampshire. Honest fellow! It is pleasing to hear that our old acquaintance retain sentiments of kindness and affection towards us. But think how awkwardly we four are situated; Hampshire, Somersetshire, Warwickshire, and Solway Moss.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 4, n. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Hobson, entered Commoner 1781, matriculated Oct. 28, æt. 18, 'son of Rev. Thomas, of Holwell, co. Somerset' (Chester); B.A. 1785; M.A. 1788. His father matriculated Nov. 23, 1773, æt. 19, 'son of Rev. Thomas, of Salkeld Magna, Cumb.' (Chester). See p. 39, n. 1.

Three years have now rolled over my head at Holwell, with some desires of being useful to my neighbours, but alas! with very indifferent success. And yet I cannot think that wickedness abounds in this country more than in others, except the article of intemperance in a good cyder year.

How could it come into your head to make enquiries about my studies? Don't you know that a newspaper, magazine, and review, constitute the whole of a country parson's reading? Nay, many an honest man goes no farther than the first of these three branches. You were very obliging to speak so favourably of my nephew. I sent the account to Whitehaven, and made the old folks happy. If no other method of conveyance offers, you may send the enclosed by the post. No occasion for any hurry. Best and warmest wishes attend you and Co. What do you think now of a Doctor's Degree? All objections are removed, and additional reasons have taken place.

Adieu! most sincerely yours,

R. R.

XCI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been very rude and naughty not to make my acknowledgments to you before for the books you sent me. My father told me that you talked of giving me all of them but Parkhurst<sup>1</sup>. I know your generosity in many, many instances: but must venture to dispute my father's report in the present. The books, and especially the beautiful little edition of the Hebrew Bible, celebrated, I find, for its neatness and correctness, are so curious that you would be extravagant to throw them away upon me. If, however, you insist on ratifying what he said, accept my warmest and politest thanks, which is all the return I can make at present, and is poor enough. He flattered me at the same time with the promise of a letter from you, which I continue to expect with impatience. It was, he informed me, to warn me against Hutchinsonianis[m], that is, I suppose, against the infection of those doctrines which the author of the *Lexicon*<sup>2</sup> has scattered so profusely over every part of his book. I shall be happy to receive such an antidote against this poison as I well know you can administer. It will secure me compleatly from being drawn aside from the opinions

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 166, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> sc. Parkhurst.

which I at present entertain, and which are probably such as you approve. The tenets he seems most solicitous to inculcate are, as far as I can find, a new system of philosophy, deduced from certain mysterious roots, and laboured interpretations of certain passages in the Bible. His notions seem in many instances similar to those of Jones<sup>1</sup>; but they are only made for such as are previously acquainted with the subject, and have read Hutchinson<sup>2</sup>: at least, I have not been able to collect any tolerable idea of the doctrine from the hints that have yet occurred. What I have hitherto seen, instead of converting me, has only made me wonder; I would say laugh, were I not aware that some of the most sensible people of the age maintain the same opinion. I must therefore continue to wonder, for I dare not laugh, and can never become a proselyte. I have, however, got much instruction and entertainment from Parkhurst. That part of his work which treats of the natural history of the SS. is new and peculiarly agreeable. I did not tell you that I was learning Hebrew by the points. This is certainly the more difficult method, and, perhaps for that reason, appears now the more agreeable. I confess I cannot see why the other party declaim so vehemently against punctuation as a rabbinical corruption, for their own method is doubtless as great a deviation from the ancient mode of pronouncing as that of the Masorites<sup>3</sup>. If it makes the language more difficult to be learnt—the only solid objection I can see against it—it makes it also more pleasing to the ear by giving a greater variety of sounds; and there are many instances in which it greatly assists in understanding the text, by shewing at once the mood and conjugation of the verb, the discovery of which would otherwise have cost much time and pains. And, after all, he who can read Hebrew with points may soon learn to read without them.

My father's letter would inform you of the trouble he had to obtain his degree in time. He left us the Sunday after, and arrived, as I was informed by a few lines last Tuesday, the Thursday following. Among the most agreeable circumstances of his journey to town was the short time he spent with you. His letter assures me that he was never

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 165, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> John Hutchinson (1674-1737) was Steward to the Duke of Somerset. His peculiar views, for which see p. 190, n. 2, were published in a book called *Moses' Principia*, written to attack *The Natural History of the Earth*, by Dr. Woodward, who was physician to the Duke.

<sup>3</sup> The composers of the Masorah (tradition) or body of observations concerning the verses, words, and letters of the text of the Old Testament, compiled between the sixth and the eleventh centuries. The vowel marks are referred to by them.

better in his life, and that he found all well. In what state is your political thermometer? How does your pulse beat? I take this to be a critical time for you<sup>1</sup>. I shall be glad to hear that matters turn out as you wish. Be so good as present my compliments to Mrs. B., who I was rejoiced to hear is pretty well recovered.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate and faithful humble servant.

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, Oxon, *March 13th, 1782.*

XCII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, Oxon, *March 19th, 1782.*

MY HONOURED FATHER,

Once again welcome to dear Arthuret! How joyful, how agreeable would be your meeting with our beloved friends! You found them well, they received you in perfect health. The assurance of this was almost all that was wanting to fill up the measure of joy. If anything is yet wanting, it is my brother's recovery, and I have every reason to think this is at hand. In a very late letter he tells me that his throat is much better. His relaxed habit of body, which gave you the principal concern, as it is doubtless the effect of confinement, will, it is to be hoped, be presently removed by change of air and exercise. My brother's turn was always active, his amusements in the country were of that kind, and for this reason most likely his present mode of life, in which there is certainly little fresh air, or exercise, has not agreed with him. Perhaps the time he has spent in Lombard Street has not been so entirely lost as you seemed to apprehend. He has certainly improved his skill in figures, and seen much business at no great expence, and it appears that thousands who have been very successful in various professions have begun on the same line, and quitted it as he has done. He does not tell me when he thinks of removing, but it will not be long, I suppose, as he has given them warning, and his room will shortly be wanted.

And how do you feel yourself with your new honours? Are your ears yet reconciled to your new title? Has the family learnt to address you without smiling? It would afford them high entertainment to hear

<sup>1</sup> The probable fall of Lord North's ministry, which was then imminent and was in fact announced in the next week (March 20th), would be felt by Mr. Boucher to foreshadow the giving up the struggle with America and the consequent end to his own hopes of restoration to his parish and lands there.

an account of the ceremony of conferring a degree in Oxford. I should have rejoiced to have been present at your recital of your adventures. If the ceremony of making a doctor pleased them, they would not, I think, approve of that ceremony which, by the etiquette of this place, makes a father almost ashamed to be seen in his son's company. It hurt me considerably that I could be so little with you, either in private or public. At the distance of three hundred miles you hardly appear to be farther from me than when you were in the common-room at Queen's. But this is etiquette, that *παντων βασιλευς*, to which I must submit with my best grace. I think my uncle, to whom along with my aunt I beg my affectionate respects, did not leave this place with the most favourable impressions. Our curiosities, vertù, and the inertness of a college life, are by no means to his taste. He would rather be the guest than the Fellow of any society in Oxford. Had your coming hither been a fortnight later, you would have found the judges in Oxford, and my uncle might have had entertainment more to his mind. The mention of judges suggests to me that it is necessary to acquaint you with an affair which happened in Queen's during the Assizes, and which, should it appear in the papers, without names, might make you a little uneasy. A commoner of our society, in attempting to get into court, received some ill language from a door-keeper. The fellow recollected afterwards that he had been abusive, and came down to Queen's, half drunk, to beg pardon. He found the gentleman at home, at supper with two friends, and having made his apology, was invited to drink, which he did, first rum and then shrub, in such quantities that he presently fell to the ground senseless. In this condition he was removed by some of the college servants to an adjoining public-house, but as nobody would take him in, was left for three hours during a very cold night in the street. He was next day carried home in a high fever and delirium, accompanied with a violent strangury, and died the day following. The young men have been examined by a jury and acquitted; but the affair is ugly and will not do much credit to the college, as it is generally known. The owner of the rooms is the eldest son of the late Judge Blackstone<sup>1</sup>.

Dr. Nicolson is preparing to leave college, and sent for me yesterday to assist him in packing up his books. We filled four boxes very successfully, but have not cleared above a third part of the whole. He uttered many ejaculations, as if he felt cold at the solemnity of these

<sup>1</sup> Henry Blackstone, entered Commoner, 1780; matriculated Oct. 28, æt. 17, 'fil. max. of Sir William, of St. Peter's, Wallingford, Berks' (Chester); proceeded B.A. 1783; M.A. 1786. His father had died before this in 1780.

preparations, or they might proceed from the embarrassment he visibly labours under in a business to which he has served no regular apprenticeship. He often expresses his satisfaction in the most affectionate manner at your success, and treats me with more familiarity and friendship than ever. I shall endeavour to detain him in college till the spring is pretty far advanced: had I your power I think I should labour to induce him to take a helpmate. A chearful, good-natured woman, not too young, would certainly be the best security he could have against the ennuï of his solitary spot. He talks upon no subject with more life and vivacity. He commissions me to make his best compliments to *Dr.* and *Mrs.* James.

About a week after you left us our Hebrew lectures ended; I have been since that time plodding very diligently, and am quite master of the Book of Esther, with a considerable part of Genesis. I one evening drank tea with the Professor and his wife<sup>1</sup>, who is niece to the Bishop of Oxford, her husband's patron. The Professor has more learning than address. He was formerly very low in life, and seems to have mingled with the world too late to get rid of some peculiarities, that appear very surprizing to a stranger. He is a deep and a very communicative scholar, two virtues that make a further acquaintance with him very desirable. I am afraid it will be impracticable and improper to comply with the advice he gave me to learn Arabic, in which he lectures next term. Hebrew is surely enough for the present. I continue in my resolution to become a candidate for one of the Chancellor's prizes, and must request all your critical assistance. I hope to have something ready for your inspection very shortly if I can succeed in collecting materials, and the vein flow. Not much news from the press. Soame Jenyns<sup>2</sup> has sent out a bundle of metaphysical disquisitions, and T. Wharton<sup>3</sup> an answer to Bryant and Mills's Vindication of Rowley. These are the chief.

I am, my honoured Father,

Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Ford, for whom see p. 190, n. 1. There is a caricature of him, 'Drawn, etched, and published by Dighton, Charing Cross, June 1808,' called a view from Magdalen Hall, Oxford. His wife, to whom he was married at Cuddesdon in October 1731, was Margareta Louisa Yates, niece to John Butler, Bishop of Oxford (see p. 108, n. 1), whose first wife was a lady who kept a school at Westminster, his second the sister and co-heiress of Sir Charles Vernon, of Farnham.

<sup>2</sup> Disquisitions on several Subjects, by Soame Jenyns, London, 1782, 8vo.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 188, n. 4.

XCIH.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *March 20, 1782.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In writing to some friends in London last week, which I was under the necessity of doing, I just gave you a line to satisfy you for the present, that I thought of you among the foremost, and to remove any concern you might have about my getting well again to my family after being put so much out of my way. It was indeed a vast affair—when I look back upon the last five weeks I am astonished at my own exertions, and cannot but consider it as one fortunate circumstance, which led to all the good fortune which I experienced within that time, that I had not leisure to think of it beforehand—for I should certainly have sickened at the very idea. All great things perhaps are taken up, if not done, in a hurry, while they are seen in the lump only, and before the mind has time to analyse them.

I was happy in finding my boy at Oxford not only in high health and spirits, but credit too. He gave me a hint of his starting for the prize this year; which, though I have no hopes of his success, I could not help encouraging—I am sure he will not be last, and who knows what it may lead to? The subject is *Columbus*. I had the Professor of Poetry<sup>1</sup> (the prize master) to dine with me—as Proctor—and I hope John will not fare the worse for my attention to him. He is doing very cleverly, I believe, in Hebrew—but I recommended it to let everything give way for the present to the other business—though he assured me there would be no occasion for it.

Love to Nelly, with every good wish from all here to you both—and with a thousand thanks too for your kindness and attention. Adieu!

Yours most affectionately,  
J. J.

<sup>1</sup> John Randolph, Student of Christ Church, matriculated June 17, 1767, æt. 17, 'son of Dr. Thomas, of Oxford City' (Chester); B.A. 1771; M.A. 1774; Professor of Poetry, 1776–1783; Junior Proctor, 1781–1782; B.D. 1782; D.D. 1783; Regius Professor of Divinity, 1783–1807; and successively Bishop of Oxford, Bangor, and London.

## XCIV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEENS, *May 3*, —82.

MY DEAR SIR,

It was not till to-day that I could procure you any information about the vacancy at Wadham. All that I have been able to learn is that the place of Bible-clerk is not yet vacant, nor likely to be so except the person who now has it succeeds to a Scholarship for which he is candidate. He is however opposed by a Servitor of his own College. When the election will happen, or what is the value of the place, I have not yet learnt, having no acquaintance with the society, and therefore forced to employ a friend who has, but for some reason or other could get me no account till to-day<sup>1</sup>.

I should have waited till Monday for the sake of sending you more particulars, had I not been alarmed with a letter from my mother a few minutes ago, who, frightened by Golding's description of my brother, talks of coming to see him. I myself, I confess have my fears from his silence. He promised me a letter immediately. Am I to impute it to second relapse that he has broke his word? My mother says that on Thursday last a gentleman in the neighbourhood was to set off for London, with whom, if my father would give his consent, she proposed to travel. If my brother is not actually worse, this journey will certainly be improper for her, and perhaps prejudicial to him too. And yet so unfortunate is our distance that it is impossible to prevent it, or even— if she set off at the time mentioned—to apprise you in proper time of her arrival. Upon second perusal, she does not determine to come, except she receives no confirmation of our reports. So here is another chance; and for this reason I shall leave it to you to break it to my brother, if you think it necessary. They would receive a letter from me this morning with what I think a sufficient confirmation, but if she kept her word yesterday it would be too late. Perhaps he has written, or you, in either of which cases, if your accounts were such as his convalescent state induce me to expect, she will I hope be deterred from a troublesome and unnecessary journey. I am infinitely hurt at the thoughts of her coming when you cannot possibly make room for her, and lodgings of all kinds must be uncomfortable.

<sup>1</sup> William Salmon and George Nicholas were elected scholars of Wadham in June 1782. The clerks at the time were named Anderson and Davis.

I have not time to add anything but best respects and wishes for Mrs. Boucher, and yourself. My acknowledgements for your late civilities I would have made some time ago but that I wished to give you a good account of this place at Wadham.

I am, my dear Sir, your very affectionate and obedient Servant,

J. JAMES.

XCV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

*May 12th, 1782.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Your exhortations, together with my own impudent passion for fame, have produced what I now send you—a part of an exercise to be laid in a fortnight before the University<sup>1</sup>. The number of lines already coined is nearly equal to the usual demand. Lowth's<sup>2</sup> composition has only 175 I think, that upon Peter the Great<sup>3</sup> about the same; so that I am at liberty to begin to wind up when I please. But of the quality of the coinage—what shall I venture to say? Here I must request your very best assistance. *Da pater auxilium!* Virgil is never out of my hands. He is a treasure of hints and beautiful language, and I have made free to incorporate several things from him, as is the fashion on these occasions. Give me, then, your opinion with freedom and severity. Have I any prospect of success? Have I chosen the most apt and striking circumstances from my hero's history, or said too little or too much upon any particular? I have not yet taken anything from your modern versifiers. Huetius<sup>4</sup> and the rest are too much in Ovid's manner—easy and weak. Pontanus<sup>5</sup> has a line or two very good, and to the purpose. I believe that a decent acquaintance with Virgil will furnish more hints, and those original and good, than the most diligent plagiary could extract from all the Italians put together.

I have, you see, conducted my hero to the river Belem, where he was beaten and driven out of the country. His story after this is a heap of misfortunes and persecutions; for which I mean to console

<sup>1</sup> Exercise for the Latin Verse; subject 'Columbus'; for which as will be seen he was the successful competitor. See Appendix L.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 78, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> This was the subject for the Latin Verse in 1777, and was obtained by Charles Abbot, Christ Church, afterwards first Lord Colchester.

<sup>4</sup> For Huet, Bishop of Avranches, who selected the editors of the Delphin Classics, see Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, 1650–1700, ch. 1, par. 8.

<sup>5</sup> Jovianus Pontanus, an Italian poet of the fifteenth century, who wrote in Latin. See Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, 1491–1500, par. 118. Symonds ascribes to him 'the merit of having written verse that might compete with good models of antiquity.' (*Renaissance in Italy*, vol. ii. p. 364. See also p. 465.)

him by a relation, or vision or so, of the successes of Cortez and Pizarro, &c., which will introduce a description—short, but, if possible, neat and comprehensive—of the miracles of civilization, and an allusion perhaps, if proper and natural, to the rebellion of the British colonies. Your opinion upon this part in embryo, and hints will be very acceptable. The sooner you can communicate these, along with your critique on what is already done, the better. On Wednesday sennight I expect my father's sentiments on the first ninety-four lines, which I sent him last Thursday. As my time is so short, it will be impossible for me to have his opinion upon the whole. How much do I lament my distance from him! The exercises are to be given in on or before the 1st of June. Now it is expected that on the 29th of this month I am to take my degree, and Murthwaite once told me that he apprehended that disqualified a man for having the junior prize. The terms, however, in which the Chancellour's advertisement runs, are that the junior prize is intended for persons under four years' standing, and I shall be so till the last of next term. What shall I do? I may defer taking my degree if I please till after the affair is decided; but this would be foolish without I had some reason to expect success, nor could I conceal the real motive of such a delay (and I would not have it known by any means) without pretending sickness, or quitting the University till sentence is passed, which it generally is in a fortnight. Shall I make Murthwaite a confidant, and beg his advice? though he has already reviewed one exercise, and is therefore perhaps an improper counsellor. Do extricate me from this embarrassment as speedily as you can. This is the point—have I a very fair chance of winning the prize? If so, I must take physic, or have a fever, or leave college on some sudden emergency, to avoid taking my degree on the day expected—next Wednesday fortnight.

My best respects to Mrs. Boucher. The letter to my brother is of consequence. Do me the favour to send it by one of your safest hands.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and obedient humble servant,

J. JAMES.

XCVI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

You now have the whole of my panegyric, such as it stands at present. Late as you receive it, there is still some time for your corrections. I may even have an answer to this a day or two before it must

be finally transcribed, as it is not to be sent in before the 1st of June. The intermediate space I mean to employ in correcting. How much do I wish I had been near you! Do you think I have a chance of success? I have put the question to Boucher, to whom I sent the first 159 lines on Monday; and if any chance, that is, any *good and fair* chance appears (supposing the judges to be impartial, which I am inclined to believe they are), I must contrive to put off my degree till sentence is passed, for the prize is doubtless meant for undergraduates. Deferring one's degree a week or two is not unusual, but as I can give no reason for my delay but that which I would by all means conceal, I must either pretend sickness, or get out of the way. It is a troublesome sort of dilemma, but turns merely upon this point: have I a chance or no? Without this, to defer my degree would be vain and foolish.

I have not any acquaintance here at present who can help me to surmount these difficulties, for I do not wish to make any of them privy to what I am about. Murthwaite is likely, but he is ill, and has already reviewed one exercise, and is therefore an improper counsellour. I must request you not to tell my friend Nicolson either till the event is known. Heard on Sunday from Tom, who is finely. My warmest love to my mother, sisters, and brother.

I am, my honoured Father,

Your very affectionate and obedient Son,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *May 15th*, 1782.

#### XCVII.

J. BOUCHER TO J. JAMES, JUNIOR.

PADDINGTON, *16th May*, 1782.

Bravo! Yes, by all means, go on:

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy,

It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

I, you know, am but a wretched judge of Latin Verse; neither have I time to search and sift it critically: but, I see enough, I think, to enable me to assure you, it will do you credit, if not gain the prize. It reads easy, and flowing; and to my ears and taste, very like Virgil, with not more palpable plagiarisms that I can descry, than one would wish. The Latinity too is good, and the sentiments more natural, and more appropriated—i.e. more properly belonging to your subject, than one commonly meets with in such compositions.

But, is not your proem rather long? Nine lines! and you should wish to set out easy, and prepossess us in your favour as soon as possible. But, I dare say, you have authority for this; though, at present, I recollect only Milton; and, by the by, I never liked his first lines, for this very reason. Do critics in general?

Pray, do you mean the 29th and 30th lines to be prophetic? if so, is it not auguring too well of the present convulsions?

l. 4. If *merito sepulchro* has not some particular allusion, it seems not to come in quite naturally and well connected with the other ideas.

l. 33. *Ventisque vocantibus*, &c., is feeble. You should have launched him into the ocean, in a stormy night, fearless, though none of his old friends, the stars, shone on him.

l. 39. What historical circumstance does the *rivalis honos* allude to? I forget. And

l. 43. By what mythological, poetical or historical authority, do you make the *Nereids* instruct your hero, &c.? It seems forced.

l. 47. This line from Virgil comes in too abrupt: the *Dux fœmina facti* is quite pat and clever; but, I think, I had rather you had led us to it by two or three lines of your own. The whole business is got over too easy, and we find ourselves at sea in a *Giffin*<sup>1</sup>. By-the-by, we had *vocantibus auris* before; but, I suppose, that's no harm:—and should you not have found a substantive for *ardentes*?

l. 52. The *vade age* should have been some wish for good luck to them, as I now understand it; but, it does not strike me as warm and earnest enough.

l. 63. *ventis dare vela vocatis* seems not quite so proper, when he had now been so long at sea, and *under sail*; and besides, the *venti vocati* occurring again, it seems put in just to fill up the line.

l. 65. Might you not here with propriety and poetical beauty, have put down some of the *particular* symptoms of their approaching land, such as their seeing land-birds, floating grass, and land herbs, which is remarkable in those seas; and, above all, the astonishing brightness and splendour of western skies, and the glorious burnishing of a setting or rising sun, such as nothing in these countries can give you an adequate idea of. Seamen pretend that they can smell land an hundred leagues off. Dogs, I believe, can and do always place themselves on the prow of the vessel on her approaching land, to snuff up

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Murray thinks this may be a nonce-word for 'jiffy,' which is found in Baron Munchausen, 3rd edition, published in 1786, and in Rejected Addresses in 1812. No probable derivation has been suggested. Giffin or Giffen as a proper name is pronounced with a hard g.

and scent the air for this purpose. I remember to have taken notice of this, when we were at a vast distance, and that, after a vernal shower, I also smelt the aromatic odour (*alias* the turpentine) of the pines very strong. America abounds with strong-smelling plants, and does not Columbus's story mention their having smelt them?

l. 73. When Scipio Africanus landed he kissed the ground, saying, *Teneo te Africa?* Do you allude to this?

l. 80 et seq. All this is just as it should be and charming.

l. 93 should have taken in the tropical fruits in general.

l. 97. Which are the *astra servata?* and I see *cunctantem classem* again, and your old friend *vocant auræ*.

l. 151. *Exhorrent* is too strong. It is more natural, and I believe the history is so, that the conquest was easy, from their being willing and chearful instruments to accomplish their own prophecy.

l. 153. *Instat*, by all means; *errat* is a conceit.

I could not have given you a stronger or more convincing proof of my approbation than I have by the frivolousness of these remarks, which however are the best that occur.

I like the rest of your plan as well. Suppose, in your projected vision, you should, as you naturally might, give your hero a glimpse also of another, a British hero, the servant also of a Queen, Raleigh, whose character, history, and fate, are very like Columbus's. This would bring you to British America, and to civilization in its best estate in America: in your encomiums on which, forget not the poetical idea of science travelling, like the sun, from east to west, nor that best blessing of civilization, the introduction of a pure, of the Christian Religion; and the prophecies which lead us to believe and expect, that, in due time, it shall prevail over all the habitable globe. Some of Isaiah's imagery, or the Gospels, if you can bring it in, will make a grand close.

As for the Rebellion, hang it: get over it as easily as you can; it is no subject for verse. Let what you say of it, be only to lament it, in general terms: expressing an hope and belief, that an over-ruling Providence, which alone can bring good out of evil, will bring it all to an happy end, at last.

I am not sufficiently *au fait* of university regulations to advise you about putting off the taking your degree; which, however, upon the whole, I seem not to like. On the supposition, that the prize is not to be adjudged to you, the blame may be laid on that circumstance; and so, you be let off with all imaginable gentleness: and if they be minded to give it you, your having taken your degree is no insuperable

objection. Besides, if it should be known, as it may, that you were a candidate, your true motives may be suspected, and draw some ridicule upon you. If then, some weightier arguments be not suggested to you from some other quarter, or occur to yourself, I think I am for your going on, regularly and soberly, and taking your degree, as if you had nothing else in your thoughts: but, at the same time also, by all means take your chance, and give in your exercise.

As to consulting Mr. Murthwaite—it is a delicate and a difficult business, and depends wholly on the terms on which you are with him. If he either has a pupil of his own, a candidate; or, if it be at all likely, that he should be consulted, you had better not: else, as you think him a good judge, and you cannot have your father's opinion on the whole, his remarks are certainly desirable.

I again repeat it, my most impartial opinion is, that your verses are as good as, I think better than, some prize-poems I have seen: and I do believe, you stand a very good chance. If you fail—and you may, what mighty matter! It is merit, to attempt it: and you have got over the greatest objection, in having already written the greatest part of it. Need I add, I sincerely wish you success?

If you can cleverly, I would, I think, rather than not, bring in the line from Pontanus: it is creditable to be known to have such literary curiosity, and to read such authors: whilst you still have the good sense to stick to the *ancient fountains*. Is *Pater Consilii*, and *rerum novarum* in the second or third line, quite to your mind? When you have leisure, write again; and let me know what your father says, and all you resolve on, and do: for even you will be hardly more anxious than

Your very affectionate friend and Servant,

J. B.

XCVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

At length, my dear sir, I have accomplished—in what manner is another affair—what for want of time and a thousand interruptions I had almost relinquished. Should I prove successful, an idea I cannot contemplate for a moment without great emotion, how many thanks shall I owe to your encouragement. But I must now endeavour to forget what I have been writing for, and to silence all hopes and wishes as fast as may be, that a disappointment may lose its effect upon one:—‘*Quanquam O! Sed superent.*’ The number

of lines as they now stand amounts to 190, which in quantity is quite enough; the corrections I am making will probably add a few lines more; but it would be very imprudent to make the composition much longer, and for this reason I have only touched in general terms upon the benefits of civilization. This topic has indeed been so often run over before me, by Virgil *Æn.* 8, by Lucretius, and by the fortunate prize-fighters here, that it was difficult and dangerous to try to expand it. The comparison you suggested between America at the arrival of Columbus, and Britain at the descent of Cæsar was good but has been already seized by Lowth in his poem on Navigation. I have not introduced a single simile. They are ornaments not made for so small an affair as I have been building. Of the four voyages made by Columbus across the Atlantic I have only spoken of two, and have ventured to describe the third and fourth as one. This I hope is allowable enough. The circumstances of each expedition are very few, and except the discovery of the new world, and the condition and conduct of its inhabitants, are unpoetical.

A poem like this on Columbus must of necessity be a panegyric; and for the same reason, one is prohibited from saying anything but well of his followers. Do not then let your choler rise if such dogs as Pizarro and Cortez come in for their share of praise. This is not the place to punish them; and they actually seem to have as good a title to fame as Bacchus, or Alexander, or perhaps Hercules himself. Columbus himself was to all appearance a man of great virtues.

In a letter to my brother, sent yesterday by Mr. Dowson<sup>1</sup> of Queen's, I desired him to request you to conceal my late employment from everybody. I have not made a confidant of any soul in Oxford, but locked up my doors to prevent interruption and suspicion. When shall I have the pleasure of hearing from you? Your letter cannot fail to be interesting, for I am yet undetermined whether to delay my degree or no, though strongly inclined to do it. The junior prize is doubtless intended for undergraduates, in which number I may remain if I please till the last of next term, without being superannuated. It is a pity that the terms of the Chancellor's Edict were not more exact. Should you be inclined to think my composition deserves a chance, I cannot help believing it will have fair play, that is that the judges are impartial; and you will perhaps pardon a man

<sup>1</sup> William Dowson, entered Batler 1765; matriculated Oct. 22, æt. 17, 'son of John, of Greystock, Cumberland, Plebs.' (Chester). He was elected Fellow in 1783; and was elder brother of Thomas Head Dowson, matriculated Dec. 13, 1771, æt. 18. See above, p. 143, n. 5.

whose head is full of augury and auspices, for drawing a favorable omen from the series of good luck which has fallen of late to all his friends around him, and of which the birth of a daughter in a certain family is not the least part.

My brother tells me that Mrs. Boucher has been worse since I left you; you I hope will send me a better account. My best respects and wishes to her.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your very affectionate and obedient humble servant,

J. JAMES.

QUEEN'S, *May 17th, 1782.*

I have borrowed one line and a bit from Pontanus:

'Dum segnis amorum

Militia in vacuas excercet vulnera mentes<sup>1</sup>.'

It is pretty, and comes in very apropos after v. 83, but I suspect I have read it elsewhere, perhaps in Ovid. Recollect if you can, and tell me. The other passage from the same author, upon which I had my eye when I mentioned him last, is this:—

'*Tum vulnera siccat, et udo*

*Unguine lenit agens, adhibetque ad munera cantus,*

*Tunc vero strepitus armorum, atque horrida bella,*

*Atque enses ac tela placent, tum vivere raptō,*

*Et prædas agere, et discindere mœnibus urbes*

*Gaudet, et effuso cædem ingeminare cruore<sup>2</sup>.'*

These, too, are excellent, and apply perfectly to the character of an Indian savage. I may perhaps employ the first and last lines, or perhaps it is better to leave them.

#### XCIX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, *May 22nd, 1782.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Your warm and obliging letter has put me in great spirits. I must absolutely stand the contest, though it cost me a journey out of Oxford, for it is certain enough that I forfeit my title to a chance by taking my degree, and after your encouragement and my own

<sup>1</sup> '*Ubi segnis amorum.*' Pontanus, *Vrania*, lib. i. (*De Venere*).

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* (*De Mercurio*).

labours, such a forfeiture would be more mortifying than any disappointment can prove, especially should it by any means happen that the palm should be refused to me for that reason only. I had last evening a short and hasty letter from my father, who so far approves of what he had seen as to desire my degree may be deferred till the event is known, if I am disqualified after taking it, which is doubtless the case. I expect more of your advice about this business the next post, along with the remainder of your observations. My brother tells me, in a letter received last evening, that you talked of my coming up to him in order to be out of the way, and recommends it himself very warmly. And indeed the pretext for going out is so good, and the place so agreeable to lie perdu, that I believe I shall accept the offer. I wait, however, for your next letter.

In the meantime accept my best thanks for your criticisms. That I have thought them valuable, let the corrections made in consequence of them be a proof. Some things, however, stand as at first. I have not curtailed the poem; indeed, I do not know what to leave out, or how to break it without injury. At the same time, I believe your remark on long exordiums to be in general true. Virgil, however, has actually ten lines in the mere preparation of his subject, and the person who wrote the best panegyric for the prize here on Peter the Great has eight in the first sentence. My exordium consists of two periods, and only a very small part is employed to tell what is meant to be done. I have considered the third line which does not please you very attentively, but without being able to alter it to my mind. At first it was *auctorem* instead of *patrem*, but that word occurs in the same sense twice afterwards. *Pater patriæ, urbis, libertatis, &c., &c.*, are all common phrases enough. The Empire, &c., spoken of, lines 29 and 30, is not meant only of the British Colonies, but universally of the whole Continent. We must allow all this, and that the changes introduced into America by the new system of government and manners is for the better, else Columbus deserves no praise. The *rival* spoken of, verse 39, is either Barthol. Diaz, or Portugal in general. Robertson<sup>1</sup> assigns this among the other motives of Columbus's expedition.

Verse 52. Had this apostrophe come from the mouth of Isabella or any other in her situation, it might with great propriety have contained the good wishes you vote for. I, who am supposed to know the event of the voyage, cannot offer up my prayers for its success with the same propriety.

<sup>1</sup> History of America, i. 89, 3rd ed.

Verse 65. The hints you suggest here about the symptoms of approaching land are wonderfully beautiful, but they cannot, I am afraid, have a place in so short a poem, without straying too far from the principal object. One of them I have adopted. At the same time, it is perhaps true that an acquaintance with the nature of these signs implies greater naval experience than Columbus could have obtained at this time. Verse 73. Scipio Africanus did not occur; I hope, however, they may pay me the same compliment that you have done, and think it a classical allusion, as it doubtless was an historical fact. Verse 97. For the meaning of *astra servata*, vid. Virg. *Æn.* 5. 25. Line 151. You will perceive by the sequel that it is necessary to describe the conquest of Columbus as difficult, and that therefore the apprehensions of the inhabitants on the arrival of Columbus were only of a piece with their resistance. He was, in fact, driven from the country by the natives (exasperated at the insolence of their invaders), and the colony which he was establishing at the river Belem, almost destroyed. Vid. Robertson<sup>1</sup>.

My father's letter to me was written in so violent a hurry that it contains little more than acknowledgements. He, however, had had time to spy a fault in verse 55, which I have mended. He objects to the repetition of the *venti vocati*, &c., &c., which you remarked, and that also is altered accordingly.

I have just left Murthwaite, who is now in the secret, and has promised to read over my exercise, which I left with him for that purpose. He thinks the opportunity pretty good, as he does not know of many candidates. The exercise he had seen was by a person of another college, and very juvenile and poor. To-morrow morning I am to have his critique, which I expect with some anxiety. He approves of my design to leave college till the prize is adjudged, which will be about the 15th of June. The term comes in<sup>2</sup> on the 29th, Wednesday next, when it is supposed I am to take a degree. I mean to set off, if things go to my mind, for Paddington or the neighbourhood on Saturday or Monday next at furthest. Mr. Murthwaite thinks the pretext to visit my brother, and take my degree on

<sup>1</sup> History of America, i. 239.

<sup>2</sup> Trinity Term at this time began on the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday, which in 1782 fell on May 29. This day however, the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II, was a dies festus, which postponed the beginning of a term till the next day. James therefore makes a slight mistake. The term that year did not come in till Thursday the 30th. In 1837 the beginning of Trinity Term was transferred to the Wednesday after Whit Sunday, and in 1862 to the Saturday before Whit Sunday.

my return, a good one. It will create no suspicion at all. I shall communicate the secret to one friend here, in order to have notice as soon as possible of the decision.

On Friday the eventful composition is to be fairly and correctly transcribed, and at the evening to be shewn in. My pulse beats quicker and quicker. Is everybody thus?

With affectionate respects to Mrs. Boucher,

I am, my dear Sir,

Your very obliged and faithful humble servant,

J. JAMES.

C.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

*May 28th, 1782.*

Edgeware Road, *chez mon frere.*

MY HONOURED FATHER,

I am happy to find that the measures I have taken to avoid suspicion, and which I was almost determined on before the arrival of your last, are agreeable to you. I came here yesterday; it was the only way to save appearances, for I could not possibly have deferred my degree without avowing the true and real cause, which in any circumstances would have been much ridiculed, and particularly if the event had proved contrary to our wishes. You speak of requesting the advice of either Murthwaite or Collinson<sup>1</sup> in this business. Before the receipt of your letter I had shewn my composition to Mr. Murthwaite, who offered in a very friendly manner to peruse it. His sentiments were as favourable as I could wish: he thought my chance very good, and proposed no alterations except in a single passage which he thought not quite clear enough, that which contains the periphrasis of the name of the Island St. Salvador. This I corrected to the best of my judgement. Mr. Murthwaite approved of my design in keeping out of the way till the great sentence is passed. On Saturday, therefore, after adding the last corrections, I transcribed my verses into an elegant paper-book in the most intelligible hand I could write, and after communicating the secret to a trusty friend who assisted in the last revisal, delivered it to Dr. Forster<sup>2</sup>, whom you remember, under cover of the night. A motto was previously annexed

<sup>1</sup> For Murthwaite, see p. 45, n. 4, and for Collinson, see p. 173, n. 4. They were probably the two tutors of the College at the time.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Forster, D.C.L., Fellow of Wadham, Registrar of the University.

to it to distinguish it, and the same motto written on the cover of a paper containing my name. It is now launched out to take its chance. About the 3rd of June the judges meet, and after depositing the names in a drawer, take home three or four exercises each to examine. They interchange till the whole number is gone through, and then meet again to adjudge the prize to that which is agreed by the majority to be the best. This is usually decided by the 14th or 15th of June, till which time I must remain hid. The friend to whom I imparted the secret has engaged to give me immediate notice. In the meantime I must study to be indifferent—*teres atque rotundus*—that a disappointment may graze as gently as possible.

I found my dear brother—you have no idea how improved; his cheeks plumped up, his leg solid and firm, spirits most excellent, and in every respect almost recovered. You may believe entirely every report, however favourable, of his health. In a few weeks I hope you will receive him better than I now describe him, better than you could expect. We have not yet had much talk about our journey northwards. One agreeable part of a certain disappointment will be that we shall set out sooner than I at least can, if successful. The best scheme will probably be for my brother to return with me to Oxford and wait till I take my degree, and so to Arthuret. Boucher is in spirits, but not very well of his old complaint, a headach and sickness. She is finely. He is in great hopes that the train of good fortune which seems to have befallen you of late will extend itself to your son at Oxford. I have seen Miss Verty too. She came to tea last evening, a few minutes later than me. She is better, but still coughs a little. Her stay will now be so short, and her business so crowded, that we shall not have much more of her company. Your hood is by this time ready. If we have a prospect of coming down shortly, we will bring it: if detained, must send it by the coach.

My love to Mother and the rest of the family, with best thanks for their good wishes.

I am,

My honoured Father's very affectionate and obedient Son,

J. JAMES.

## CI.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEENS, *June 21, 1782.*

MY DEAR SIR,

To keep you no longer in suspense, the prize is not yet determined. The compositions have now been three weeks under consideration, the delay of the judges is perhaps owing to the merits of some being equal. On the eighth of next month they are to be recited, and I am therefore *morally* certain that sentence will be passed before the 27th, when I must take my degree, otherwise there will not be time enough left for their rehearsals. I am not displeased at this delay, not that I consider it as a promising circumstance, but because I shall be upon the spot, and shall entirely escape all suspicion. I believe that I felt more from suspense yesterday, while I entered the College and met several acquaintances whom I durst not ask, than I shall do, let it go as it will.

We had, upon the whole, a prosperous journey, my brother supported the fatigue pretty well, and to day I think looks finely. We came to Maidenhead in the coach, which instead of four as the book-keeper told me, carried six. Five places were filled, which, added to the heat of the sun, made it so oppressively close and warm, that my brother found himself unable to perform the rest of the journey in the same manner. So we took post-chaise from Maidenhead, and by that means got here by dinner time yesterday. We have been consulting what way to travel to Cumberland, and have fixed on the road through Cheshire and Lancashire, which will take us not far from Sir T. Broughton's<sup>1</sup>. It will be necessary, I fear, to go most part of the journey in post-chaises, and probably—such is the dearth of partners—by ourselves. However my brother may recruit sufficiently by next Friday to bear a few easy stages in a post-coach.

I left you with impressions, more and more favourable, of the scheme we have in agitation. Yes, it is in all likelihood my destiny to enter into partnership at the Hermitage. Shepherd<sup>2</sup>, a friend of mine whom I have mentioned to you sometimes, is steering the same track. He is about to take his station at Axbridge<sup>3</sup>, in Somersetshire, to take

<sup>1</sup> Broughton Hall, Staffordshire. It appears from another letter that one of Sir T. Broughton's sons was a pupil of Mr. Boucher's.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 45, n. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Neither Carlisle nor the Endowed Schools' Commissioners make any mention of an endowed school at Axbridge.

command of a school there, poorly endowed, and of no reputation, but he has considerable expectations from the encouragement of the Corporation who are the patrons of the school, and are solicitous to improve it.

My brother joins me in best love and compliments to you and Mrs. Boucher. You may reckon on another letter from me, and more to the purpose very shortly, on Tuesday perhaps.

Dr. Jefferson<sup>1</sup>, a friend of Robson's<sup>2</sup>, who had a valuable College Living in the Isle of Wight is just dead, by which means Murthwaite has his choice of three Livings<sup>3</sup>. That you may enjoy your Living when it arrives, longer than Jefferson, and that it may come sooner, is the wish of

Dear Sir, your very affectionate and  
obedient humble Servant,  
J. JAMES.

CII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

QUEEN'S, Oxford, *June 23rd*, 1782.

MY HONOURED FATHER,

The lottery is at last over, and my ticket has really and indeed come up the twenty thousand—£20,000. Yesterday was the day when the decision of the judges was publickly known. My brother and I had just finished our breakfast, when Mr. Collinson entered the room, and after common compliments opened to me leisurely and gradually the business he was come upon. He acquainted me, with many congratulations, that Dr. Bandinel<sup>4</sup>, the Professor of Oratory, had just been with him to inform him that the prize was adjudged to me, and to desire he would bring me the news. O! my dear parents! guess at my feelings in this moment! Perhaps—for I well know with what anxiety you have looked for the important sentence—perhaps you may be able to form a right judgement by your own. The assurance that the success of your son will add to your happiness,

<sup>1</sup> Jacob Jefferson, Vicar of Carisbroke, Isle of Wight. See p. 3, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Robson, entered Batler Oct. 8, 1737; B.A. March 6, 1741, would have been a contemporary of Jefferson at College.

<sup>3</sup> The three livings were Sulhamstead, Carisbrooke, and Enham. Murthwaite refused them all, and accepted that of Charlton-on-Otmoor, 1784.

<sup>4</sup> James Bandinel, D.D., Fellow of Jesus, Public Orator, 1776-1784.

makes the largest part of his, as it made one of his chief motives and encouragements in the writing of his composition.

At two o'clock I waited, by appointment, on Dr. Bandinel, who returned me my exercise and recommended certain alterations. He seems a neat and accurate critic. The objections he made to some of the thoughts and sentiments, eight or nine perhaps, appear to be very just: he was not, however, so exact in his observations on the prosody of one or two passages; for example, he thought the word *excitus* never to have the penult. long, although Virgil writes it so in three places. My time will not permit me to give you a list of the unsound passages, and indeed the various changes that have been made in every part of the exercise since the draught I sent you, would render it very difficult to direct you to them. I must spare a little time too for communicating the news to Boucher and other friends, and the remainder will be little enough for making the necessary corrections.

I can hardly tell you how I am to proceed in *getting up* my composition. A copy is to be sent to Lord North, and another presented to the Vice-Chancellor<sup>1</sup>, and some day this week I am to rehearse in the Theatre. After two rehearsals I am to speak in public—on the eighth of next month I suppose—immediately after which I shall put on my gown, and be at liberty to attend my brother to Arthuret. We shall therefore be detained about a week longer than the day we had fixed for our departure; a delay which I am inclined to think none of us will regret.

My brother seems delighted with what he has seen of Oxford. It was fortunate for me that he came here at so critical a time: he is much pleased with the notion of hearing me spout. Our journey had somewhat fatigued him, and yesterday morning he was a little languid. We rode out in the evening, and he plucked up finely. I expect that he will receive great benefit from sojourning here a while. It shall [not] be my fault if he wants any attendance or convenience. He joins me in warmest love and wishes to yourself, our mother, and the rest of the dear family, whom we long to embrace.

Adieu, my honoured Father: we shall expect to hear from you after you receive this letter.

I am, my honoured Father,  
Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,  
J. JAMES.

Yesterday there was no post to London, else I should have written

<sup>1</sup> See p. 140, n. 1.

immediately. My colleague, he who has obtained the senior prize, is one Robertson<sup>1</sup>, of Christ Church, a Scotchman, and a sound scholar.

I only take up my pen to congratulate you on my brother's good fortune, which has afforded me vast pleasure, and I can easily guess how you will receive the news. I cannot now, therefore, set off till 9th or 10th of July. I wish it could have been sooner. Adieu!

THOMAS JAMES.

N.B.—I find myself better than when I wrote you last, and trust e'er I leave Oxford I shall entirely get rid of all my complaints, and meet you full of health and spirits. I find my brother's rooms much too close and confined for me. I have slept in his bed since I came, but I want more air than so small a room can give me: we are therefore going to seek out for some more airy room in the quadrangle, and if we can't suit ourselves, I purpose taking lodgings while I stay in the town.

### CIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, June 23rd, 1782.

MY DEAR SIR,

The lots are at last drawn, and I write as soon as possible to acquaint you with the event. Yes, my dear friend, we have indeed succeeded as we wished, and beyond what I, at least, expected. The decision was not publicly known till yesterday morning about eleven o'clock, when Dr. Bandinel, whose office I suppose it is, waited on Mr. Collinson to desire he would inform me that the prize was adjudged to me. Conceive my feelings on this occasion! How much did I lament that from the stop-post yesterday it was absolutely out of my power to give you and my other friends immediate notice. My pleasure cannot be compleat till it is communicated to those persons who were my patrons and encouragers. At two o'clock I went by appointment to Dr. Bandinel, who gave me back my exercise, along with a good many criticisms on those passages which he thought might be mended. His observations were in general very neat and accurate: in one, however, he was doubtless mistaken. He thought the penult. of the word *excitus* to be always short, and desired me to find another

<sup>1</sup> Abraham Robertson, Christ Church, matriculated Dec. 7, 1775, æt. 22, 'son of Abraham, pleb. of Dum or Dunv, co. Berwick' (Chester); B.A. 1779; gained the Prize for an English Essay on 'Original Composition,' 1782; M.A. 1782; Professor of Geomety, 1797; B.D. and D.D. 1807; Professor of Astronomy and Radcliffe Observer, 1810.

word; whereas Virgil has it long in at least three places. But I cannot spare time to give you a list of all his remarks, having scarcely enough to make the due corrections.

When my lines are finished, a copy is to be sent to Lord North; some day this week they are to be privately rehearsed in the Theatre, and again next week. To-morrow fortnight is the day for the public exhibition. How happy would it make me, could you and Mrs. Boucher honour me with your attendance! My brother joins me in warmest love to you both. He is still low and languid, but much less to day than yesterday; and better too in his throat. Poor fellow! His state of health is the only thing that damps my pleasure. Our air however and the composure and quiet of this place will doubtless be of great service to him. We cannot now get away northward till the 9th of July, an unpleasant delay were it not for the occasion.

Accept my most sincere gratitude for your hints, criticisms, and encouragements again and again. It is the tribute of a heart overflowing with esteem and affection.

J. J.

CIV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

QUEEN'S, Oxon, *July 3rd, 1782.*

MY DEAR SIR,

You charged me to write to you again and again, and tell you all the how and about it. My time has been so engrossed with my brother and my own concerns, that I have not been able to satisfy you. The bustle, however, is now over, and I am like one awakened from a busy dream. My brother informed you that yesterday was the day of exhibition. On Friday and Monday I rehearsed in the Theatre before a pretty considerable number of spectators. The first time I found myself a good deal affected, and did not get rid of my trepidation till near the middle of my exercise. These fears were much lessened the next time. But yesterday was the grand day of trial. At half-past ten I repaired to the Theatre, which had at that time a tolerable show of company, and was perpetually filling. At eleven o'clock one gallery was crowded with ladies, the area was lined with Masters of Arts, &c., &c. Close by the Vice-Chancellor sat the Bishop of Oxford, and near him the Doctors, many of them medical, assembled to confer a degree in physick<sup>1</sup>. This done, and the

<sup>1</sup> 'The degree of Doctor of Physic was conferred on James Price of Stoke near Guilford, Esq., F.R.S. and M.A., of Magdalen Hall.' See Jackson's Oxford Journal, July 2, 1782.

Crewian Oration, by Dr. Bandinel this year, having been delivered, the assembly fastned their eyes on me, stuck up in the rostrum, which doubtless you remember. How I acquitted myself I am no judge, but I missed nothing, repeated deliberately, endeavoured at emphasis, and found myself on the whole pretty much at ease. My acquaintance flatter me that I performed much more successfully than before. My colleague spoke next, a modest and fearful man, and almost broad Scotch. About one the company broke up. I waited on the Vice-Chancellor with my composition before dinner. He is one of the most civil and friendly men I ever met with. As a proof of this, understanding that I wished to go into the countrey immediately after my degree, he offered me a special Congregation for that purpose, and I shall accordingly put on A.B. to-morrow morning about eleven, after which we shall take chaise for Arthuret. I am now almost distracted with hurry and preparation. It was necessary for me to sollicit members to *make a House*<sup>1</sup> for me, upon which business I have been employed great part of the morning. I am now just about to begin another copy, and that not the last by two, of my composition, which will keep me close till our departure. My brother presents his love to you both. He is not worse; we all think he has got strength and looks better, but he is very impatient to be at home. He was yesterday delighted by another view of Mr. Bethel in the Theatre.

My love and compliments to Mrs. B.

I am, &c., &c.,

J. JAMES.

CV.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *July 20, 1782.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was sitting down to write to you immediately on the news of my dear lad's success at Oxford, but checked myself on the reflection that I was hardly yet in a disposition to write to any body without saying improper things. My triumph was too great, and I thought it prudent to conceal even from you the tumult of joy which I felt. I hoped likewise to have the pleasure of hearing from you

<sup>1</sup> No degrees can be conferred in the ancient House of Congregation unless at least nine members of the House are present.

on the occasion, than whom I was sure no body would rejoice with me more heartily. You, indeed, have a great deal of the merit of it, it being owing to your spirit and kind encouragement more than my own, that he had courage to engage in the business at all. For though I was not afraid of discredit from the attempt, yet I was much so for the effect which a failure might have upon his mind, as well as concerned for the loss of time, which he must suffer while he was employed in it. And as to the credit itself, which his exercise might notwithstanding have done him, from the manner of determining the prize, it would hardly have been known even to the judges which was his, and certainly not to any person besides. This, however, is all nothing now, the event has answered our fullest wishes, and is the more happy as there was no one circumstance to lead to it, but the intrinsic merit of the poem itself. The Eton, Westminster, and Winchester men were compleatly taken down, and the College it seems take great honour to themselves on the occasion. Dr. Nicolson, who is now in the north, plumes himself greatly upon it, and I here takes great pains to have it understood that the *young man* was his pupil. We are getting several copies transcribed for our friends—one, or if you choose it more, for you—and on Monday I send one off to Aberdeen for Dr. Beattie<sup>1</sup>.

Whether this may have any influence on his future fortunes, time must shew; but if your scheme for him shall take place, it will certainly be some recommendation that he has proved himself to be capable of entering the lists with the great schools in the only article, in which they have any pretence to preference. On this head I must now tell you what has past amongst us since he came into the country, it having been, you may be sure, one of the principal objects which has engaged our attention. It is, I find, very much his own wish, not less than ours, that he may be with you, as he looks up to you as a kind of father, is happier with you than I verily believe he is capable of being any where else, except (which for my own sake I must suppose) with me, and is particularly desirous of enjoying the continuance of that advice and care, which he has already so much profited by. There is but one thing which at present occurs as any objection to entering with you immediately, I mean the wish, which both he and I have, that he might have another year to spend at the University in compleating what he has already begun there, and doing what he cannot so well do in other respects any where else. You will consider, there-

<sup>1</sup> James Beattie, Hon. D.C.L., Oxon, Author of the 'Minstrel'; Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen.

fore, whether this will any way materially interfere with your plan, and if you can conveniently oblige us in it. If not, we shall undoubtedly not stand upon it, and you may look upon yourself as at full liberty to order matters as you please. After saying thus much I have only to add, that I now wish you would take the trouble of digesting the business in your own way as soon as convenient, and after you have formed your plan, that you will let me have an account of it at large. It is not for me to dictate what you shall do on an occasion so plainly contrived for our advantage, and on which you have certainly a right to make your own terms. But I would wish to judge of it, and whatever occurs to me, on considering it worth naming, you may take for granted I will be free enough to name to you.

Every body joins me here in best and most affectionate wishes to you and N., and

I am, yours most sincerely and cordially,

J. J.

CVI.

R. RADCLIFFE TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

DEAR DOCTOR,

About the time I had the honour of addressing you last, you acquired two new titles, Doctor and Rector; and long may you live to enjoy them. The former being only the whistling of a name, we will leave it to shift for itself; but the latter, carrying with it something substantial, I have a curiosity to be better acquainted with it. I have seen very different accounts of the value of your preferment; some reducing it as low as three hundred pounds a year<sup>1</sup>, and others exalting it as high as twelve. The truth probably lies somewhere between the extremes; but not being able to fix it, I cannot determine how much Madam must enlarge her hoop, nor how many horses you must put to your carriage. No man rejoiced at your good fortune more than I did, because I thought you were not wholly unworthy of it; and to exercise yourself in your large dominions would be healthful, and pleasant, and useful. My sentiments with respect to your livings may be gathered from what formerly passed within myself upon similar occasions. Many of our College Preferments consist of two parishes—some of them at a distance from each other, and some of them con-

<sup>1</sup> 'Real value, if prescriptions were abolished, 300*l.* per annum.'—Hutchinson's Cumberland, ii. 547.

tiguous. If anything of the former kind had come in my way, it would most certainly have been rejected; but there are some things of the latter sort so circumstanced, that (I fancy) they would have been accepted without hesitation. And yet I am glad that I was not put to the trial. Methinks you were rather too severe upon our friends at Oxford; especially since you own that they endeavoured to make things agreeable to you. To condemn them for leading a recluse life, is to condemn them for answering the end of their institution; because it is the very life they ought to lead. And though a College can have no charms for a man of a domestic turn, yet may they not turn the tables upon you and say, that a wife and a house full of children have no charms for them. You may settle it among yourselves, which of you is most in the right, or whether you are not both in the wrong. How happy should I have been to have made one of your party, and to have called to mind the scenes of our youth—innocent and honourable scenes—and which I never reflect upon without pleasure. To your son John, your most ingenious and deserving son John, I heartily wish success in his new department<sup>1</sup>. If the case had required it, I would have sent you my opinion long ago, and without reserve; but there seems to be no room for deliberation. I presume that it is not below his dignity to accept of the office, that his abilities are equal to it, and that there are sufficient encouragements attending it. These are the principal circumstances to be regarded, and they are all as clear as the noon day. I had heard, by various ways, of his literary honours at Oxford, and thought how it would tickle the old hearts of his friends at Arthuret.

My nephew staid with me eight weeks, and made the long winter evenings glide away very pleasantly. I was much pleased with the young man's behaviour, and so were all my neighbours that saw him. If the conversation even of a lad is not without its advantages, what might be expected from an agreeable female companion? Some time ago I gave the Warwickshire doctor a gentle hint about matrimony, in hopes that he would have opened upon that subject. But, *altum silentium*, he either did not or would not understand me. I fancy it will be the fate of us both to live and die as we are. The papers informed me last week that your squire is metamorphosed into a baronet<sup>2</sup>, so that he is still a step above the parson. I hope your son Thomas is perfectly

<sup>1</sup> J. James, Junior, was now usher to Mr. Boucher. He afterwards became a partner in the School.

<sup>2</sup> James Graham of Netherby was gazetted a Baronet in December, 1783. See Gentleman's Magazine, and above, p. 52, n. 3.

recovered, and that my godson<sup>1</sup> promises well at Newcastle, where I hear he is sent to kick the counter. Upon you and my old friend Nancy, and upon all belonging to you, heaven pour down its choicest blessings. R. R.

*January 11, 1783.*

CVII.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *May 4, 1783.*

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . . .  
 You say nothing of this second attempt of John's for the Oxford prize<sup>2</sup>. Does it not meet with your approbation? or do you think his chance small from what you have seen of his essay on the occasion? I am sure however that neither your advice, nor assistance will be wanting to his having the best; and if he should succeed, as it will be singular, it may lead to the happiest consequences. What he has sent me appears clever—but, if at all a proper judge, I can but ill pronounce upon it, till I see more. It is a subject on which he will have a thousand competitors; and it would be too much to flatter myself, that he should be the only distinguished one.

. . . . .  
 I am happy to hear of your Nelly's recovery. May it be perfected for all our sakes! Best wishes to her and you and all, from everybody here; and I am, my dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

J. J.

CVIII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

[PADDINGTON] *Saturday, 17, 83.*

[Endorsed *May 17th, 1783.*]

MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

I have a large packet of letters from you, which demand a much longer and more copious acknowledgement than it is in my power to give them at present. Accept, however, my most grateful

<sup>1</sup> See Letter X.

<sup>2</sup> The English Essay 'On the Use of History,' obtained by Charles Thomas Barker, B.A., of Christ Church.

thanks for your attention. I received your two criticisms, and shall make the best use of them; you are apprehensive of my adopting them from complaisance: and indeed there are few motives that have more weight with me, but (though I do believe them, upon a very careful consideration, to be perfectly just) yet they shall have a very formal trial, and be admitted only upon the terms you prescribe. I do not, however, like this language—the judgement of your sentiments belongs not to me: on this account let me call in my friend B., to save me from the charge of presumption. The shortness of my time, and other similar necessities, have obliged me to give up (what no other consideration could have done) the hopes of having your critiques on the whole. Indeed, I have been much interrupted by my employment, by company, by various sorts of business that inevitably dragged me from my work, and often, having broken the thread, obliged me to travel over the whole process again. This will sufficiently account to you for my present urgent haste: the subject in a great measure new to me, and yet so treated by some popular authors that my wish to say something at once just and novel, made me have recourse to a variety of different books, and employ much, very much, of my leisure on reading. I have finished what, according to the plan you received, made the second head (on government and politics) without much assistance from the author I perused, Montesquieu, and the rest: and have advanced through a large part of the moral and philosophical uses of history. In seven sittings I hope to have finished the rough draught. I have allotted two days for revisals and correction, and shall then have abundant time for transcription, as the exercise need not be given in before the second or third of next month. Such is my calculation, which, if not miserably broken in upon, I am assured I shall make good. To-day my coz Tom called and begged me to accompany him to town, this being the last time for some months we should have an opportunity of being together. He goes to Enfield to-morrow, is to be married some day in the week, and to proceed almost immediately to the north. I gave him up four hours, of which time I should have spent two on my work, but could not refuse without discovering my true reasons. You smile at my minuteness, but I am grown a downright niggard.

The examination at college was a thing of established custom; perhaps to have dispensed with it in my fav[our] might have become a bad precedent. The Provost, whom I had not seen [since] last July, thanked me for the honour, &c., &c., and requested a copy of my composition, which Golding transcribed for that purpose. He really,

my dear Sir, treated me, as did the whole society, with great friendship and respect, and I beg their pardon and yours, for having omitted to say so in my letter to you. Mr. B. has been very poorly in a bilious and gravelly complaint and fever, which have pulled him down, and put him out of spirits. Mrs. B. is charmingly. They and Miss B.<sup>1</sup> join in affectionate wishes. Irwin is not yet come; I went to the inn to-day, where I learnt the arrival of Captain Scot, and other passengers, but no news of Irwin. He is probably with some northern friends, and if so, his father had best not know of it. My letters demissory are ready. The Bishop of Clonfert<sup>2</sup>, who acted for his father, was vastly civil indeed. He presumed the title to be sham, but knowing and esteeming you so much could not but accept it, and would even have ordained me, had he held an ordination, without a title or examination. Is not this flattering? With every expression of affection to yourself and the dear family,

I remain, yours most faithful and obediently,

J. JAMES.

My brother has, I hope, heard from Wardale. Pray let me have frequent accounts of his health. The eye-water from Mrs. North is only goulard, extract of saturn<sup>3</sup> mixed with camphorated spirits of wine, as I learnt this day.

### CIX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

[PADDINGTON, endorsed *June 3rd, 1783.*]

MY HONOURED FATHER,

If Sysiphus had ever been able to get his desperate rock over the ridge of the hill, what do you think would have been his sensations at that instant? Surprize at performing what he had formerly given up as impracticable, a pleasure of a peculiar kind seem to be the first sentiments that he would feel, of the same sort, though much greater with those I experienced yesterday morning when I folded and directed my essay, and conveyed it to the coach for Oxford. Interrupted, embarrassed, and confounded with the near approach of the day when it should be delivered, I confess I did not feel myself over and above happy. The few days allowed for correction (*viz.* from Satur-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Boucher's sister.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 186, n. 3.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. lead.

day to Saturday) were indeed too few. Accurate revision is a task as painful and difficult sometimes as composition itself. In my own case I found it so at least, for on a nicer survey I perceived that my order was not perfect, that many things were in wrong places, some expressed too diffusely, or the contrary; and others entirely omitted, though absolutely necessary. The heads of my essay stand exactly as at first, saving that the last is only adverted to, as a *minor use*, in the introduction. The whole from *but although the truth be the object* till the passage after *anticipated and artificial experience*, is entirely cut away, a few sentiments excepted, and those abridged. These emendations and the new matter introduced prevented the transcription of the exercise till Saturday. I had set Irwin to work before, but he wrote far too wide, so much so that the bulk would have terrified the judges from perusing it. What was to be done? Mr. B. could not assist me, being still poorly, and complained that in Irwin's hand he could not understand it, it looked unmeaning, and would not do. In short, my dear Sir, I have done it myself. The hand I have wrote it in being smaller, and different from what I used last year, cannot be known, and if known *may* have no bad effect. Had I not written it for myself I should have missed the opportunity of inserting various corrections, which no other way of examining it could have suggested—an argument you will allow of great weight. My motto is two Greek verses, quoted by Plutarch in his life of Æmilius Paulus, *φεν, φεν, τι τουτου χαρμα μειζον αν λαβοις, προς επανορθωσιν ηθων ενεργωτερον*<sup>1</sup>. Your queries with respect to the mode of sending it would be in some measure satisfied by my last. I saw it booked, &c., myself, and shall know to-morrow if it has been received. In case of miscarriage, I can send down another copy by Thursday evening, which would not be refused. You must allow me to congratulate myself on having thus discharged this debt, this duty, to you, my other friends, and myself I look back on the labour of my last month with a satisfaction I cannot describe, but for which you, my dear Sir, must accept my thanks. My ambition has cost me some late watchings and a few headaches, and forced me from some agreeable conversation perhaps; but it was founded on principles more pleasurable than sleep and company, the desire of yielding satisfaction to those beloved persons who have kindly interested themselves in its attempts, and their gratification will make one of the most agreeable parts of the success, if—if only it be successful. The only thing which damps my enjoyment

<sup>1</sup> The Iambic line is ascribed to Sophocles (Fragm. 563): the passage occurs in the Preface to Plutarch's Life of Æmilius Paulus (p. 255 E. ed. Xyl.).

is the idea of having wanted your assistance. I know you would have been pleased in lending it, and am grieved much at not having been able to please you by fortifying myself. But it is over, and could not have been otherwise.

In three weeks the decision will be known (it was on the 23rd or 24th last year, I think, on a Saturday, as Tom will perhaps remember). Till then let us wait with calmness. You are too interested and affectionate not to have some of the feelings of suspense. I cannot, would not boast a stoic indifference, but find myself a good deal at ease. What have I—a simple fellow, the *élève* of no great school, the little assistant of an academy—to do with an honour which so very few have enjoyed! It would be too extraordinary, it must not be, neither do I expect it. As soon as possible you shall have a copy; if I can I will throw what I expunged into the form of notes. Mr. B. has wagered in my favour—perhaps you do not hold him a knowing one—in the probabilities of success. He has given me very decent help, yet not such as he might and would if he had been in health. He and Mrs. B. are finely. I sent you one of his *replies* by Miss Verty on Saturday. I am rejoiced at the idea of my mother and Tom being better. My dear mother's anxieties, I feared, would injure her health. Would your sermon were finished, and all of you on the road to Edinburgh! It is the wish of all your friends here. Irwin is well and answers perfectly.

. . . . .  
I am, my honoured Sir,

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

J. JAMES.

CX.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO MRS. JAMES.

June 11, 1783.

MY HONOURED MOTHER,

I have been reckoning that if I do not write to you this evening, I shall probably not have it in my power before Monday next, when indeed, if matters go as they ought, I shall have inducements to write again. Mr. Burnthwaite has given me a letter for my father of thanks for your fish, which I promised to send immediately. This looks like apologizing for *the liberty I take in writing to you*. In truth, methinks, I have scribbled to you so much or rather so frequently of late, that it is difficult to say whether some apology may not be proper. By

Monday next I hope and presume (for letters will doubtless have arrived before that time), that I may truly congratulate you all on a large accession of health and spirits. Irwin's friends inform him that my brother is considerably better. He received the account this evening, and believe me, the face of Nature somehow looks more pleasant, and I feel more chearful and well for the news. Assurances equally favourable of your health, for I flatter myself the rest of the family are above par, are all that is wanting to make the prospect I have just now under my eye (and which, I assure you, is such a one as would do credit to Arthuret) perfectly charming. This looks like cant, or if you chuse to give it a finer name, like poetry; but 'tis absolutely true. Objects take their colour from the mind. How can the gloomy fellow find pleasure even in the gayest? By this time, everything around you will look most divine. The country is in the same state in which it was here three weeks ago, young, lively, lusty, promising. This tardiness of the northern season is really happy. In the idea of Spring there is something so peculiarly gay and chearful, everything being in a state of improvement, that I could wish it should be prolonged as much as possible, even at the expence of the succeeding seasons. The country round London, like the inhabitants within it, is somewhat too hasty in arriving at maturity. The morsel is down before you taste it. With you nature proceeds more leisurely, and however I should admire it as a farmer, to whom early seasons must be most profitable, I cannot help liking it as a *man of pleasure*. My botanical observations, to which you were last year so kind as to contribute, have not as yet so much as budded. *Business, business*, my dear madam, is not very favourable to your unessential sort of studies. Whilst I have been teaching grammar, and writing wise discourses on the uses of history, the Spring is stolen away, the hawthorn blown without being noticed, and the nightingale wound up her song without once (saving, indeed, once) being heard. We have had cherries and strawberries at a moderate price this fortnight. By the by, let me transcribe a little recipe from an old friend of my father's, Linnæus, which I exhort you all to put in practise, and him in particular. 'In the year 1755,' he says, 'he had been some years free from the gout by eating large quantities of fresh strawberries; that this fruit is *remarkably wholesome and good*, especially for people afflicted by gouty or calculous complaints.' Old Lowry<sup>1</sup>, when I was in Oxford, told me he had received the greatest benefit in his complaints,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 143, n. 6, and p. 182.

which were of the latter kind, by drinking mephitic water, prepared in the same machine with my father's. I wait impatiently to be informed of my father's having fairly resigned his school. Till properly assured of this (for you know I must be cautious how I presume it) I cannot send official congratulations; in which all his friends here will certainly join with me. It is an important event; and had I the proper powers, I should rejoice to celebrate it with becoming solemnity and language.

To-day at 11 o'clock I went through part of my examination for Orders. The Bishop of Lincoln<sup>1</sup> ordains. Bowerbank<sup>2</sup> acts as examining chaplain, and will, I suppose, be really chaplain shortly, in the room of a Dr. Donn<sup>3</sup>, just dead, and much lamented. To-morrow, I am to dine with him, and he proposes to finish the remaining part of my examination *during dinner*. Bowerbank, with great politeness, declines passing me through the usual forms, except that of to-day, which was writing a short essay on a given subject, along with the other candidates. He desired me to present his warmest respects to you and my father, and made many enquiries after you both.

Love to all; from, my honoured mother, your very affectionate and dutiful son,

J. JAMES.

CXI.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *June 16, 1783.*

MY DEAR SIR,

What do you think of John's chance at Oxford? But before you can answer me, his fate will probably be determined. My

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Thurlow, Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of S. Paul's, Master of the Temple. He was afterwards translated to Durham. See Bloxam, *Magdalen College Register*, vi. 296. He was originally of Queen's.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Bowerbank, entered Batler 1757; matriculated Oct. 21, æt. 18, 'son of Edward, of Lamonby, co. Cumberland, Pleb.' (Chester); B.A. 1761; M.A. 1765; B.D. 1775. He was elected Fellow in 1771, and became Rector of Croft in Yorkshire.

<sup>3</sup> William Stafford Done, of Corpus Christi College; B.A. 1755; M.A. 1759; B.D. 1766; D.D. 1782; collated to the Prebend of Stow-in-Lindsey in Lincoln Cathedral, 1780; appointed Archdeacon of Bedford, 1782; died June 1, 1783. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1783, p. 541, says he was Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln and joint Lecturer of Christ Church, Spitalfields. It is probably wrong in saying he was formerly of S. John's College, Cambridge.

hopes are not high. The subject was almost wholly new to him and he had not time to think much upon it. With numbers it is a favourite one, and he will probably have to enter the lists with many who have studied little else. Best wishes from every one here to you and yours. Tom is greatly better again. I hope he is gone with the day.

Believe me yours most affectionately,

J. J.

CXII.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

[PADDINGTON, endorsed June 16th, 1783.]

Your obliging letter, my honoured Father, found me, and only just so, *not in Orders*, and contributed no little by some of the expressions it contained to increase the temper of mind which the approaching solemnity had produced, and which was probably as necessary to a just and worthy admission into the sacred order as any literary or moral qualifications whatever, I believe I told you that the Bishop of Lincoln was the ordaining bishop, and Bowerbank his examiner for the deacons, upon this occasion. He appointed us to attend on Wednesday last. We were about one and twenty, mostly from the diocese of Lincoln and Cambridge University. All the exercise required on this day was a Latin theme on *An humana ratio sit per se sufficiens ad salutem consequendam?* NEG. 'I wrote about three small pages and an half, but as it was done in haste (for there seemed some merit in finishing early), and amidst a deal of bustle, cannot persuade myself it is worth sending you. Indeed, I have no exact copy. I suppose I fell upon the most approved arguments: 'that human reason, even in its most improved state in the heathen world, *did* never discover a sufficient rule of life, as is evident in the best moral systems and laws of the wisest Greeks and Romans, in which there are positions contrary to duty and to each other: and that the sanction and foundation of the most important rules, being placed, some in the certainty of a future state, and some in the relation betwixt man and his Creator, could never be either understood at all, or, at least, comprehended with due precision, and inculcated with the necessary authority and evidence, without a revelation from heaven.' Among the candidates that wrote

along with me was one poor fellow, whom I observed transcribing from an old bit of dirty paper, which, not being able in some places to understand himself, he got a neighbour to explain to him. I afterwards heard that he had shewed up an affair that neither the examiner nor himself could construe, and was accordingly plucked. He was of Catharine Hall, in Cambridge, and had failed before more than once. On Friday we were again to attend to perform the other parts of the process. My hour was that of dinner. I dined with Mr. Bowerbank on Thursday, but was again desired to be of a little party the next day. He was, however, called to town, and sent an apology. I waited on him in my way to St. Paul's on Saturday; he said he must request me to read a verse or two in the Greek Testament for form's sake, which I did, and then we both set off for the bishop's house, which is the Deanery of St. Paul's, where, at twelve o'clock, the candidates were all to subscribe. This ceremony was over in about an hour, and we were dismissed with instructions to attend at the Temple Church (of which the bishop is Master) at nine the next day. At this hour we accordingly assembled. It was some time before the service began; and in the interval I amused myself with surveying the church, which is very elegant and striking, with a noble organ, and decorated with monuments, on some of which are curious epitaphs in all sorts of tastes, but, *ut fit*, in general bad. Some of the young men were from Oxford, and I think recollected my face. Amongst others, who should be there but your old pupil George Moscrop, of St. Bees, who is settled in the diocese of Lincoln, and was come for Priest's Orders. I had a good deal of talk with him, in which he desired me to make his respects to you. The bishop at length appeared, an agreeable and dignified figure of man, and so much exalted by his station, character and dress, that whilst the ceremony was performing I found myself impelled to do him perhaps a superstitious reverence. It is, I think, impossible even to be a witness to such a solemnity, much more to be a person concerned, without being overwhelmed with profound awe and devotion. The holiness of the episcopal character, the sublime and solemn rite made use of, the injunctions given to each candidate, the place, circumstances, and interesting silence which is observed, especially in some of the pauses, seem all calculated, as if by a contrivance more than human, to impress the mind, and give efficacy to the institution. Religion in some measure assumes a visible form. The order observed seems of her own prescribing. The only thing wanting to compleat the whole, and inspire the most elevated feelings, was the organ service. Had the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* been performed on that

instrument by Stanley<sup>1</sup>, the celebrated Temple-organist, I should have been in a state of perfect enthusiasm. But as it was,

‘His tibi me rebus quædam divina voluptas  
Percipit, atque horror.’

Whoever can be present on such an occasion, when the ceremony is conducted with tolerable solemnity, and not find himself a better and more resolved Christian, must be cold indeed. At half after ten we were dismissed, with injunctions to be present at divine service there the same morning, if not otherwise officially engaged. The bishop preached us a sermon on Romans v. 15, with much excellent advice immediately addressed to us. The whole congregation, however, seemed much interested and pleased. The whole number ordained was forty-three. I received my commission the same day from the bishop's secretary, a Mr. Hodgson<sup>2</sup>, a prodigiously obliging man, and the very reverse of Burne. My letter dimissory did not express the place to which I was ordained, on which account the Bishop of Lincoln, when I presented them, supposed the Bishop of Carlisle had dispensed with a title altogether. One advantage of this is, that I was not obliged to take out a licence; so that the whole expence has not been quite one guinea. I shall do duty here on Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday next, before my appearance at Audley<sup>3</sup>. My lectureship<sup>4</sup> here in the afternoons will demand a stock of sermons. Whether I may with propriety request your assistance in this article, or whether you will not prescribe to me to compose or compile for myself, you must judge—*te penes arbitrium*. I shall be much obliged to you, however, for your instructions and advice on this head, as on every other relating to my new deoprtment and character. To your wishes for my acquitting myself worthily in my high calling, what shall I answer, but that it shall be my first ambition to [dis]charge its duties with ability and diligence. My new office has brought with it new obligations, which that I may perform as I ought will be my constant prayer, as it is yours.

[The end of this Letter is torn off.]

<sup>1</sup> John Stanley, B. Mus., Oxon, appointed Organist of the Temple Church in 1734. See (s. v.) Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

<sup>2</sup> John Hodgson, father of Christopher Hodgson, the author of 'Instructions to the Clergy.'

<sup>3</sup> Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, built in 1730.

<sup>4</sup> Lysons (Environs of London, iii. 337), says, 'There is an afternoon lecture in this parish during the summer months.' See p. 239

## CXIII.

J. JAMES, SENIOR TO J. BOUCHER.

ARTHURET, *July 10, 1783.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

John's failure has hurt me only, as it may have hurt him or you; though I should hope you were both of you above it. On laying all things together now, I see plainly enough he could hardly have succeeded, if he had had the pen of Addison; how much less, when he had only his own, and under such embarrassments. I have hinted a wish that the essay might by and by be revised, and, if thought worthy, be printed; but this should only be, in case the secret of his having written for the prize should get out, otherwise it might seem to be done in the pet of disappointment.

You don't flatter me in your report of John's first exhibition, I believe, but you feel so much like a father that allowances must be made. He has always made me happy, and both you and he seem to strive which shall make me more so. God bless you both!

I long to hear that our dear Nelly is stout again. How much do we all owe to that excellent woman! Best wishes to her and all of you, from everybody here.

I am, my dear friends, most affectionately,

J. J.

Old Carlisle<sup>1</sup> seems very feeble—his last attack having made quite a cripple of him. The contest to succeed him, we are told, is between Landaff and Clonfert<sup>2</sup>. God forbid the former should carry it.

## CXIV.

J. JAMES, JUNIOR TO J. JAMES, SENIOR.

*July 21st, 1783.*

MY HONOURED FATHER,

Where I am now writing to you—at Arthuret, Maryport, or Dublin—*scis, Proteu, scis ipse*. Wherever you are, however, I can-

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, who died in August, 1787.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff 1782–1816, see p. 173, n. 2. For Clonfert, see above, p. 186, n. 3.

not mistake in wishing you all happy, and as well as a good season, good air, and a family either in good health and spirits, or in the way to them, can make you. The idea of your jaunt, and especially the gay manner in which you talk of it, rejoices me beyond measure. This is the real and approved method of employing your leisure, as the benefit you are to reap from it will I trust abundantly prove. At this moment, perhaps, are you admiring the venerable rust of the R. wall antiquities; although, if I remember right, they are in general of a kind not liable to rust, and consist chiefly of altars and inscribed stones. Among others, are there not two (though from their situation, perhaps, except a lucky occasion offer, you may not see them), to I. O. M., placed exactly fronting the Scamnum of the Delubrum Cloac.? I have not seen a medal or relic of any kind since we pored together over those villainous Maxentii<sup>1</sup> and Decentii. But among the variety of things which I intend, one is to have an antiquarian visit to some museums, the British and Hunter's<sup>2</sup> especially, which last is left by its late lamented owner, in part, for the use of his nephew<sup>3</sup>, with whom I was well acquainted in Oxford. If you continue in the mind of voyaging to Dublin, I would add my prayers to those of the good people here, but that the season is altogether so fine and prosperous that they seem unnecessary. My very best services wait on the Bishop of Mann<sup>4</sup>. How you flatter me by making any use of me or my name on such an occasion! To Hall I must beg to be *commended* in

<sup>1</sup> He probably means Magentii and Decentii.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. William Hunter, the elder brother of the more celebrated John Hunter, bequeathed his museum of anatomical apparatus, fossils, and ancient medals at his death (1783) to his nephew, Matthew Baillie, for a term of thirty years, after which it was to be transmitted entire to the University of Glasgow, to which Hunter left £8,000 for its maintenance and augmentation.

<sup>3</sup> Matthew Baillie, Balliol, B. A. 1783; M. A. 1786; B. M. 1786; D. M. 1789; son of James, Minister of Shots, Lanarkshire, and afterwards Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and Dorothea, sister of William and John Hunter, b. Oct. 27, 1761. He handed over the estate left him by Dr. William Hunter to his uncle John, who was the natural heir. He acquired great fame as a morbid anatomist and physician, married in 1791 Miss Denman, sister of Lord Chief Justice Denman, and died of phthisis in 1823. He has a monument in Westminster Abbey, and was brother of Joanna Baillie, the dramatist and poetess.

<sup>4</sup> George Mason, of St. John's College, Cambridge, B. A. 1753, M. A. 1763, incorporated at New College, Oxford, 1780, where he proceeded B. D. and D. D. in the same year. He was chaplain to the Dowager Duchess of Athol, who was Lady of Man, as representative of Sir John Stanley, to whom the sovereignty of the island was granted in 1406, and was by her nominated to the Bishopric of Man in 1780. He died after a long and painful illness at Bishop's Court, Isle of Man, Dec. 8, 1783.

very grateful terms. His letter, a monument of kindness and politeness, is with me yet, to be returned you in the first frank I can get. Mr. B[oucher] desires me to say for him, what he will very shortly say for himself, that he is very much obliged to you for your long, very long wished-for letter. Your criticism seemed to give him uncommon elevation for the whole evening, though he professed to be disappointed by it, as having looked for severe strictures which I insisted it would not have been safe to have given, if you had really conceived any such, in defiance of *the general sentiment*. He is now completely happy in his publication, I believe; as a proof of which I caught him at work perusing it with much complacency a few days ago. On the 18th August, this day month, if no intervening rubs prevent, he and his lady begin their progress northwards. It is the design to pass along by easy journeys through Staffordshire and Cheshire to Buxton, to pause a day or two there, in order to make trial of the place; and then if Mrs. B[oucher] keep stout, and especially if, as it is expected, she improve by the journey, to proceed even to Arthuret. They are now in treaty with a coachman for a phaethon, and are casting about for a pair of horses, though they by no means expect to be as lucky as you, and with this equipage and a servant intend to travel. If nothing therefore intervene, will it be convenient for you to be at home again about the 28th of next month, when they suppose they will arrive in the north? But I am only to make mention of this scheme as hypothetical for this reason, because Mrs. B[oucher's] health is not yet quite so confirmed as to be reckoned on with confidence; though for my own part I have very little doubt of her being perfectly equal to the enterprize. You ask in what way I mean to spend my vacation. To say the truth, I have not yet settled it. Would it not look like weakness and extravagance to say that I sometimes dream of revisiting you? A thousand motives call upon me to devote the leisure afforded me to study, in which also I shall find much pleasure, as well as much advantage; in which latter case, excepting peradventure a trip to Oxon, the chief part of my time will be spent here. Perhaps I may find my account too in accepting, for a short time, an invitation to a Mr. Galway's house in Norfolk, a gentleman whose son is with us. I must write to you more at large about this when I know more. All I have to say at present is, that you will do me a favour by recommending to me such a plan as seems best to you, and which sincerely, will be most agreeable on that account to myself; at any rate, that you will put your negative on whatever seems ineligible.

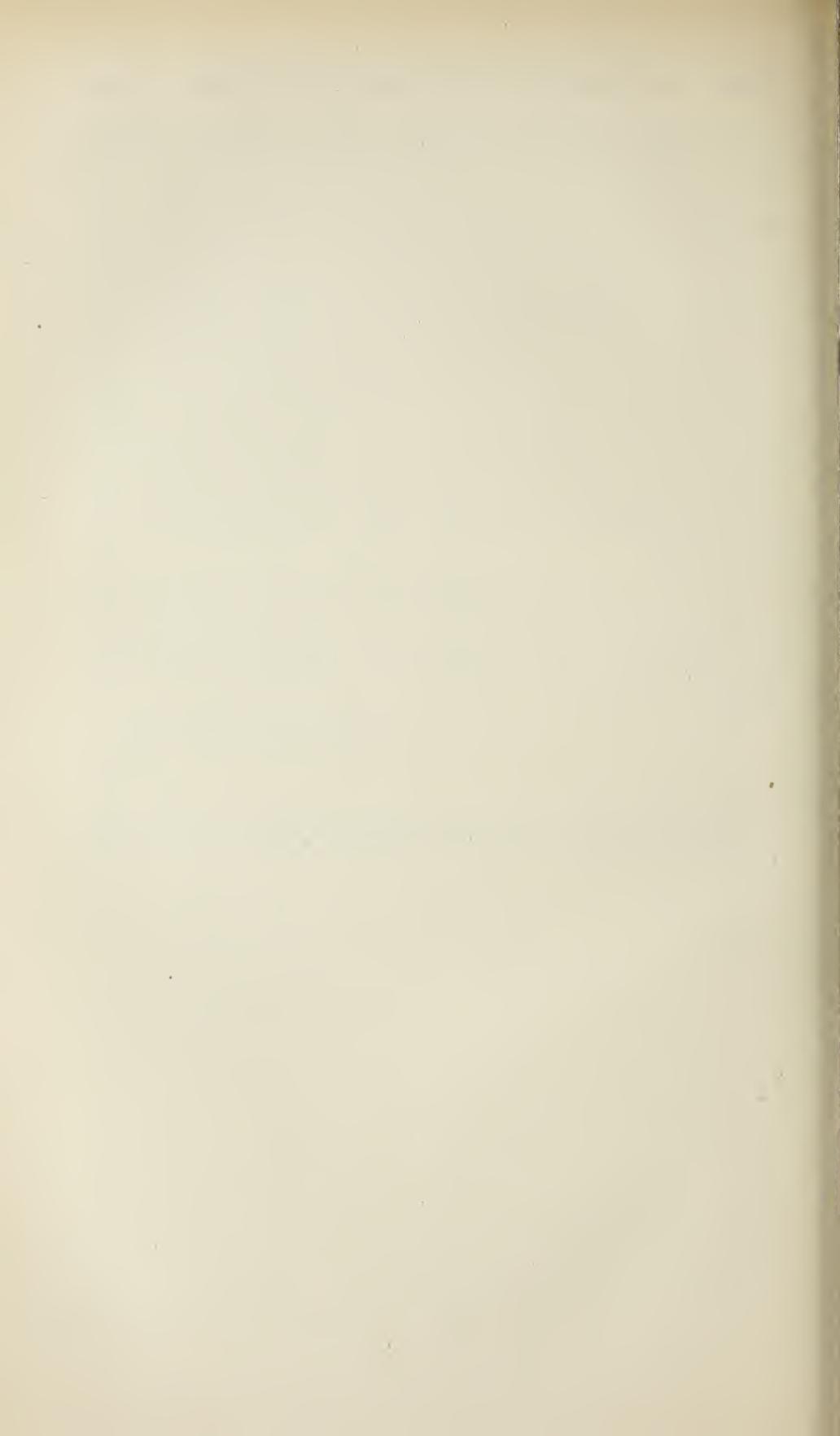
I have done a prodigious deal of duty since my ordination ; funerals without number. Audley pleases me much. The chapel is not difficult to speak in, and grows less so at every experiment. The congregation is very considerable, even at this season, and very genteel. Among others, we have the Archbishop of Canterbury<sup>1</sup> every Sunday. My evening lecture here sits somewhat heavy in one respect, that it demands what I am not provided with, a sermon weekly ; as I have preached but one sermon yet, entirely unoriginal, and should not have done that but for an indisposition on account of the extreme heat, which fairly unfitted me for writing. I have been very hard run indeed sometimes, and gone into the pulpit before my ink was dry. You see, therefore, that your advice on the subject of sermon-writing has not been neglected and I already feel its benefit. My lecture [ceases] in September. Your offer of sermons has my best thanks.

Halton<sup>2</sup> has sent me back my composition, with the initials of the judges written as before on the first page. The others he has not yet been able to procure, so you must be satisfied with mine, which you shall have by the first opportunity. With love to the whole family,

I am, your affectionate Son,  
J. J.

<sup>1</sup> John Moore. See p. 124, n. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Lancelot Grunthwaite Halton, entered Commoner, 1781 ; B.A. 1784 ; M.A. 1787.



# APPENDIX.

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## APPENDIX A.

THE history of Docker's relations with the authorities of the College as told in the College Register runs as follows:—

June 22, 1749. Burroughs<sup>1</sup> and Docker the two Senior Scholars were elected Taberdars, the former to be admitted immediately, and Docker upon the first Vacancy that shall happen.

May 10, 1751. Agreed at a Meeting of Provost and Fellows that D<sup>s</sup>. Docker have Leave to apply for Holy Orders and to serve a Cure, on Sundays, upon Condition of his residing in College for the rest of the Week, and asking no farther Indulgence in point of Residence while he continues Taberdar.

July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1752. Agreed at a Meeting of Provost and Fellows, that whereas Sir<sup>2</sup> Docker upon being order'd by the Provost-Place<sup>3</sup> to go into the Library and be confin'd there till He should hear further from Him, answered that *He would not go in for Him*. He, the said Sir Docker shall be confin'd to his Cure in the Countrey till the next Founder's Day, when at a full Meeting of the Society He shall have Notice sent Him of their final Resolution with Regard to his insolent Behaviour.

Aug. 17, 1752. In Consequence of a Register of the 30th of July last, it is this Day agreed at a Meeting of the Provost and Fellows that the Leave formerly given Sir Docker to serve a Cure in Berkshire be withdrawn, and that in a Fortnight's Time he repair to his Friends in Westmorland, and continue there till Lady Day next. And it is expressly order'd that he shall not in the Interim come to Oxford or call there in his Way. And further, that his Readmission to the Favour of the Society shall depend upon his good Behaviour in the North, and the Submission he shall afterwards make to their Satisfaction.

October 11, 1752. D<sup>s</sup>. Docker having quitted the Foundation, it is agreed at a Meeting of the Provost and Fellows, that Thursday the 19th Instant be appointed for the Election of a Taberdar in his Room.

October 19, 1752. In Consequence of the above Register, at a Meeting

<sup>1</sup> Stanley Burroughs, matric. 14 June 1744, aged 18, B.A. 1749, M.A. 1753.

<sup>2</sup> Dominus and Sir are the Latin and English titles respectively for a B.A. To the present day the servants calling orders at the Buttery Hatch prefix Sir to the name of a Bachelor.

<sup>3</sup> Provost-place, or Locum Tenens, the Senior Fellow in residence who takes the Provost's place in his absence.

of the Provost and Fellows this Day, Atkinson<sup>1</sup> was elected Taberdar in the Room of D<sup>s</sup>. Docker.

The following extract from Carlisle's Endowed Grammar Schools, vol. 2, p. 436, may be added :—

On the 10th of December, 1757, the Revd. Launcelet Docker, B.A., was elected to succeed him [Mr. John Finden as Master of Alton School]. He was Vicar of Kivet, in Wilts, but never resided on his Benefice. He lived in the School-house, with his family, and was for many years Curate of Alton. He was a very respectable man. He resigned at Michaelmas, 1797, a few years before his death.

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## APPENDIX B.

THE following Rules and Orders are prefixed to a copy of the original Statutes of the College preserved in College for the Senior Fellow for the time being. The Doctor Smith who drew them up is Joseph Smith, born at Lowther Oct. 10, 1670; entered Batler May 10, 1689; B.A. 1694; M.A. by Diploma, 1696; elected Fellow, 1698; Senior Proctor, 1704; B.D. and D.D. 1708; elected Provost, 1730; died 1756, aged 86. He is buried under the Chapel, and his monument, with an effigy, faces you as you come out of the Chapel. He was known as Handsome Smith. His portrait is in the Upper Common Room. He was Secretary to Sir Joseph Williamson at the time of the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, and some of his accounts for the journey are preserved in the College. He was Rector of Knight's Enham and Upton Grey in Hampshire, and exchanged the latter preferment for the living of St. Dionis in Lime Street, London. He was Prebendary of St. Paul's and of Lincoln, and held the donative of Paddington. He was some time Chaplain to Queen Caroline, and by his influence secured to the College several benefactions. He carried to a successful issue a suit which the College had almost abandoned in despair, which obtained to the College the endowments of the Bridgman Exhibitions. It was also in all probability his intimacy with Lady Elizabeth Hastings which brought to the College her exhibitions, for the holders of which the following rules were originally drawn up :—

Dr. Smith's Rules and Orders for y<sup>e</sup> better Regulation of y<sup>e</sup> College, which were drawn up at Lady Betty Hastings' Request for the use of her Exhibitioners, which every young Student at his Admission solemnly promises to observe.

1. That he will diligently keep & observe the several Statutes of this College, so far as they particularly relate to himself, & will use his best Endeavours to encourage & persuade his Fellow Collegians to do so.

2. That he will in all points pay a due Reverence, Submission, & obedience, not only to y<sup>e</sup> Provost himself, & in his Absence to his *Locum Tenens*, who acts in his stead, but also to his private Tutor &

<sup>1</sup> See p. 41, n. 1.

other Officers of the College who are entrusted with y<sup>e</sup> good Government thereof: And that he will never by Word or Deed either vilify their Authority, or interrupt, or disturb them in the due Exercise of it.

3. That he will regularly & constantly attend the public Meals in y<sup>e</sup> Hall, as well as the public Prayers in y<sup>e</sup> College at the usual Hours appointed; be present if possible at the Beginning of divine service, and behave himself reverently & devoutly thereat, as in the more immediate presence of that omniscient and all-powerful Being he comes there to worship.

4. That he will also be punctual in attending not only y<sup>e</sup> private Lectures of his Tutor, at his Chambers, but likewise y<sup>e</sup> public Lectures, Disputations, and other public Exercises in y<sup>e</sup> Hall to which he is obliged, and never absent himself from either unless it be in Case of Sickness, or other necessary Impediments which cannot be prevented.

5. That he will duly & constantly reside in the College, as far as his Health will allow, or the Statutes of y<sup>e</sup> University and the particular Circumstances of his Education require; and take Care not to be absent for more than one Day without y<sup>e</sup> Privity of his Tutor, or for any considerable Time without the special Leave of y<sup>e</sup> Provost, & y<sup>e</sup> consent of his Friends or Guardians, who are by Letter to signify their particular Desire or Approbation of such Absence.

6. That he will diligently apply himself to his own private Studies, and endeavour, as far as his Capacity will give him Leave, to answer the True End of his Education in this Place, by laying such a Foundation of Learning & Knowledge as will qualify him for y<sup>e</sup> Profession he purposes to follow, or enable him to be useful and serviceable to his Country in any Sort of Station in Life he may hereafter be called to.

And that he may not abuse or pervert these valuable Advantages of Learning and Knowledge that are here to be attain'd, by any libertine Principles in Point of Religion, or bring a Reproach upon his Character by an ill Life & Conversation, He is further to promise

7. That he will studiously endeavour, by the Assistance of God's Grace, to keep as free as possible from all atheistical, loose & vicious Sort of Company, by which his Principles and Morals are in Danger of being corrupted; to be guided by y<sup>e</sup> Advice and Direction of his Tutor in the Choice of his Companions, and to behave himself with that Modesty, Sobriety and Discretion in his own private Conduct as to give no just Occasion of Scandal and Offence to y<sup>e</sup> College itself, or any Member of it.

8. That he will, as much as in him lies, avoid frequenting Taverns and other public Houses & Places of Resort, especially such as are of ill Fame or Credit; and neither loiter about in the Day-Time at the usual Hours of Study, nor stay later abroad in Company out of the College at Nights than the Statutes of y<sup>e</sup> University or y<sup>e</sup> Rules & Orders of y<sup>e</sup> Society of which he is a Member will allow him to do.

9. That he will by all Means take Care not to enhance y<sup>e</sup> Expence of his Education by any wilful Expences or Extravagances whatsoever, either in Dress or Entertainments, or unnecessary Diversions; but keep within

the proper Bounds of y<sup>e</sup> Allowance assigned him, & avoid bringing any Incumbrances upon himself or his Friends by contracting more Debts than he is able to answer; or dealing with any Tradesman in the way of Credit but such as his Tutor shall appoint or approve of, & that only to such a Proportion of Credit as he shall think fit to limit them to.

10. That he will be cautious of engaging in any Quarrels or Contests with any of his Fellow Collegians, much more of assaulting their Persons, or injuring their Characters by public Calumny or Detraction. But will in all Points consult and endeavour to promote y<sup>e</sup> Peace & Honour and interest of y<sup>e</sup> College as far as he is able, & never designedly do any Thing that is likely to bring a Reproach or Discredit upon it, or tend to y<sup>e</sup> Prejudice of any belonging to it.

Lastly, that in Case of any Neglects, Irregularities, or Transgressions of Duty in any of these Particulars, which may hereafter render him obnoxious to y<sup>e</sup> just Censure & Displeasure of y<sup>e</sup> Provost and his Tutor, or other officers of y<sup>e</sup> College, He will modestly and quietly submit himself to such Impositions, Penalties, or Punishments as they shall severally see fit to inflict upon him without Obstinacy or Opposition, Clamour or Molestation.

*The Oath.*

I, A. B., do solemnly promise and declare that I will studiously endeavour to the utmost of my Power to observe the several Rules & Orders here prescribed, & engage myself to do so by subscribing them with my own Hand.

*Sconces and Penalties appointed for the better Observation of y<sup>e</sup> aforesaid Rules.*

1. All Scholars under y<sup>e</sup> Degree of M.A. that knock or come in at y<sup>e</sup> Gates after eleven o'Clock at Night, to be sconced one Shilling toties quoties, or imposed Exercise at Discretion.

2. All that come in themselves, or let out Strangers after twelve, to be sconced two shillings, or impos'd at Discretion; if after, y<sup>e</sup> penalty to be doubled in Proportion as the Provost thinks fit.

3. All that miss Prayers in the Chapel above twice a Week, unless in Case of Sickness or other necessary Impediment approved of by y<sup>e</sup> Tutor, to be sconced a shilling toties quoties, or impos'd at Discretion. And the like for missing Disputations & other Exercises in y<sup>e</sup> Hall.

4. All Undergraduates that go out of Town without the Privity of their Tutors, or for any considerable Time without y<sup>e</sup> Leave of the Provost or his Locum Tenens, & the express Consent of their Parents or Guardians, to be sconced 6d. per Diem till they return to College, or impos'd Exercise at Discretion.

These sconces, when paid, to be divided and distributed in the following Manner, viz. :

Two Parts between the Porter & his Assistants at y<sup>e</sup> Gates, and the other third Part to be given to the Poor as the Provost & Officers of the College shall think fit.

## APPENDIX C.

UP to late into the eighteenth century small-pox was the most generally diffused, the most frequently epidemic, and the most fatal of all known pestilences. Voltaire<sup>1</sup> says that 60 per cent. of the human race take the disease, 10 per cent. die, and 10 per cent. are permanently disfigured, and that 20,000 persons died of it in Paris in 1723.

The practice of inoculation or the artificial production of the disease had gone on in some parts of the world from early times. Voltaire says that infants had been inoculated in Circassia from time immemorial, and Bruce<sup>2</sup> says inoculation had been practised for ages in Sennaar. Early in the eighteenth century it became known in England, and public attention was called to it by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who had her son inoculated at Constantinople in 1717, and her daughter in 1721 in England. Six condemned criminals were operated on successfully in Newgate, and the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, submitted successfully her own daughters to the new process in 1722. It fell, however, into bad hands, was tried on the worst possible subjects, and practised in the most injudicious manner. It fell into disrepute. In 1753 the Vice-Chancellor of the time issued the following notice :—

Whereas The long Continuance and Contagion of the Small-Pox (from which by God's Blessing We seem at length to be freed) hath of late been highly Prejudicial and Detrimental to the University and City of OXFORD: I do therefore earnestly intreat every regular Physician in this Place, That They will not for the future receive, attend or prescribe for any Persons whatsoever, who shall desire or apply to them to be inoculated with the Small-Pox within this City or Suburbs.

And I do require, and strictly enjoyn every Surgeon and Apothecary exercising their respective Occupations in OXFORD, That They do not for the future inoculate, or attend when inoculated, or furnish Medicine to any Person whatsoever abiding in any College or Hall or Private House, and undergoing the Operation of Inoculation with the Small-Pox within the aforesaid City and Suburbs.

And This my Order I expect to be duly comply'd with under such Penalties, as the Statutes and Laws of the University do empower Me to Inflict.

GEO. HUDDSFORD, Vice-Chan.

*Trinity* College, OXFORD,

Nov. 15, 1753.

In the next year the College of Physicians put out a strong recommendation of it; and in 1763 Robert Sutton appeared on the scene. He was of Framlingham Earl near Norwich, and with his sons practised inoculation with great skill and success. Robert Houlton, of

<sup>1</sup> Dictionnaire Philosophique, s. v. Inoculation, Works, ed. 1785, vol. 41, pp. 330 sqq. Compare also vol. 20, pp. 167 sqq.; De la mort de Louis XV, art. 23 of Mélanges Historiques.

<sup>2</sup> Travels, vol. 4, p. 484 (Edinburgh, 1790).

Magdalen College<sup>1</sup>, says that by 1768 fifty-five thousand persons had been inoculated and only six had died. Eventually a large number of medical men were made partners for particular counties or foreign parts. Houlton gives a list of upwards of sixty.

There had been a small-pox hospital open in London since 1746 for the extension of inoculation among the poor; but an attempt made in 1775 to open a dispensary for the gratuitous inoculation of the poor in their own homes failed, chiefly, it is said, through the opposition of Mr. Dimsdale, who had succeeded the Suttons, and fully equalled them in popularity and success. But, in fact, an inoculated person could convey the disease, and there are numerous advertisements in the newspapers of the time of houses to which persons might resort to be inoculated and pass the time during which they were suffering from the artificially produced disease. It was this among other things which gave its importance to the discovery in 1775 by Edward Jenner, a general practitioner at Berkeley in Gloucestershire, of vaccination or inoculation of the cow-pox, a disease kindred to small-pox in men and grease in horses. This discovery, after long investigation and experiment, was communicated to the world in 1798. After that time inoculation gradually ceased to be practised, and has since 1840 been forbidden by law.

The medical men of the period seem not to have been agreed as to the desirability of preparing the patient by treatment shortly before and after the operation. Dr. Gregory<sup>2</sup> was of opinion that the antimony and calomel, 'which the Suttons laid much stress upon, were useful only to secure the co-operation of the patient in matters of more necessity, especially diet and exposure to the open air.'

The following extracts from the Vice-President's Register at Magdalen College, derived from Bloxam (Register of Magd. Coll. vol. vi) shew a state of things from which Medical Science has happily delivered the nineteenth century:—

A. D. 1701. Apr. 15. Mr. Hanson variolarum labe correptus occubuit.

A. D. 1715. Nov. 7. Thomas Topping, A.M., Collegii hujus socius variolarum morbo correptus praematura morte interiit.

A. D. 1728. Apr. 23. Mr. Jesson, Socius, variolarum morbo correptus fato cessit.

A. D. 1732. Maij 6. Gulielmus Huett, S. T. B., variolarum morbo correptus fato cessit.

A. D. 1734. Sept. 23. Vir doctissimus et humanissimus Johannes Howell, A.M., Socius morbo variolarum correptus diem supremum obiit.

A. D. 1747. Apr. 11. Stringer Kirrill, Semicom., variolarum morbo correptus fato cessit.

A. D. 1761. Apr. 20. Robertus Rogers, S. T. B., variolarum tabe correptus morti occubuit.

<sup>1</sup> Demy 1757-1765; B.A. 1759; M.A. 1762; author of *Indisputable Facts relative to the Suttonian Art of Inoculation*. 8vo. Dublin, 1768 (Bloxam, vi. 304-308).

<sup>2</sup> *Lectures on the Eruptive Fevers*, delivered at St. Thomas's Hospital by George Gregory, M.D. London. 8vo. 1843, p. 93.

## APPENDIX D.

## LETTERS FROM GOLDING AND BARROW.

## I.

JOSEPH GOLDING TO JOHN JAMES, JUNIOR<sup>1</sup>.

\* \* \* \* \*

AT other times I fancied (for friends as well as lovers *ipsi sibi somnia fingunt*) that being captivated with the deluding charms of the Metropolis, you were gliding down the stream of false pleasure; for ever forgetful of your friend, who sat pining away his solitary moments in some obscure corner of the country. I am glad, however, to find you again secure in the bosom of Alma mater, and composed for reading and meditation by the venerable gloom of St. Peter's.

'Tis enough: you have at last repaid me for all my longings with accumulated interest. Had I even been capable of entertaining any unfavourable ideas of your silence, they would all have vanished at the perusal of your agreeable letter. It awakened in the mind a multitude of pleasing sensations, and gave me, I assure you, more real satisfaction than I ever felt in contemplating the sublimest passage of Homer, Virgil, or Milton. From friendship, my dear James, the greatest pleasures, that we enjoy in our intercourse with this world, are derived. And though it is generally said that health is the greatest blessing of life, yet such an opinion, I think, can only be allowed by those who have never experienced the delights of social communication. Health gives us a relish of temporal gratifications; friendship of intellectual ones. The value of the first is only known by its loss; whereas the other makes us sensible of our happiness at the moment of enjoyment. The one, unless contrasted with frequent intervals of sickness, is hardly enjoyed at all; but the sources of the other are as inexhaustable as the objects of the pleasure, which it refines, are durable and immortal.

How easily our time slips over! I wrote to you in midsummer, and look! it is almost Christmas before I take up my pen again. I have a thousand things to communicate to you, had I a tongue to utter the conceptions of my heart. They are so many trifles, perhaps: but trifles you say are interesting when they concern your friends. It is with confidence in such an assurance that I have ventured to say the greatest part of what you will find comprehended within the limits of this sheet. I wish, however, they were matters of real importance, not only for your sake, but for the writer's also. For to trifle agreeably, or rather *proprie communia dicere*, is an art that few people are masters of. And least of all can be expected from a person in my situation, who from a long intimacy with the country am grown quite a rustic, as homely as my neighbours in manners and appearance.

<sup>1</sup> In this letter the asterisks are the writer's own.

A little after I wrote to you I intended to visit Arthuret. The day was fixed for my journey, when a gentleman, whose father resides in our village, coming unexpectedly out of Lancashire, put a stop to it. As he was an old acquaintance of mine, and hearing tell that I was at Lessonhall<sup>1</sup>, had come down almost purposely to see me, I could not without a breach of good manners absent myself from home. The gentleman I speak of is a young clergyman, whom I have perhaps mentioned to you by the name of Saul, a curate to the Rector of Warrington<sup>2</sup>. He has a good taste for poetry, an admirer rather of Horace than Virgil; is an excellent classical scholar; and a man of great humour and vivacity. By his person you would take him at first sight for a philosopher, not indeed a professor of the Newtonian system, but one of the sect of Epicurus. I have been particular in speaking of this personage for the same reason that epic writers introduce those circumstances with more solemnity than ordinary that lead to great and important events; for his arrival either entirely produced, or in a great measure influences most of those incidents which I am going to offer to your patience in the sequel of my letter. He was the only person I have met with in our neighbourhood in whose company I felt that degree of satisfaction which I look upon as requisite to fix a companion and a friend. Always chearful, always lively, he contributed greatly to enliven my spirits, and dissipate the remains of melancholly, that amidst all the pleasures of summer were yet lurking in my breast. We concerted schemes of amusement together, and two or three times every week we rode a few miles round the country to enjoy the fresh air, or to visit each other's relations.

In one of our excursions we went to see the Regatta upon Bassenthwaite water. We prevailed upon Dickey Hair, who lives not far out of the road, to go along with us. I cannot pretend to give you any account of the races, because, unluckily staying to drink off the Parson's bottle, we did not arrive at Ousebridge<sup>3</sup> before they were over. Though I lost as you would suppose, the principal part of the day's entertainment, yet was I amply recompensed for the trouble of the journey. It was in the month of August. The weather, I remember, was unusually calm and serene. The company assembled upon the occasion was composed of the genteel sort of people the country could afford, from the baronet down to the daily labouring hind. Here you might have seen the fine lady

<sup>1</sup> Lessonhall, half way between Abbey Holm and Wigton,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  m. W. by N. of the latter. The name is said to be a corruption of Lassell's Hall, so called from a former proprietor of an independent manor in Waverton township in Wigton parish.

<sup>2</sup> The Rector of Warrington at this time was Edward Owen (perhaps of Jesus College, Oxford, B.A. 1749, M.A. 1752), who held the incumbency from 1767 to 1807.

<sup>3</sup> Ouse Bridge (which Gray in his letters says is pronounced Ewsbridge), otherwise called Ewenbridge, crosses the Derwent close to where it emerges from Bassenthwaite lake, and carries over it the road from Cockermouth by Armathwaite to Caldbeck and Hesket Newmarket. It is at the end of the lake nearest to Lessonhall.

all glittering in silks and the neat country damsel with health glowing in her cheeks. Some of them sat ranged in motley rows along the margin of the lake ; while others were gaudily floating upon its surface. At the same time numbers were crouded in the Inn, attending to the charms of the bottle, or melted into raptures by the sound of the viol and the lute.

Among the diversions of the day there was a gun-shooting, as we vulgarly call it, which on account of the fine eccho from the mountains produced a nobler effect than I could have imagined. The mark was fixed in such a position that a line, drawn through its center from the place of levelling, pointed towards the upper end of the lake, and fell within a few degrees from the foot of a mountain that projected considerably into the water. At every discharge we could discern the balls skimming along the surface of the lake to a great distance. Being curious to mark what direction each of them took, I observed that instead of describing a right line, they deviated to one side, forming as it were part of a large circle. At first I thought it was occasioned by a whirling motion in the balls ; but finding by repeated observation that they constantly deflected to the same side, I had recourse to a different hypothesis. As the course of the balls was invariably bent towards the mountain, I concluded it to be owing to the mountain's attraction ; and every succeeding experiment confirmed me in my opinion.

I had the fortune to meet with Bristow several times. In the evening he drank share of a bottle of wine with us ; and pressed me eagerly to stay all night with him and regale myself with the pleasures of dancing. We sat conversing together till it began to grow dark, when Mr. Saul, who was looking out of the window, called my attention to an object that opened an additional source of pleasure to us. It was the full moon just beginning to peep from behind the western ridge of Skiddow. She advanced, while our eyes were fixt upon her, with a soft and gradual pace : and throwing her silver mantle over the lake, the woods, and the mountains, presented from without a scene of peaceful solemnity that finely contrasted the sprightliness of music and dancing within.

All the afternoon I thought myself transported into Elysium. Indeed, the description which Virgil has given us of those happy seats is wonderfully applicable to what I beheld at this place. I shall here transcribe it, by way of finishing a picture but imperfectly drawn of itself.

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
 Purpureo : solemque suum, sua sidera nôrunt.  
 Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,  
 Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ :  
 Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.  
 Necnon Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos  
 Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum,  
 Jamq: eadem digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno.

What a number of beauties escape our observation in every good poem for want of drawing our ideas from the same source with the author. The epithet *purpureum*, for instance, which Virgil, in the passage I have quoted, applies to *lumen*, is understood by most of the critics, if not by

all, to signify nothing more than pulchrum or nitidum. Even in this sense I thought it a happy expression enough ; but before I was at Ouse-bridge I never dreamt of its containing any particular beauty and propriety. I was there surprised with the appearance of a bright purple shade, that seemed to be diffused all over the sunshine between the spectator's eye and the mountains, and gave an inexpressible richness to the scenery at a distance. I was now quite ravished with the force and beauty of Virgil's expression ; and I dare say that the poet first conceived his idea from the view of a mountainous country, such as Bassenthwaite or Keswic.

At last the time arrived when my humourous clergyman was to depart from Cumberland, and leave me to seek for other companions and other enjoyments. I received a letter from Shepherd<sup>1</sup>, wherein he desired me to meet him at Red-dial<sup>2</sup> on Saturday the fourth of September, adding that, if I had not been at Arthuret already, he would be glad of my company thither. I could have no objections to a proposal of this nature ; accordingly I waited upon him at the place appointed, and was agreeably surprised to find Bristow there also. We dined together, and departing about two o'clock, Bristow galloped away for Armathwaite, and Shepherd and I pursued our road towards Carlisle.

It was past nine before we came to Arthuret. We called at the door to signify our arrival and to be informed of the welfare of the family. Next morning we returned to breakfast, and afterwards went to church with a curiosity to hear a sermon once more from Mr. James. You talk of the locality of memory, and tell me how far our ideas are connected with situations and circumstances. There is likewise a connection of feeling with persons and things ; so that such of our sensations as have been worn away by absence, are immediately felt again at the sight of the object that first gave them birth. I had occasion to think in this manner when Miss Fanny along with Miss Mowat<sup>3</sup>, her sister, made her appearance in the church adorned with the same beauty and elegance of person, for which I had often admired her before. I must confess to you that, in spite of all your father's eloquence from the pulpit, I could not help frequently fixing my eyes upon her, more attentive to the charms of an earthly woman than to the duties of religion, and the importance of the life to come.

We dined at Arthuret. After dinner the company was chearful and talkative. You may suppose our discourse turned mostly upon the University. Among other things that passed, Mr. James enquired how

<sup>1</sup> See n. 2, p. 45.

<sup>2</sup> Red Dial, an inn and hamlet, deriving its name therefrom in Stoneraise township in Westward parish, 1½ m. S. of Wigton, adjoining Old Carlisle, the Roman station Olenacum. Fairs are annually held here on August 1 for sheep and wool, and on Sept. 2 for sheep only. At the inn the manor courts are held, and the magistrates meet monthly for appointment of surveyors and overseers and for licensing and other business. At the inn also is an altar dedicated to Bellona, dug up in Old Carlisle in 1845.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Mowat was the Arthuret family doctor.

the young gentlemen of our College usually put off their time, and what was our idea of close study there? Observing that he spoke it with an arch kind of a smile, I gave him as humorous a description as I could think of extempore; and Shepherd illustrated it with proper anecdotes told of our learned Tutors, and their hopeful pupils: Nor was your father wanting to divert us with a variety of entertaining incidents extracted from the College annals of his own times. *Prorsus jucunde cœnam produximus illam.*

I went to drink tea at Mr. Mars' along with Shepherd. In the evening we took a walk by the river side up towards Netherby. I surveyed those scenes with a secret satisfaction where I had spent the prime of my youth in contemplation and lettered ease. We returned against it was dark: Shepherd staid at Longtown<sup>1</sup>: I went alone to Arthuret, where we slept respectively the rest of the nights we abode in this place.

On Wednesday morning we bid farewell to your friends, and to Arthuret. In our return Shepherd consented to accompany me to Lessenhall. From the fatigue of riding I felt myself doubly happy by our own fireside. But not long was I permitted to enjoy the sweets of domestic security. I had made a promise to spend a week with Shepherd at Egremont<sup>2</sup>; He now insisted upon the performance of it. We set off from Lessenhall on Friday morning: and taking Maryport in our road, we called upon Miss Machell, in whose company we spent about two hours.

I left my horse at the house of a relation of my father's, who lives about three miles from Egremont, and while I staid with Shepherd we went together frequently to see them. We were both of us invited to their churn supper<sup>3</sup>; but as Shepherd was engaged that evening I had the fortune to go alone. It happened to be a very stormy night. When I arose in the morning the wind was as boisterous as ever, and the sea during each intermission of the blast, was heard roaring at a distance. I turned a wistful look towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, and unable to resist the impulse of a curiosity that had never been yet gratified, I was resolved, if possible, to have a sight of the sea in a storm. Accordingly I told my cousins (for I durst not tell them the truth) that having a little business in Whitehaven, I would take a walk thither, and return to their house before dinner. I set off impatiently about ten o'clock, and taking straight across the fields over hedges and ditches, made the best of my way to the shore.

<sup>1</sup> Longtown, a market-town in Arthuret parish, half a mile from the church. It had at this time something over 1000 inhabitants, now more than double that number. In the notes to Hutchinson, vol. ii. p. 548, we find, 'Here is as commodious an inn as any in the north of England, built by the late Dr. Graham.'

<sup>2</sup> Egremont, a market-town at this time of about 1500 inhabitants, six miles S.E. of Whitehaven. Beckermot, where Shepherd was born, is the next parish, between Egremont and the sea.

<sup>3</sup> Churn Supper, according to Halliwell (Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words), is the name given in the North to 'a supper given to the labourers at the conclusion of the harvest.'

The place where I arrived was not far from St. Bees, the southern extremity of the Heads. I ascended, Titus like, to the summit of the hill, and the whole fluctuating prospect opened upon my eye at once. I approached as near the edge of the precipice as the violence of the wind would permit. The deep was now rolling towards the shore at a great distance below me. I could not but observe what an agreeable effect the heaving surface of the water produced upon the sense when beheld from such an elevation. But as objects, placed in a perpendicular position, always appear smaller than ordinary, the impressions, though pleasing, were faint, and incapable of affording that dreadful kind of pleasure which I expected from a view of the sea in a storm. I wished to be able to get down among the rocks to the edge of the tide, where I might behold the deep in all its terrors. I wished, and lo! some kind genius or other who pitied the distress I was in, directed my steps to the only place that admitted of a possibility of descending. It was with great difficulty that I reached the bottom of the precipice. And now, while the winds howled among the fractured cliffs above, that every moment seemed ready to tumble upon my head, and while the waves burst in thunder upon the rocks below, and were dashed into a sea of foam at my feet, I stood undaunted amidst the dreadful uproar, and enjoyed the fury of conflicting elements. And when I had staid a while to contemplate the grandeur of the scene at hand, I cast my eyes along the tops of the billows that seemed heaped in floating ridges to the clouds, and ‘Hail, thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation,’—transported with the immensity of the prospect—‘Hail, thou fluctuating Ocean,’—I cried—‘Whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space are immerged for ever in oblivion. How awful! How glorious are the scenes thou displayest, when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds; when death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay! And yet, mighty deep! ’tis thy surface alone we view. Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abimes<sup>1</sup>? The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conceptions; and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that divine power, whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed.’

Having spent a fortnight in this part of the country, I left the company of the ladies at Egremont to return to the arms of the lovlier Miss Machell. Before I came away I made Shepherd a solemn promise that I would not stay at Maryport all night. Tell me now, dear James, without reading any further, whether you think I staid there or not. I own I did; and slept that night—under the same roof with Miss Machell herself. Never-

<sup>1</sup> Unknown to Johnson, perhaps the French word for abysses. Shakspeare uses the intermediate form ‘abysm.’

theless I can assure you my stay was not voluntary. I was compelled to it without doubt by some evil genius or other, who delights in thwarting our best resolves ; for immediately after I had entered Mr. Machell's door there arose such a terrible shower as was never disgorged before from the black womb of the clouds. The violence of the storm continued till I could no longer have any thoughts of going home that evening ; but no sooner had I given the ladies an assurance of my staying in the town all night, than at the command of the same genius the clouds broke away, and the face of nature regained its usual serenity.

‘Each fair one smil'd and all the world was gay.’

In a window-seat next the fire sat Miss Machell working part of a head-dress for herself. I took the liberty to fill the half of the seat that was unoccupied, and thus placed myself close by her side. I was now freed from the loquacious importunity of Mrs. Machell, who seeing me engaged in conversation with her daughter, turned her discourse to a gentleman on the other side of the room. The time passed agreeably till tea, after which I proposed to take a walk out with Miss Machell and one of her sisters. We strayed arm in arm along an eminence that lies on this side of the town, and commands an extensive view of the Channel. The sun was declining in its gayest colours. There are certain moments in one's existence when the whole frame is so nicely harmonized that every agreeable object, which just then strikes on any of the organs of sense, awakens the soul to pleasure. I can never behold so glorious a scene without wonder, but being in one of these happy tempers at present

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After supper, Mrs. Machell became as talkative as ever. In the course of our conversation, which run mostly upon serious topics, she threw out a number of precepts, as usual, for the improvement of her children. I flatter myself the old lady entertained a good opinion of my morals. Perhaps she thought me a person from whose company her daughters might derive considerable improvement. Whatever were her sentiments of me, she thought proper to retire about nine o'clock, and leave us (Mr. Machell himself being abroad at Dublin) to our own amusement. There was nothing now remaining to interrupt the liveliness of our evening's conversation. It was about eleven when Miss Machell and I were left alone. And . . . oh James !

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Machell is a charming girl. Besides handsomeness of person, and a certain sprightliness in her air, she is possessed of a fund of good nature, that never fails her, and imparts a peculiar grace to everything she says or does.

‘Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,

Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

Seu solvit crines, fuis decet esse capillis ;

Seu comsit, comtis est veneranda comis.

Urit, seu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ,

Urit, seu niveâ candida veste venit.

Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.’

Her voice corresponds to her person; and she sings, if you can believe a prejudiced ear, like an angel. I found her much better acquainted with literature than I expected. There was a volume of *Clarissa* lying upon the table; I took it up, and reading a few passages to the young ladies, turned the discourse for a moment upon novels. She displayed a taste and knowledge in books that really surprised me. When we were alone she let me see a letter or two she had received from a female correspondent of hers. They contained some few orthographical errors, all of which Miss Machell readily pointed out to me. I told her that in return I would show her a letter of mine; accordingly pulling out of my pocket an allegorical one, which I had transcribed from a copy of *Shepherd's*, I read it over to her; and I was glad to find she perfectly understood it.

And now quite weary with the pursuit after pleasure abroad, I longed to enjoy again the comforts of solitude and contemplation in my native shades, and spend a tranquil hour in reflecting with pleasure upon all I had seen and all I had felt. But alas! how vain are the wishes of mortals! how perishable our proudest hopes! The breath of approaching winter had blasted in my absence the beauty of the groves, and put to flight each balmy zephyr that wont to salute my morning walks with healing on its wings. And not long after, to compleat the ruins of the year, the cloud-capped *Aquarius* made a discharge of all the moisture he had been collecting in summer. His effusions were so copious and frequent that they swelled our rivulet to the immensity of a Nile: while we, poor souls! unable to stir out of doors, sat musing and moping in the chimney-corner, like so many dead things.

During this disagreeable course of the weather I was destitute of all company that could afford me a moment's gratification. Every artifice I could invent was barely able to support my drooping spirits, and to keep them from sinking into despondency. I now [felt the pro]prietry of your observations upon [the danger?] of the *Hyp* as much as any person [could. I] once feared a return of the same disease I was troubled with last winter. It pr[oduced] a cold with a slight touch of the sore [throat,] and with a little care went off in a few days. A gentle frost succeeding restored the state of my health to its former tenour.

But how do you think Mr. Hymers<sup>1</sup> advises me to supply this want of company and amuse myself till I return back to Oxford? In a letter, which I received since writing greatest part of the above, he recommends to me the translating a book of *Lucretius*, enforcing his recommendation by several very persuasive arguments. But, good heavens! I am no more able to execute such a task than to controll the motion of the spheres. And even admitting that I were able, I should never think of it as long as my health is in a situation so tender and delicate. You would be surprised, Mr. James, to think what a trifle will keep me busy from

<sup>1</sup> William Hymers, entered *Batler* June 17, 1775; B.A. 1779. He was of *Yorkshire*, and a pupil of *Yates* at *Appleby*. 'Spoken of,' according to *James, Senior*, in a letter to *Boucher* in 1781, 'as a very good Greek and Latin scholar, particularly clever at versification in both languages, and of amiable manners.'

one end of the week to the other. I have neither time nor inclination to meddle with any difficult composition whatever. Titus is yet standing upon the top of the mountain in prospect of Jerusalem. After all I doubt it will prove a ten years' siege, could I but make it as renowned as the celebrated one of Troy! I wish our hero may take the city before the finishing of the present American war.

In the same letter Hymers informs me that Farrer<sup>1</sup> has completed his collection of poems, and his subscribers amount to more than two hundred. He has had the verses under his inspection, and many of them, he says, will do honour to their author; though I must not expect perfection, nor anything near it, otherwise I shall be deeply disappointed. As for Farrer himself, he seems diffident of their merit, and complains of the difficulty of his work. 'My translation,' says the poet, 'suffers, I am afraid, from the manner of my original. The want of method, the frequency of Hebraisms, and the perpetual recurrence of tautologies, would pose the cunning of the most experienced and accomplished translator.'

Farrer, I believe, does not understand Hebrew, a circumstance hardly material, if our English bible convey the spirit of the original. Neither does he couch the title of his works under such formidable terms to excite admiration; there being no impropriety, I think, in telling us what perhaps we did not know before, that the original of a poetical translation was poetry.

Your surprise at his having writ nothing but paraphrase and translation seems to have arisen from want of information. The collection, indeed, which he is going to publish consists entirely of translation; but his first and likewise his principal performances are all of them original: some of which I have seen myself, and particularly the *Schoolboy*, a poem of considerable length as well as merit. Farrer, you see, is a man of sense. He follows the advice of his friend Horace, who, in cases of this nature, was certainly as good a judge as anybody.

I shall now beg leave to present you with part of a letter from Farrer,

<sup>1</sup> John Farrer, entered *Batler* March 29, 1776; B.A. 1796; M.A. 1797; a namesake and probably a relative of the more celebrated Vicar and schoolmaster of *Wilton le Wear*. He was *Bampton Lecturer* 1803, and preached on 'The Mission and Character of Christ.' In the printed volume there are sixteen sermons, the last eight being on the *Beatitudes*. He is described on the title-page as Rector of the united parishes of *St. Clement, Eastcheap* and *St. Martin Orgars, London*. The *Bodleian* has nothing else of him, but in the *College Library* there are:— (1) *Sermons on the Parables*, by John Farrer, M.A.: Lond. 8vo. 1801. 'Some few of these sermons have been preached before the University of Oxford.' (2) The same book reissued with a new title-page, and a second volume as 'Sermons on the Parables,' in two volumes, by John Farrer, M.A., of *Queen's College, Oxford*: Lond. 8vo. 1802, with a dedication to the Rt. Hon. Henry *Addington*. The preface to each edition is dated *Reading*. The *Bampton*s are dedicated to *George (Pretyman, afterwards Tomline)*, Bishop of *Lincoln* and Dean of *St. Paul's*, who seems from the dedication to have given him his *London preferment*.

to Hymers, transmitted to me by the latter as coming home to the business about which he was going to write. It contains, I think, an agreeable picture, and will let you know in what manner I shall probably spend part of the approaching Christmas.—‘After so many promises, says he, you shall not excuse yourself from visiting us at Christmas. Our chief will treat you with the feast and the bowl, and his bards will raise the song. For my part, when you tire of cramming yourself with minced pies, I shall invite you to my fragment of the Schoolboy. When you are tired of the Schoolboy you may fly off to the tankard : and when you are quite tired of all these trifles, you may return to substantial minced pye. I have some prospect of having Joseph (meaning me) amongst us, and regale myself with the thoughts of a merry Christmas, and a happy new year.’—I have made Hymers a promise to meet him at Appleby, on the 29th of December, if the weather be seasonable. I flatter myself with a great deal of pleasure from the visit. You will perhaps hear more of it afterwards.

As the end of my paper approaches, I am under a necessity of snapping the thread of my narration. I shall expect to hear from you at the first opportunity. I don’t, however, desire a long letter. Engaged in a diversity of studies you have little time for such purposes, as well as little variety of incidents. By suiting your own convenience you will give most satisfaction to your friend

J: G.

LESSENHALL, Dec. 11, 1779.

P.S.—I should have acknowledged the receipt of your letter long ago had I not met with much interruption. As I am obliged to take greatest care of my health I am not able to sit any long time together. I composed a scrap of the above scrawl now and then, and made as much an amusement of it as possible. It helped to divert the tediousness of time which without some employment besides reading, I should have perhaps spent in reflecting upon the loneliness of my situation. I dare not attempt to write anything that is difficult. The only thing I have thought of is a translation of Cicero’s *Somnium Scipionis*. I am busy with it at present when I have nothing else to do. My health has been much better this winter than I expected. I hope I have now got the worst of the season over. I had a week of scating, which was of great service to me. I am now as well as I was at any time last summer. In spring, therefore, I have reason to hope I shall be much better. I talked of going to Arthuret about Christmas ; but as my stay in the country will perhaps be longer than I thought of at that time, I shall defer it till the season grows milder. I can tell very little about T.’s behaviour in the country. I was only at their house, I believe, about thrice in all, and at one time I went along with Saul, and at another with Shepherd. Yet, would you believe it, he has had the assurance to write to me since his return to College. I received a reverend epistle from the Doctor<sup>1</sup> lately. He informs me the whole society are glad to hear of the improved state of my health, and that after all my expences are paid he has five pounds

<sup>1</sup> Sc. Nicolson.

in hand for me. When I was at Egremont I went one day with Shepherd to Mr. Jackson's, and had the pleasure of seeing the Doctor's sister. I saw Nicolson's<sup>1</sup> sister several times. I saw Fearon and his lovely bride at Ousebridge. As Mr. Hair was acquainted with him, I was a while in their company. I was surprised at the account of his marriage. Don't trouble yourself any more with the prize verses: I shall see them when I go to Arthuret. For want of committing to paper the verses I wrote upon Hierosol. expug., I have entirely lost them. You will have the copy, I suppose, when I return to college, or else I am undone. My electrical machine is just where it was when I wrote to you last. The artist who was to assist me is dead. I shall not make it at all this winter, so you must content yourself without a single<sup>2</sup>. . . . What are you studying now? What is your employment? What are your amusements? How go fiddling? How go French? College is a happy place for study. I have a million things to disturb me here, so that if I was inclined to study I should be able to do nothing. But for me the country is much better than a college; if I was not at a loss for suitable companions. At home I am rarely melancholly. There is something or other always to divert me. I am never alone, and this keeps away disagreeable reflexions. I procured four volumes of Shakespeare, upon which I have feasted for a month. Adieu!

## II.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE,  
July, 1783.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As you desire me to write to you once more before I leave Oxford, I cannot but comply with your request, not only on account of the friend who makes it, but because the scribbling of a few lines will at this time be more an amusement than a trouble to me.

In the first place accept my congratulations upon your admission into the Church, and also my particular thanks for your copious and valuable letter. To your letter I have neither time nor ability at present to return you an answer. When I have more of both, I will *endeavour* to do it justice; and for that purpose I shall take it along with me to Axbridge, where I fancy I shall have leisure enough to attend to the favours of my corresponders.

I promise myself a good deal of pleasure, as well as benefit, from this visit to Mr. Shepherd, and as far as one may judge from a letter which I received from him the other night, his mind is wound up to a still greater pitch of expectation. How far our mutual hopes and desires may be gratified when we come to make the experiment is a matter not worth the enquiry. For my own part, whatever happens to disturb our felicity, I shall not be *much* disappointed; for owing to the many rubs I have met with of late in this dark Vale of Tears, I do not look forward with that

<sup>1</sup> Probably Clement Nicolson, see n. 1, p. 143.

<sup>2</sup> There is a short illegible word here. It looks like *dig*.

eagerness which I was once accustomed to do. My spirit is cooled, my hopes humbled, and my wishes confined.

But perhaps the greatest part of our friend's ardour may arise merely from my visits being delayed beyond the time in which he expected to see me. 'Another morning (says he) is gone, and the hope of seeing you to day along with it. I begun to look for you yesterday se'nnight, and have constantly every morning since been a couple of hours in anxious expectation of your arrival. I am afraid my desire to see you will not be gratified till it is overstrained by being perpetually upon the stretch.' But how strained soever his mind may be with expectation, I must put it still more to the tryal, unless it may have been relieved by a letter which I wrote to him for that purpose immediately upon the receipt of his. It was not indeed to acquaint him with the time of my arrival, but only to assure him of the uncertainty of it. I gave him no particular reasons for my delay, as I thought it might be better done in person; but to you, whom I shall not have the happiness of seeing so soon, it may be convenient to mention it before I set off.

Talking some time ago of this journey to Axbridge, I met with two gentlemen going into the same part of the country, and intending to travel on the same day. In this case it would be most expedient for us to take a post-chaise, and we accordingly proposed to set off together. This I thought a piece of unusual fortune, but alas! before the day came, I was seized with my former complaint, and thus prevented from taking the benefit of their company. To tell you what I have suffered by a return of the disorder would only be the old story over again. It is sufficient to assure you that I am a second time recovered, if it may be called a recovery to be in a condition less eligible than death.

This then is the occasion of my lingering in Oxford, which, if it have given any uneasiness to our friend at Axbridge, I hope he will easily excuse. But I am impatient to be out of College, for it grows more and more obnoxious to me every day. The riot and intemperate mirth, which I am subjected to on one side or other, is at all times disagreeable to me, but particularly so at this conjuncture when I should wish to apply my mind to scenes of purity . . . and happiness. Mr. Hymers, I believe, is as t[ired of] College as myself; and he too will take t[he first] opportunity of retiring into the country. He only stays to publish his proposals for his edition of Collins, after which he goes to reside at Ampthill in Bedfordshire, where he intends to settle for life.

You may expect to hear from me again before I have been long at Axbridge. In the meantime farewell, and be happy in contemplating the misfortunes of

Dear James,

Your affectionate friend,

JOS. GOLDING.

You may keep the testimonials till I am assured they are of no use. The certificate will always be useful, but as I have another by me, you may preserve in your hands till wanted.

## III.

## THE SAME TO THE SAME.

AXBRIDGE,  
August 12th, 1783.

DEAR JAMES,

I promised to send you a more particular answer to your epistle as soon as I was settled at Axbridge, which promise from a variety of interruptions either of business or amusement I have never yet been able to perform. To say the truth, it was not altogether want of leisure that occasioned this delay, but partly the expectation that Mr. Shepherd was going to address you, whose writing would in some measure, I thought, take off the necessity of mine. As he seems at present to have given up the idea for a season, I shall take this opportunity to accost you, without waiting to know at what period it will be convenient for our friend to oblige you with a favour of the like kind.

I have now been with Mr. Shepherd a month, and I may truly say it has been the pleasantest I ever spent in the south of England. How different is the time which we are burthened with in a College from that which passes over us with agreeable friends in the country! Instead of the riot and intemperate mirth, which if I did not associate with such companies, I was often obliged through a vicinity of lodging to be witness to, I here experience the pleasures of ease, friendship, and rational conversation, improved and ornamented with the sweetest picture of matrimonial felicity. Fortune since I came seems to have relaxed the severity of her frowns, and to give me some little assurance that things may in time be well again. As for one great obstacle to my happiness, the difficulties I have met with in gaining admission into the Church, I hope this as well as all others will shortly be removed. About a week ago I received the offer of a title from Mr. Hewson<sup>1</sup>, one of the Fellows of our College, who resides in the Isle of Wight. He makes me this proposal against the next Ordination at Oxford, but as I should wish to be ordained at Wells along with Mr. Shepherd, I intend to solicit letters dimissory from the Bishop of Winchester<sup>2</sup>. If his lordship should refuse to grant them, for I cannot think of either going to Winchester to be ordained, or of waiting till the Ordination of Oxford, I have a title also offered me by Mr. Shepherd's Rector, which, in case of necessity, and that only, I purpose to accept of. If I get Orders at Wells, I shall perhaps not soon quit this part of the country. I have the prospect of a

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Hewson, entered Batler 1756; matriculated Oct. 20, 'aged 19, Joannis de Wigtoun, Com. Cumb., Pleb. fil.' B.A. 1760; M.A. 1764; Fellow, 1770; afterwards Rector of Bramshott, Hants.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Brownlow North, half-brother of Lord North, the prime minister and Chancellor of the University; Dean of Canterbury 1770; Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry 1771; of Worcester 1774; of Winchester 1771; died 1820. He was ancestor of the present Earl of Guilford.

curacy in the neighbourhood of Bath, which, if it be not disposed of before I am ordained, I shall probably accept of.

After experiencing this reverse of fortune perhaps you will suppose me improving daily in health, spirits, and serenity of mind. I cannot say however that it has made great alteration with me, which is perhaps a proof that my late indisposition was not owing to disappointment. Disappointments, notwithstanding the weak state I am in both of body and mind, have perhaps as little effect upon me as upon persons of the most robust constitutions. In the loss of my health I lost all that was valuable to me in life, and till this be further established, prosperity or adversity, riches or poverty are things in themselves indifferent to me, or at least not of such moment as to make me languish in one or exult in the other. Whatever be my fortune, I shall get life struggled through by some means or other ; and it will not matter much, when I am arrived at the period of my existence, in what rank or capacity I have lived, provided I discharge my duty and die as a Christian ought to do. To do these things shall be the chief of my study, let me say the height of my ambition ; and if I knew any mode of life more conducive to this end than another, that I would most eagerly embrace. Were I to offer up a prayer for health, I should only wish to be so far established as to be able to do the duty of my calling. So much is absolutely necessary for the happiness of a person brought up as I have been ; but were I possessed of this, I should be afraid to sollicit Heaven any further, convinced that a state of dependence, a state of insufficiency is the best for such creatures as we are, as it lays the fairest foundation for obedience in this life and happiness in the next.

And here let me not forget to return you my hearty thanks for the friendly consolation which you suggested to me by way of alleviation to the distresses which I feel in the loss of health. But were it even true that the sacrifice which I have made to my passions and experience has been instrumental in procuring the welfare of my friends, as I can challenge no merit of these services to myself, I do not know how far such a consideration ought to be a motive of acquiescence in what I have done and suffered. Upon this principle the worst of mankind might palliate their sins, for I doubt not but such men are often instruments to the good of promoting virtue and piety. If it be, however, as you assert that my errors have kept either you, or any other of my friends from committing the like transgressions, I rejoice that you have been wise enough to be warned by example, and to abstain from vice without being convinced by experience of the dreadful effects it produces. So far I may and do derive consolation from the errors I have been guilty of. I rejoice most heartily in the safety of my friends, but I am nevertheless bound to lament my folly and imprudence, which neither the safety of my friends, nor my own tears and abstinence can effectually atone for. The mischiefs flowing from thence can only be repaired at the restoration of all things, the only true, absolute, and proper *regeneration*, when I hope that God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, will pardon the offences I have committed, and restore me to the health and perfection of a glorified nature.

Impressed with these sentiments, thus hearty in the cause of the Gospel, I should have no objections to take upon me the care of a Church, were I assured that my health would bear the fatigue of it. This at present I am very apprehensive of, and much afraid that I shall not be able to procure a Church with duty easy enough sufficient to support me. Mr. Shepherd has done, and will do, every thing in his power to accommodate me in this respect as well as in others. The obligations which I owe to him for friendship and favours of old have been much increased since I came to Axbridge by the unlimited kindness and civility he has shewn me. It is needless however to speak in praise of a person whose virtues you are sufficiently acquainted with before hand.

Mr. Shepherd has at present a great deal of Church business upon his hands ; for besides officiating twice a day at Axbridge, he does duty at a village called Cheddar, the living of which belongs to Mr. Rawbone<sup>1</sup>, of St. Mary Hall. I generally take a ride with him thither, which I do not only to bear him company, but also for the sake of my health. Mr. Shepherd I have great hopes will be able to add this Church to that of Axbridge in a little time. The curate of it is incapacitated by a disorder which will probably carry him to the grave, after which I make no doubt Mr. Shepherd will succeed to it. If this event take place, it will give me a great deal of pleasure, as it will make his income, which is rather too little at present, a good deal more tolerable and easy.

Since I came hither, I have rode out generally twice a week. Sometimes Mr. Shepherd goes along with me, either for company or to visit some of his friends in the country. About a week ago we had a very agreeable excursion, which you may perhaps excuse me if I relate to you : this excursion was of the complex kind, partly by land and partly by water. The part of it by land was to a clergyman's, a man of considerable fortune who lives upon the sea coast, and the part by water to a little island in the midst of the Bristol Channel. We set out a small party of us from Axbridge, and arrived at the clergyman's about six o'clock in the morning. Having eat a hearty breakfast we proceeded to go on board one of his Majesty's cruising boats, which our friend the clergyman had interest to procure us, but not till he had sent off a servant with a large basket full of provisions, containing all things necessary both for eating and

<sup>1</sup> John Rawbone, matriculated at Magdalen Hall, 1761, aged 18, son of William of Winslow, co. Buckingham, Pleb.; B.A. 1765; Usher of Magdalen College School, 1764-9; Chaplain of Magdalen College, 1769-1821; M.A. 1768; Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall, B.D. 1787; Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Effingham, D.D. 1804; married, 1775, Jane Mary Egerton of Chalgrove, co. Oxford; was Candidate 1777 for the office of Keeper of the Archives, of which he had been Deputy-Keeper, when Dr. Benjamin Buckler, Fellow of All Souls, was elected, Vicar of Cheddar, co. Somerset, and afterwards Vicar of Buckland, Berks, and Rector of Hatford in the same county. He had a daughter, Sarah, married to Capt. Rolles, R.N.; a son, Charles Bertie Rawbone, B.C.L. 1818, of St. Mary Hall; and another, Thomas, successively Demy and Fellow of Magdalen, who died 1816, aged 35. Dr. Rawbone died 1825, aged 83. There is a portrait of him in the Refectory of St. Mary Hall, and a copy was, in 1857, in possession of his daughter. (Bloxam, Magd. Coll. Reg. s.v.)

drinking. We weighed anchor and stood out to sea with a fair wind, though somewhat against us, yet in the point where we wished it to be as most favouring our return. In making the island we were about four hours, tacking often, and at every tack refreshing ourselves with a slice of bread and beef, and a draught of cyder or strong beer. The island is about half a mile long, consisting of a solid rock near twenty yards high and covered with a good surface of earth. It is inhabited by only one family, whose chief business is to take care of the Lighthouse for the direction of ships to Bristol. On the North are some very curious rocks, which I thought well worth drawing: I was sorry on that account I had not taken a pencil along with me. After amusing ourselves with these, and such other curiosities as the place afforded, we set sail after dinner to return home, not with the same breeze we had in the morning, but with a strong gale that sprung up more to the west, and made the sea swell most gloriously. With this gale we returned in an hour and twenty minutes, though the island is upwards of ten miles from the shore, and the tide flowed in a direction rather against us. At our landing we were met by the clergyman's wife, his daughter, and a young lady staying in the family. They came in his carriage, attended by a servant bringing our horses in order to conduct us to drink tea upon a large rock about two miles off, just within high water mark. The sea was almost at its greatest height, and the water kept dashing around us. This was not only a romantic adventure, but afforded us an agreeable refreshment, being wearied with the labours of the voyage. To complete the day's entertainment we returned with the gentleman and his family to sup with him, and having drunk him a bottle of wine or two for his civility, and convinced him how much he had been obliged to us for our company that day, we set off for Axbridge again, and arrived safe home about eleven o'clock.

To this anecdote I have only one piece of intelligence to add before I close my letter, which for the importance of it might seem deserving of a prior and more honourable place. The circumstance I allude to is, that on the morning of Sunday, the 20th of July, Mrs. Shepherd, to the great joy of her husband and the satisfaction of all her friends, was safely delivered of a daughter. She is at present, I have also the pleasure to inform you, quite recovered, and went abroad to day for the first time. It is a fine little child, healthy and lively, and promises all that the fondest parent can expect. Our friend, as he professed himself to you, is, I believe, very happy; and to be so at the time of his being unfortunate, which he professes himself to be also, does him, I think, the greatest credit. He desires me to give his compliments to you, and says he purposes to answer your favour as soon as convenient. Please to give mine to all your friends I am acquainted with, and believe me to be,

Yours sincerely,

J. GOLDING<sup>1</sup>.

If I do get Orders at Wells I shall not want the testimonials, as I have

<sup>1</sup> Golding seems to have become curate to Mr. Boucher at Epsom in 1785. Writing in that year to young James, Boucher says: 'Golding, though odd, is

written for a couple of new ones. I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as convenient.

## IV.

## WILLIAM BARROW TO JOHN JAMES, JUNIOR.

A delay of three months in answering your kind letter, my dear friend, is but a poor testimony, and a still poorer recompense, for the pleasure with which I received it. But I have twenty good reasons to urge in my defence for not having made my acknowledgments more early, and when I have told you that the first of the twenty is the moral impossibility of the thing, I daresay you will excuse my not giving the other nineteen. It is a circumstance highly agreeable to me to find you thus forward in renewing a correspondence which had suffered such a shock as I feared might prove irremediable. It was a constant subject of regret to me when you were at Paddington that our professions did not permit me to have more of your company, and unwelcome as the idea was, I could not help fearing your removal into Cumberland<sup>1</sup> would be the death-warrant of our friendship. Fixed for years at Arthuret, I had imagined it would be for your peace of mind to forget all attachments here as fast as possible. Having married a wife<sup>2</sup>, and, for ought I know, taken a farm and bought five yoke of oxen—rid of the school, and retired into the country ‘*ducere sollicitae jucunda oblivia vitae*,’ engaged in the care of a flock and a family, watching the growth of children and of cabbages, I dared not flatter myself your recollection would wander to the south and Soho<sup>3</sup>. But your letter most agreeably undeceived me; and the professions of an unabated regard were music to my ears; for as I feel a counterpart to them in my own mind, I will not be so unjust to you or to myself, as to entertain a doubt of their sincerity. Long may your

certainly clever and worthy. Last Sunday he preached a most admirable sermon, of his own writing, I am confident. Yet, though placed quite to his mind, he is for ever complaining and queer, and has an aptness, I fear, to adopt strange and singular opinions. Upon the whole, however, I like him hugely.’ And in June, 1786: ‘Golding is now as well in health as I am, and so is everybody here; but, because we walked him one hot evening up to the race, about a mile, along with several ladies, he fancies he is ill again, and we have all the old stories of underwastecoats, &c., &c. over again. He is a strange, worthy, clever fellow, but so absurd on these points, that I could beat him, as indeed I believe I ought.’

<sup>1</sup> Young James was now Rector of Arthuret and Kirk Andrews, where he succeeded his father in 1785, and died in the following year.

<sup>2</sup> See preface.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. Soho Square, London, where Barrow was Head Master of an Academy. It ‘was begun in the time of Charles II. The Duke of Monmouth lived in the center house, facing the statue. Originally the square was called, in honour of him, Monmouth Square; and afterwards changed to that of King Square. I have a tradition that, on his death, the admirers of that unfortunate man changed it to Soho, being the word of the day at the field of Sedgmoor. . . . The name of the unfortunate duke is still preserved in Monmouth-street.’ (Pennant’s London, p. 117.)

happiness in the country continue without interruption and without alloy! I should have feared for almost any man else in a change from an employment of extreme care and labour to a situation having comparatively very little of either, from the crowds of London to the solitude of Cumberland. With most men hours would grow heavy when there was 'nobody but their wife at home.' But you, I believe, added to a mind always disposed to be satisfied with its lot, possess a true relish for both literary and domestic occupations. A bachelor may be pardoned for supposing a curtain-lecture as pleasant as a debating society, and a nursery a satisfactory substitute for an opera. The happiness you have yourself experienced in a married life is certainly a good reason for your recommending it to me. Like most men who receive advice, I acknowledge it to be just, thank you for it, yet shall hardly follow it. I am indeed as well disposed to the *happy state* 'as a gentleman need to be,' but my folly or my fate has hitherto compelled me to endeavour to 'be warm alone.' It is said 'every dog has his day,' but I am afraid my life, like Dr. Bacon's gun, will be only the spoiling a proverb. Not many months ago indeed I was apprehended to be in the way to a matrimonial connection of most pleasing promise; but the prospect which had risen with the secrecy and rapidity of enchantment, vanished in the same way. The story, with the customary embellishments of fiction and hyperbole, might hold no mean rank amongst our modern novels, *founded on facts*. For it was singular in its circumstances, romantic in its progress, and melancholy in its conclusion. But as my paper and your attention have other business *quant. suff.* Let this rest, and address your 'sparge, marite, nuces' to some more fortunate man.

The wild report you heard of my Dr.'s gown was not more wild than true. I am *bona fide* LL.D. at your service. The transition or transportation from arts to Law or Divinity is easy and frequent; and as I was not of standing for the latter, and all I wanted, the *inania nomina rerum*, the same in both, I preferred the former now to the other at a time when my character must have been fixed one or other without it. M.A. is entitled to be dubbed LL.D. at about eleven years standing. And the Convocation, for economy's sake, and to encourage the going out in arts first, grant the degree of LL.D. without any other exercise than three wall lectures, M.A. having been previously commuted by a Chancellor's Letter to LL.B. The expence is something on the hither side of fifty pounds. This new dignity will bring much earlier my turn at St. Mary's, and whether I should undertake it I wish some kind friend would determine for me. I am not willing to take my name from the books, because as soon as that is done, the College no longer consider you as one of them, and a pleasing connection would soon be broken; nor am I without the ambition to preach before the university; but then the trouble and inconvenience to *me*, and the risk of reputation in the opposite scale, bring it at least to an equilibrium. Pray tell me, have you any such ambition, and give me your sentiments on the subject.

The news you seem to expect, you must receive, of the encrease of the

school, and the consequent increase of my labour for the present. You know, I believe, that we annually get up one of Shakespear's plays to be exhibited, together with a farce, immediately previous to our Xmas recess. Our last were Richard 3d and Love a-la-mode, to which I had several reasons for paying more than ordinary attention, and that has been the great cause of my not acknowledging your kind letter sooner; and though it may add to my demerit, it ought to lessen your displeasure that you are by no means the only correspondent who has reason to complain. The attention to the play has been abundantly rewarded by the success. It has excited much notice and much praise, and, indeed, though I have seen many plays here, and not a few at other schools, the partial parent sees no child comparable to his own. There are already symptoms that this theatrical seed will produce a rich harvest of pupils, and I have great satisfaction in saying that I grow daily more and more reconciled to my profession. Its two great inconveniences, you very well know, are the labour and the vexations. The latter diminish apace when a man feels himself so firm in the saddle as not to fear a fall; and when the loss or gain of a scholar or two is no longer an object of moment, the frivolous complaint of a maiden aunt is heard with patience and contempt. The labour is less felt as it is more familiarised by habit, and admits alleviation of course, as success is more confirmed. I am indeed the more satisfied with it when I contemplate the lives of my countrymen of Queen's. Taken from milk, air, and exercise, to tea, beef, and a sedentary life in College, most of those who reside much become nervous and low-spirited. Assistance is sometimes sought from the bottle, and the bottle, like the Dane, enslaves every Britain who courts its aid and alliance, and uses them worse than the enemy it was called in to remove. When they attain the great object of their wishes, a College living, far from being happier than before, their malady is increased, the mind unemployed, torments itself, and they wish heartily for the common-room and bread and cheese again. Had they been hard-worked in a school, they would have done good, probably to others, and certainly to themselves; and if they had not found a pleasure in their employment, they would have gained a superior relish for others. I set out with a principle to which I shall invariably adhere, and which, though old, is not the worse for wear—'aut Caesar aut nullus,' either to make Soho one of the first private schools in the kingdom, or to lose it in the attempt; and I hope speaking without reserve in the confidence of friendship will not be considered as the boast of ostentation, when I say that the symptoms are at present much stronger in favour of the former.

In a letter, I hope, for reasons which you may probably discover, egotism, or the *περι ἑαυτοῦ*, is not so offensive as it is generally admitted to be in conversation. For though a letter is commonly considered as merely talking upon paper, yet has it not so much of *Writing* that the authour may be allowed to tell whether he is *albus an ater*. And indeed though self be not the best subject, nor that which a man best understands, yet it is that upon which I can best speak, nor do I know any other that fills an armed chair, or a sheet, so much to my satisfaction. And if after

all you have had too much of it, the fault shall be mended in future, for it is only in the holidays that I can possibly write a letter of such dimensions.

The appetite you complain of, for literary news, I am ill able to gratify. The only books that come under my cognizance are grammars and dictionaries, and with them you have already had an acquaintance as familiar probably as you desire. The reviews and papers will tell you better than I can, that the booksellers are engaged in a contest who shall publish the first and best edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and that his friends are running a race who shall be foremost in giving, or rather selling, to the world some scrap or fragment of our literary Leviathan,—an anecdote, a letter, or a character, a sermon, a prayer, or a bon-mot; that Boswell's Tour, and Hayley's Essay on Old Maids<sup>1</sup> are much talked of, but more, for th[e subjects] than the manner of treating them; and the Biographical Dictionary and Cycloped[ia men]tioned in high terms of praise by those who affect to be thought judges, and wa[s thought a god]send by the booksellers.

Of our common acquaintance I can tell little, though more than I have now room for. Queen's *stands where it did*, but the inhabitants of our day are dispersed, heaven knows where, and I know not. Perhaps you [know] Thompson has succeeded to the professorship of anatomy, and has been in town all the winter preparing lectures. Golding and Boucher I have not seen since I saw you, and Shepherd and his lady but once. Mrs. Delapierre has resigned her business in favour of Mr. Kenyon, who lost Mrs. Kenyon a few weeks ago. It will not be news to you that Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson have relinquished the manufactory in Warwick Street, and come in a little time to reside wholly at Carlisle. Your other friends here, as far I know them, are much as you left them. In politicks I know only that Pitt is carrying all before him, and that I wish it may continue.

I have been so long in acknowledging your last favour that it requires some front to request the hearing soon from you again. But you have more leisure than your poor friend; and though the law of retaliation might be very suitable to the Jews 3000 years ago, yet the greatest part of the Bible is now considered as dormant or obsolete. Write to me, however, and if I cannot return it in quantity and quality, I will at least 'encounter thee with my hearty thanks.' Pray convey my best wishes to Mrs. James, and my young friend whom I have not seen, and by no means let

<sup>1</sup> A Philosophical, Historical, and Moral Essay on Old Maids, by a Friend to the Sisterhood, published anonymously, in 3 vols., 8vo., in December 1785, by William Hayley (1745-1820), the friend and biographer of Cowper; he describes it in his memoirs (vol. i. p. 321) as 'a copious work of sportive benevolence in prose.' A second edition appeared in 1786. 'Conscious of his pure intentions in composing the essay, he only smiled at the mistake of those rigid ladies who reviled the production as indecent and irreligious; and he exulted in the warm applause of several most accomplished and candid members of the sisterhood, who regarded and extolled it as an elegant and moral performance that truly deserved not the censure, but the thanks and esteem of their society.'

Miss James and Miss Hodgson be forgotten. I yet hope one day to see you all in Cumberland, and am in the mean, Dear Sir,

Your faithful and affectionate friend and servant,

W. BARROW<sup>1</sup>.

SOHO, *January 26, 1786.*

## APPENDIX E.

The following is the account of the fire which appeared in Jackson's Oxford Journal of the following day:—

'OXFORD, *Dec. 19.*

About two o'clock yesterday morning a fire was discovered in the Attick Story of Queen's College in this University, supposed to have begun in the staircase adjoining to the Provost's Lodgings<sup>2</sup>, which raged with great violence till about seven o'clock, when the whole roof, and most of the floors, wainscoting, &c., of the West Wing, were consumed to the first party wall<sup>3</sup>: the roof there having been previously cut asunder in order to stop the progress of the flames towards the Hall and Library . . . The morning happened to be uncommonly serene for the season, and the small breeze being at south west, prevented the flames from spreading towards the High Street westward, where the buildings are chiefly timber. Two villains are committed to our castle, detected in pilfering during the

<sup>1</sup> For Barrow, see p. 52, n. 1, and his life in Leslie Stephen's *Dict. of Biog.* He was made Prebendary of Eton in the Collegiate Church of Southwell, 1815, and Archdeacon of Nottingham (then in the Diocese of York), 1830, which dignity he resigned 1832. He married Mrs. E. A. Williams, who died childless 1826. He died 19 April 1836, aged 82. There is a tablet to him in Southwell Cathedral. The Bodleian has of him, besides his Bampton Lectures, (1) A fast sermon on Ps. cxxii. 6-9, Lond. 1798, 4<sup>to</sup>; (2) The right of resisting foreign invasion, a sermon on Num. xxxii. 6, Newark, 1803, 4<sup>to</sup>; (3) The expediency of translating our scriptures into several of the Oriental languages, &c., a sermon on Rom. x. 14, Oxford, at the University Press, 1808, 4<sup>to</sup>; (4) Familiar sermons on several of the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, 2 vols., Lond., 8vo., 1818. A third volume was published in 1821; (5) Familiar dissertations on theological and moral subjects, London, 1819, 8vo. When he published the volumes of sermons he was Vicar of Farnfield, Notts. Besides these the College Library has a copy 'From the Author' of *An Essay on Education*; in which are particularly considered the merits and the defects of the discipline and instruction in our Academies. 2nd ed., Lond. 1804, 2 vols., 12mo. From the title-page it appears that Soho is the Academy, Soho-Square, London. In a letter from Boucher to the elder James, dated 1781, he says: 'I do not quite affect John's friend Barrow; he seems too rough and rugged a northern. He would overawe me.'

<sup>2</sup> This must have been Staircase No. 2, the second from the street, on the west side of the quadrangle.

<sup>3</sup> This probably means the wall to the south of the Common Room and Common Room Gallery.

confusion, and another was severely ducked in the street where the water was dammed up to supply the engines.'

The following advertisement also appears in the same paper:—

'The gentlemen of Queen's College beg leave to return their most grateful acknowledgement to the gentlemen of the University and City for their kind and early assistance in extinguishing the fire this morning. They likewise thankfully acknowledge the kindnesses afforded by the neighbourhood in receiving such of their effects as could be removed.'

Some additional details are contained in the following letter, from Murthwaite<sup>1</sup> to Richard Riland<sup>2</sup> written it would seem on the 28th of December:—

Your name was down in a List to be written to, but I work'd every day till past the post hour.

My hands and fingers are hurt: being on the unhurt side of the house, I exerted myself for the Provost's Library, and our Public one. Here the chairs and bolts, and fragments hurt me in taking out; and next morning, &c., I was obliged to handle them all again to get the books separated and clear'd from furniture where they were bruising and tearing one another; and individuals coming to pull out a table or a chair without much regard: this kind of work continued for seven days, stooping, lifting, legs swelling. I have now got all brought back from Edmund Hall, &c., and rear'd on shelves; stooping is over; they are visible; and any individual (if honest) may pick out a straggler of his own and go away in peace. But when I first appear'd next morning—consider—three men were walking over books and furniture in the Taberdar's common room<sup>3</sup>, sent by individuals who did not know the circumstances, to pick out furniture; while I was scolding them came two more, sent by the Provost as blindly. The room was full to the door, all entanglement. I gradually emptied this room, and so of others, a vast work when to be done by weary men, for the servants had mostly been up that second night, and the engine occasionally play'd on the ruins, and these servants were employ'd two days more at Edmund Hall: MSS. of the Library and Provost being particularly in my mind, I handled, &c., as much as I cou'd with my own hands.

I saw it from my window blazing out at the roofs to the south of the Provost's nursery (the three windows in the pediment), the engines cou'd not raise the water over the battlement—this was the great circumstance—it spread roofwise both ways, roofs falling in on lower rooms, and ad libitum down staircases, which have no windows to the quadrang.—the measure adopted was to get on the top and cut thro downwards to save the library, &c.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 45, n. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Riland, entered Commoner 1749 (O.S.); matriculated Feb. 14 ('æt. 16, Ricardi de Sutton-Colfield, Com. Warwic. Cler. fil.'). His full name seems to have been Richard Bisse Riland; B.A. 1753; M.A. 1756. He was thirty-two years Rector of Sutton Coldfield, and died 1790.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 3, n. 1.

The rooms prior to the common room<sup>1</sup>, where Dr. N. and over him Mr. Radcliffe liv'd, were burnt and partly destroy'd for stoppage : common room chimney piece I mov'd : and it is replac'd scarcely hurt. Two men in my absence begun to strip the wainscot, but on good news forbore.

The room above (a Mr. Monkhouse's, olim G. F.) was stripp'd, and by unroofing is useless. The Provost's great parlour is rather preserv'd and the ground floor to the street.

The Provost's books and furniture comfortable.

The same in Buttery Staircase.

The staircase next the Provost, furniture in four good rooms totally lost. In that next the street partly sav'd, all the tenants being at home and dividing their time between the engine and self.

The loss (till an Estimator come from London) may be call'd 5,000 to the College, exclusive of damages in the Library, which cannot be estimated by the same kind of people.

We shall apply to the Queen, and probably publicly to the public immediately. We have no fund : not because we eat or drank it,—but because we have been building from Charles II to my staircase to fill up Michell's. My comps. to all friends.

Sunday mornng.

The following is the family account of a story of the Provost in connexion with the fire, which is referred to in Cox's Recollections of Oxford, ch. 7, p. 161 (ed. 2):—

Dr. Fothergill, when Provost of Queen's College, Oxon, was a singular<sup>2</sup> as well as a learned man, and would not have been seen abroad minus his wig and gown for a dukedom—one night a fire broke out in the lodge, which spread with such rapidity that it was with difficulty Mrs. F. and family escaped the fury of the flames : and this she no sooner did, than,

<sup>1</sup> These are the present drawing-rooms of the Provost's house and the bedroom and dressing-room over them. There is a different level in the floor between this dressing-room and the one next to it. It appears from the Articles of Agreement below, taken in connexion with this letter, that the Provost's lodgings at this time consisted only of the present attics, two bedrooms and dressing-rooms on the second floor, one sitting-room (now the library, then the drawing-room) and one bedroom and dressing-room on the first floor, the dining-room and two other rooms on the ground-floor. Of these two last one (now the study, then the breakfast parlour) was less than its present size by a passage which ran to the east of it, lighted by three circular windows which are now seen filled up from the cloister. This passage led to the Provost's study, which was the present right-hand ground-floor room on Staircase No. 2. From the bottom of this staircase a door, now turned into a window, led into the passage from the street to the Provost's garden. In the alterations made in consequence of the fire, the two doors at the ends of the passage were blocked up and the passage itself thrown into the room along which it ran. The Provost's study was thus cut off from the house, and compensation was then or at a later time given by the addition to the lodgings of the present drawing-rooms and the bedroom and dressing-room over them.

<sup>2</sup> His nickname was 'Old Customary,' perhaps from his manner of pronouncing the word.

naturally enough the question was, 'Where is the Doctor?' No Doctor was to be found; and the cry was that he had probably perished in the flames. All was bustle and consternation and tears, till suddenly, to the delight of all, he emerged from the burning pile, full-dressed as usual, his wig something the worse for being nearly 'done to a turn'; but he deemed it indecorous to appear otherwise, though he stayed to robe at the risk of his life.

The amount of damage done by the fire and the cost of its restoration is best determined from the Agreement between the College and the Builder for the works of restoration which follows:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT indented had made concluded and agreed upon the Eighteenth Day of February In the Nineteenth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third by the Grace of God of Great Britain France and Ireland King Defender of the faith and so forth And in the Year of our Lord One thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy Nine BETWEEN the Provost and Scholars of the Queen's College in the University of Oxford of the One part and George Shakespear of Oxford Street Saint George's Hanover Square London Builder of the other part

WHEREAS the said Provost and Scholars have accepted and approved of the Estimate or Particular of the several Works intended to be done in making good the Damages Occasioned by the late fire at Queen's College aforesaid as described on the Plans and Section of the several Stories in the West Wing of the New Quadrangle in Queen's College aforesaid by Mr. Kenton Couse of Scotland Yard London Architect which Plans and Section are signed by Mr. John Gwynne Architect and the said George Shakespear And have agreed with the said George Shakespear to execute the several Works therein contained under the Survey and direction of the said John Gwynn and in the manner and agreeably to the Abstract or particular expressed or contained in the Schedule hereunder written at or for the Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two shillings NOW THESE PRESENTS WITNESS That the said George Shakespear for and in Consideration of the Covenant or Agreement hereinafter mentioned on the part and Behalf of the said Provost and Scholars Doth for himself his Heirs Executors and Administrators Covenant promise contract and agree to and with the said Provost and Scholars and their Successors by these presents in manner and form following (that is to say) That he the said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators or Assigns shall and will at his and their own proper Costs and Charges on or before the Thirty first day of July next Cover in the West Wing or Building aforesaid in a good substantial and Workmanlike manner And on or before the Thirty first day of March which will be in the Year of our Lord One thousand seven Hundred and Eighty Do perform Execute and Compleat in a good neat Substantial and Workmanlike manner The Remainder of the several Works as described on the said Plans and Section by the said Kenton Couse and under and Subject to the Survey and direction of the

said John Gwynn and in the manner and According to the Abstract or Particular expressed or contained in the Schedule hereunder written or hereunto Annexed with respect to the several Works and Materials in the said Building to be contained AND ALSO That he the said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators or Assigns shall and will find and Provide all manner of Materials Scaffolding Tackle Ropes Carts Labour Workmanship and every other Thing proper and necessary for Executing all the said Works And Also that all the Materials to be used in the said Works shall be of the Best Sort or kind that can be and previously examined and approved of by the said John Gwynn and that in Case the said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators or Assigns shall make Use of any Materials which have not been examined and approved of by the said John Gwynn and the same shall in the Opinion of the said John Gwynn be bad or Insufficient then that the said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators and Assigns shall and will upon Ten Days Notice given to him or them by the said John Gwynn at his and their own Costs and Charges take down such bad and insufficient Materials and replace the same with good and sufficient Materials to the Satisfaction of the said John Gwynn

AND the said Provost and Scholars In Consideration of the Premises for themselves and their Successors Do Covenant and agree to and with the said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators and Assigns by these presents That they the said Provost and Scholars and their Successors The said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators and Assigns duly executing performing and fulfilling the several Covenants Articles Matters and things hereinbefore and hereinafter mentioned on his and their parts to be done and performed according to the true Intent and meaning of these presents Shall and will well and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators or Assigns the said full Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings of lawfull Money of Great Britain at the several Times and in manner following (that is to say) the Sum of One thousand pounds part of the said Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings on the Thirtieth day of April next ensuing the Sum of One thousand pounds other part of the said Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings on the Thirty first day of July next ensuing the Sum of One thousand pounds other part of the said Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings on the Thirtieth Day of September next ensuing the Sum of One thousand Pounds other part of the said Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings on the Thirty first day of December next ensuing and the Sum of One thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings being the Remainder of the said Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings when the said Works shall be fully executed and compleated PROVIDED ALWAYS and it is hereby covenanted declared concluded and agreed upon by and between the parties to these presents that in Case any of the before and hereinafter mentioned Works shall be thought necessary to be omitted or any addition or Alteration made to or from the same the

Alterations shall be valued by the said John Gwynn and the said George Shakespear and the Amount of such valuation shall be deducted from or added to the before mentioned Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and two Shillings as the Case shall happen But in Case any dispute or disputes shall or may at any time or times hereafter happen to arise between the said parties or any of them or their respective Successors Executors or Administrators or between the said John Gwynne and the said George Shakespear relating to the said Alterations additions or Omissions or to the performance of these Articles or any matter or thing herein contained that the same shall be forthwith referred to the said Kenton Couse whose Determination in the Premises shall be final and binding to the said Parties to these presents provided the same be made in Writing and delivered to the said Parties to these presents within one Month next after such determination AND IT IS also agreed between the said Parties hereto that a Weekly Account of all the Day Work not comprized in the Estimate to be done and performed shall be delivered to the said John Gwynn or his Clerk by the foreman employed by the said George Shakespear AND ALSO that Credit shall be given by the said George Shakespear his Executors Administrators or Assigns to the said Provost and Scholars and their Successors for such and so much of the Old Materials of the said West Wing in the Store Yard in Queen's College aforesaid viz. Lead Iron and Timber as can shall or be made Use of in the said Works intended and hereby Covenanted and agreed to be done and performed An Account of such Old Materials the said John Gwynn or his Clerk is to and shall take from time to time when Necessary But for all such Materials as are now to be taken down to give Space for the Building of the Walls to the Stair Cases no Credit can be given as they will barely pay for the Shoaring up the Floors Strutting the Present Walls and Clearing away the Rubbish AND LASTLY it is hereby agreed that in Case the said John Gwynn shall die before the several above and hereinafter mentioned Works shall be executed and completed then the said George Shakespear shall finish the Remainder of the said Works under the Survey and direction of such Surveyor as shall be appointed by the said Provost and Scholars their Successors or Assigns in the Room of the said John Gwynn IN WITNESS whereof to the one part of these presents remaining with the said George Shakespear the said Provost and Scholars have put their Common Seal and to the other part thereof remaining with the said Provost and Scholars the said George Shakespear his Hand and Seal hath set the Day and Year first above written

THE SCHEDULE referr'd to by these presents containing an Account of the several Works

The whole Roof to be boarded with Inch Deal and Covered with West-  
morland Slates two hundred and five feet in length The Gutters to be  
boarded with whole Deal on Oak bearers and laid with lead Eight Pound  
to the foot Superficial and the Flash Lead Six Pound to the Foot The

#### UPPER ROOF

King Posts Eleven Inches by six Inches

Braces Six Inches by four Inches

Principal Rafters Six Inches by four Inches  
 Common Rafters five Inches by three Inches  
 Porleus five Inches by four Inches  
 Ridge Pieces Ten Inches by two Inches

THE SCANTLING of Timbers as follows

Fir Beams nine Inches by Six Inches  
 Binding Joists Seven Inches by Four Inches  
 Cieling Joists three Inches by two and a half Inches  
 Kirb under Ditto Six Inches by six Inches  
 Principal Rafters Nine Inches by Six Inches  
 Common Ditto Six Inches by three and an half Inches  
 Pole Plate Six Inches by Four Inches

The Rafters from the Kirb to the Gutter to be boarded with Inch Deal and Covered with Westmorland Slate and the Roof to be Framed in every respect like the Model

The Dormer Windows to be boarded and Covered with Lead Iron Casements and upright Saddle Bars Glazed with Lead Work

GARRETS

To be laid with whole Deal folding Floors and Inch Deal Skirting round the same—Inch and half Deal four Pannel Doors Jaumbs and linings round the same with Six Inch Brass knob'd Locks and two Inch half Inch Butt hinges

Common Stone Chimney pieces with Slabs and Hearths to Seven Chimnies The Cielings Walls and Partitions to be Plastered and Whited

THE NAKED TIMBERS OF THE FLOORS.

Girders Eleven Inches by ten Inches  
 Deep Joists Eleven Inches and an half by three and an half Ditto  
 Shallow Joists Six Inches by three Ditto  
 Cieling Joists three Inches by two and an half Ditto  
 Wall Plate Eight Inches by four Ditto

NB.—These Scantlings Serve for all the Floors, where burnt, Except the Wall Plates which will be only Six Inches by four Ditto

THE TWO PAIR

One pair and Ground Floors West Front, where destroyed  
 To be laid with Second best Deal Doweled Floors

The Sides of the Rooms to be Wainscotted up to the Cielings with Wood Cornice consisting of whole Deal Dado at Bottom Inch and half Framing to the Upper part with Inch Deal Pannels and open Impost and moulded Base

The Sashes of the two Pair, One pair and Parlour Floors to be made of Two Inch Right Wainscott with Cased Frames Oak Sunk Sills Wainscott Pulley Pieces and Outside Wainscott Linings and inside Linings of Deal to be Glazed with the best Crown Glass and Single hung with Lines Pullies and Weights

Whole Deal Bead and Flush Shutters and Inch Back Flaps bead Butt Linings Lockers to the Windows hung with Hinges and an Iron Shutter Bar to each—Moulded Architraves

The Doors to be of Two Inch Deal Six Pannels Ovolo flat both sides Linings Grounds and Architraves round the same to be hung with four Inch Butt Hinges Mortice Locks and Drop Handles

Eight Marble Chimney Pieces with Slabs and Hearths on the Two pair Floor with Wood Ovolo's and Cornices and One Common Stone Chimney piece in South East Room

Six Ditto on the One pair Floor and One Common Stone Chimney piece in South East Room

Three Ditto on the Ground Floor

The Cielings to be plastered with Floated Lath and Plaister

To turn Brick Trimming Arches under all the Chimnies in General

The Walls and Partitions of the Six Small Rooms, East Front in One and two pair Floors to be Floated Plaistering down to a Torus Plinth Sashes Frames Shutters Linings Architraves and Lockers as in the other Rooms—Doors of two Inch Deal with Dresses as before

#### THE PROVOST'S APARTMENT

On the Parlour Floor the Present Hall to be Stuccoed with a Plaister Cornice Two members enriched and a New floated Cieling and a Torus Plinth

The Passages on the One and Two pair Floors West Front to be wainscotted to the Top

The Drawing Room One pair of Stairs to be Wainscotted Dado high and Plaistered above on Battens for Paper Plaister Cornice two Members enriched and a clean deal Dowelled Floor

Bed Chamber and Closet adjoining to be finished the same as the Drawing Room

Dining Parlour Ground Floor to be New Wainscotted up to the Under-side of the Cornice, with Dado and Cap and Base Mouldings, The Framing above to be of Inch and half Deal the Pannels of Inch Deal with Astragal and hollow laid on Ditto—and a plaster Cornice two Members enriched

A Cupboard to be made nine Inches deep with Wainscott Front on the East Side of the Chimney in the Provost's Study

The Provost's apartments on the Parlour and first Floor to be painted Dead White

Two Chimney Pieces one in the Dining Room and one in the Drawing Room to the Value of Twenty five pounds each

Two Doorways on the Parlour Floor to be bricked up

The Doorway in the West Front Parlour Floor leading into the Passage of the Provost's Garden to be worked up with Ashler and to have a Sash Window to Correspond with the Rest of the Front

Two Doors and Door Cases wanted at North and South Ends of the Provost's Garden

The side next the Arcade where the passage was in the Breakfasting

Parlour to be made into a Beaufet and Closet on each side Eighteen Inches deep with proper Doors and Shelves

The Damages in the Kitchen to be made good

As the Timbers of the Ground Floor have received no Damage by the Fire The Joists and Girders where the New boarded Floors are to be laid must be fixed to a level

In Mr. Stephenson's Room the Wainscoting to be repaired and the Glass mended next the Street

The Three Circular Windows in the Arcade to be fitted up with Stone leaving Recesses

The Arcade to be bracketted with One Inch and a half Elm and lathed and Plastered from the South Front of West Wing to North End of the same

To Build two Additional Brick Walls from the Top of the Arcade to the underside of the Boarding of the Roof as shall be directed

To build a Nine Inch Brick Wall on the North side of the Provost's Stair Case from the Parlour Floor to the Underside of the Roof and Plaster the same

To make good all the Walls of the Garret Story to the Underside of the Boarding of the Lead Flatt

To make Two Stone Stair Cases of Bladon Hardstone with Iron Rails and build Walls to the Northermost between Mr. Cambridge's and Mr. Fothergill's apartments and Plaister and White the Walls down to an Inch Deal Plinth

#### BASEMENT STORY

To repair Nine Two Light Windows with Glass in Lead

To paint all the aforementioned Wood Work of a Stone Colour three Times in Oil Except those Rooms before described in the Provost's apartments Proposed to be painted Dead White

To repair the Outside Stone Walls of the East and West Fronts of the West Wing and Chimney Shafts as far as the Library Building including the Scaffolding which may be wanting to the same it is Supposed will amount to the Sum of One Hundred Pounds As the exact sum cannot be Ascertained Which Repairs are to be directed by the said John Gwynn from time to time and if there shall be any exceeding the same to be allowed for if any Saving to be deducted the Said Sum of One Hundred pounds is included in the said Sum of Five thousand and twenty five pounds and Two Shillings

GEORGE SHAKESPEAR

Sealed and Delivered (being first duly Stampd) in the Presence of the two several Interlineations made between the fourth and fifth and fifth and Sixth Lines from the bottom of the first Skin being first made

J. GWYNN  
JNO. WALKER

For comparison with these accounts of the fire of December 18, 1778, is subjoined a contemporary account of the fire which nearly one hundred and eight years later destroyed most of what in the west wing of the front quadrangle had been spared by the earlier fire.

At about 25 minutes past eleven on the night of Saturday, December 11, 1886, those of the members of the College who had not gone down for the vacation were roused by a cry of fire in Mr. Armstrong's rooms. These are the first-floor rooms overlooking the High Street in the western wing of the front Quadrangle. It is still uncertain whether the fire broke out in these rooms, though they were the first in which it was discovered. Within a few minutes from the alarm, both these and the set above them occupied by Mr. Walker were in firemen's parlance 'well alight.' From the circumstance that the panelling of both rooms was early observed to be on fire, it is not improbable that some as yet undiscovered perforation of the chimney-stack brought about the catastrophe. The fire soon seized the rooms above Mr. Walker's, ordinarily tenanted by a Bible Clerk, at that time in the occupation of A. C. Moore. From thence it spread along the roof and under the lead gutters to the attics on the northern side of the staircase, last tenanted by J. McMillan; and from the eastern gutters spread to the ceiling of the room underneath this, occupied by W. Balderston. A strip of ceiling, about four feet wide, next to the windows of this room was burnt, but by this time the firemen had got the better of the flames, and no further injury was done by fire. The water which was poured on the flames penetrated into the first-floor rooms occupied by P. L. Andrewes, and into the ground-floor rooms tenanted by E. T. Browne, and flooded the cellars underneath. A little damage to windows, walls and ceilings was done in the next staircase and the Provost's house, and probably the effects of the tenants of this staircase suffered somewhat from their hasty removal to the Hall. The partition walls, which were carried up in stone to the level of Mr. Walker's ceiling, and on the other side of the staircase up to the roof timbers, checked the further progress of the flames.

The Volunteer Fire Brigade worked with vigour and success from the roof of the front cloister and the top of the building, and the police from the roof of Mr. Mitchell's wine and spirit shop to the west. The former saved Mr. Armstrong's two smaller rooms from the flames, and thus preserved to the College a number of the older Account Books of the College, Lease Ledgers, Plans, and other contents. Nearly all the other Account Books were found in the débris after the fire was extinguished. The conflagration was at its height about midnight. The flames were then rising through the roof, and the effect at a little distance must have been very striking. The water was brought to bear on the top of the building through the hydrants in the street and the College by pressure from the Headington Reservoir, and by the use of a Land Steamer posted near the top of Grove Street.

The best thanks of the College are due to the Fire Brigade, whose members vied with one another in vigorous and cheerful effort; to the Police, who did their part of the work with great promptness and energy;

to the two Porters, who acted on discovering the fire with excellent judgment and decision, and to the many friends within and without the College who lent a hand in carrying water and saving effects.

The authorities of the Sun Office have agreed to pay the College £2100, for which Messrs. Symm have undertaken to restore the building to its former condition, including the pulling down and replacing the pediment which has been displaced by the stretching under the influence of the heat of the iron braces which helped to hold it in position. The College has taken occasion of the rebuilding to introduce some improvements on the burnt staircase.

It is a curious coincidence that the same wing of the College was nearly completely burnt down on the morning of December 18, 1778. The latest alarm of fire in College, about ten years ago, was due to an accident in the same wing.

## APPENDIX F.

Gutch gives, in a note, p. 153, to his edition of Ant. à Wood's History and Antiquities, a list of the benefactions towards the repair of the buildings. The following from the College Album of Benefactors is fuller and more correct:—

Ad reficiendum Latus Occidentale Areae Australis gravi Incendio propè excisum, humanissimè contulerunt opem Benefactores, quorum Nomina, atque etiam Summae a Singulis datae, sequuntur :

	£	s.	d.
Serenissima Regina Caroletta . . . . .	1000	0	0
Gulielmus Markham, Archiep. Ebor. . . . .	100	0	0
Georgius, Dux de Montague . . . . .	500	0	0
Franciscus, Baro Godolphin . . . . .	500	0	0
Johan. Thomas, Episc. Roffensis . . . . .	200	0	0
Roger <sup>s</sup> . Newdigate, Baronet <sup>s</sup> . . . . .	100	0	0
Franciscus Bassett, Baronet <sup>s</sup> . . . . .	100	0	0
Franciscus Page, Arm. . . . .	100	0	0
Thomas Edw <sup>s</sup> . Freeman, Arm. . . . .	100	0	0
Micheliani Visitatores, scil.			
Gul. Blackstone, Eques Aur.			
Benj. Buckler, S.T.P.	200	0	0
Hon. Joh. Tracy, S.T.P., Om. An. Cust.			
De Pecuniâ Michelianâ			
Idem de propriis Pecuniis . . . . .	52	10	0
Thomas Tyrwhitt, Arm. . . . .	100	0	0
Coll. Magd. . . . .	200	0	0
Coll. Nov. . . . .	200	0	0
Coll. Mert. . . . .	100	0	0
Coll. Univ. . . . .	100	0	0
Coll. Om. Anim. . . . .	100	0	0

Coll. C. C.	100	0	0
Coll. Lincoln	50	0	0
Coll. Aen. Nasi	50	0	0
Coll. Jesu	50	0	0
Coll. Vigorn.	50	0	0
Mich. Richardson, S.T.P.	200	0	0
Jacobus Jefferson, S.T.P.	200	0	0
Milo Halton, A.M.	100	0	0
Jacobus Rawes, S.T.B.	50	0	0
Thomas Lowthian, A.M.	50	0	0
Gul. Bouchier, M.D.	25	0	0
Matt. Wilkinson, A.M.	25	0	0
Jer. Milles, Arm.	30	0	0
Tho. Milles, Arm.	25	0	0
Rich. Milles, A.M.	20	0	0
Joh. Nicolson, Arm.	50	0	0
Jer. Redwood, Arm.	50	0	0
J. Frewin, Arm.	50	0	0
Seymour Richmond, Arm.	20	0	0
Hen. Fothergill, A.M. de Cheriton Bp.	20	0	0
Matth. Lamb, S.T.P.	10	0	0
Jacobus Richardson, A.B.	10	0	0
Jacobus Williamson, A.M.	10	0	0
Tho. Patten, S.T.P.	10	0	0
Rich. Woodeson, D.C.L.	10	0	0
Christopherus Atkinson, A.M.	10	0	0
David Roderick, A.M.	5	5	0
Thomas Fothergill, S.T.P., Praepositus	300	0	0
Thomas Monkhouse, S.T.P.	20	0	0
Rich. Radcliffe, A.M.	20	0	0
Thomas Nicolson, S.T.P.	25	0	0
Jacobus Haygarth, A.M.	20	0	0
Geo. Murthwaite, A.M.	25	0	0
Arth. Atkinson, A.M.	25	0	0
Tho. Dalton, S.T.B.	25	0	0
Geo. Whitehead, A.M.	12	10	0
Milo Cooper, S.T.P.	25	0	0
Benj. Gridale, A.M.	25	0	0
Joh. Fawcett, A.M.	34	7	0
Allan Bracken, A.M.	37	10	0
Septimus Collinson, A.M.	37	10	0
Rich. Pearson, A.M.	37	10	0
Gul. Fothergill, A.M.	37	10	0
Tho. Breeks, A.M.	31	5	0
Joh. Barwis, A.M.	37	10	0
Gul. Dowson, S.T.P.	37	10	0
Hugo Hill, A.M.	37	10	0

Franciscus Wilson, A.M.	. . . . .	25	0	0
Joh. Simpson, A.M.	. . . . .	25	0	0
Hen. Hall, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Tho. Donald, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Geo. Thompson, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Hen. Smith, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Joh. Thompson, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Isa. Monkhouse, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Jacobus Lamb, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Jacobus Coward, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Joh. Taylor, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0
Joh. Lamb, A.M.	. . . . .	37	10	0

Infelix hic casus accidit multò manè, die 18<sup>vo</sup> Decem<sup>s</sup>. A.D. 1778.  
Sic demum ad finem feliciter perductum est hoc opus atque aedificium  
instauratum.

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 APPENDIX G.

THE following account of Dr. Hugh James appeared in *Notes and Queries* for Dec. 12, 1885 (6th Series, Vol. XII, p. 478):—

‘Dr. Hugh James was the youngest son of the Rev. John James, D.D., Rector of Arthuret and Kirkandrews, Cumberland. He was born at St. Bees, in the same county, July, 1771. Having studied in London and Edinburgh, he commenced practice as a surgeon at Whitehaven in 1796. Two years afterwards he had a severe illness, accompanied with severe inflammation of the eyes, which so impaired his sight that he had to give up all idea of practising as a surgeon. In 1803, his sight having somewhat improved, he was enabled to graduate at Edinburgh, and commenced practice as a physician at Carlisle. Still he was subject to violent attacks of inflammation in his eyes, and in the winter of 1806 his sight was totally lost. He continued his profession with great success till his death, which was occasioned by an illness contracted while attending a poor patient. He died Sept. 20, 1817, and was interred in the parish church of Arthuret.

JOHN PATCHING.

## APPENDIX H.

THE FAN, book i, lines 143-190.

(Poems on several occasions. London, 1775, by J. J. Gay.)

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,  
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains ;  
 Strait to the grott with graceful step she goes,  
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :  
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,  
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;  
 In deep suspence the mighty labour stands,  
 While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands.

Industrious Loves, your present toils forbear,  
 A more important task demands your care ;  
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,  
 By judgement ripen'd, and by time refin'd.  
 That glorious bird have ye not often seen,  
 Who draws the car of the celestial queen ?  
 Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,  
 His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes ?  
 Have ye not seen him in the sunny day  
 Unfurle his plumes, and all his pride display,  
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,  
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain ?  
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art ;  
 Thin taper sticks must from one center part :  
 Let these into the quadrant's form divide,  
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide ;  
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,  
 And make a miniature creation grow.  
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,  
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose.  
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,  
 And grace each motion with the restless toy,  
 With various play bid grateful Zephyrs rise,  
 While love in ev'ry grateful Zephyr flies.  
 The master Cupid traces out the lines,  
 And with judicious hand the draught designs,

## THE ORIGIN OF THE FAN.

(Translated from GAY. *Vid.* The Fan, book i, lines 143-190.)

Ως ουτοι σπευδοντο, ελισσομενοι περὶ φυσας  
 Αν δ' αρα διφρον εβαινε Διος Θυγατηρ Αφροδιτη,  
 Ηνια τ' εν χειρεσσι λαβε, τρηρωσι τ' ανωγε,  
 Μαστιξασ' ελααν· τω δ' ουκ αεκουτε πετεσθην.  
 Ως δ' επι ανθεμοεντα Κυθηρων αγρον ικανε,  
 Εξ οχεων κατεβαινε θεα, ποσιν ιμεροεσσι  
 Καλα βιβασ' ες σπη· απο δ' ωμων κινηθεισιν  
 Αμβροσiai μαλα χαιται ευπνοον ηκον οδωδην.

Τη δ' εποιχομενη φυσαι πανοντο λιγειαι,  
 Εκ δε χαμαι πεσε σφυρα, πονοιο δε γινετ' ερωη.  
 Εως επεσιν μαλακοισιν εφη θεα, ειπε τε μυθον.

Θητες εμοι φιλιοι, παντων επιδμονες εργων,  
 Νυν μεν παυσασθαι τε πονων· εις δ' αλλα τρεπεσθαι,  
 Οια εγω τηρουσα κατα φρενα και κατα θυμον  
 Πορφυρω, παντεσσι βροτοις δαιδαλμα γενεσθαι,  
 Υμας γαρ λιην οϊω, θαμιν' εισοροωντας,  
 Γινωσκειν Ηρης επι αρματα τυκτα ταωνας  
 Οριθιας, τοισ δ' εσσιν ολον δεμας αιολομορφον,  
 Πυκνοισ τ' οφθαλμοισι κεκασμενον ενθα και ενθα.  
 Τουσ ποθ' υπερφιαλωσ εις ηλιον αιγληεντα  
 Καλλον αγαλλομενουσ ταννευν, πτερυγων τε πεταζειν  
 Ουρανον αστεροεντα· (χαρισ δ' απελαμπετο πολλη.)  
 Αυτικα δε κερκου κυκλον στιλβοντα συνελκειν,  
 Αψ τ' εσ σωρον αγειν, ανα τ' εν κοινησιν ιεσθαι.  
 Νυν δ' αγετ' οφρα εμοι τεκταινετε, ο,τε κεν ειπω,  
 Ορροπυγοστικτων μιμουμενοι ηθεα πτηνων.  
 Ραβδια μεν πρωτον λεια ξηροιο ξυλοιο,  
 Των περι χαλκοσ ελεψ' οζουσ, εν κεντρον εχοντα,  
 Αρμοζεσθε σοφοισ τεχνημασιν ενθα και ενθα,  
 Κυκλω εν ημιτελει· κατα δε λευκοιο παπυρε,  
 Διπτυχα ποιησαντες, εϊνον πηγνυτ' αωτον.  
 Τω δ' επι τις κλυτοτεχνοσ ανηρ πολυδαιδαλα πολλα  
 Γραψει, θεισ κοσμοιο νεον δεμασ αγαλομορφον,  
 Χρωμασι ποιησασ· αυτον δε κελευετ', Ερωτες,  
 Αλλοτε μεν πετααν ανα πτυξεισ, αλλοτε δ' αυτε  
 Συγκροτεειν· ωσ Νυμφ' εθελοι και εργον ανωγοι.  
 Ωσ ουτοι αλλωσ ροδοειδα δακτυλα κουρησ  
 Εσσετ'· αταρ χερσιν τιμη και κυδοσ οπηδει  
 Εκ Χαριτων· εοι δ' αυτη, οταν περ ε θυμοσ ανωγει,  
 Ορσει Παρθενικη Ζεφυρον, και κουφον αητην,

Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,  
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.  
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,  
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart ;  
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,  
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire ;  
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,  
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame :  
Of this, the little pin they neatly mold,  
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold ;  
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,  
And at just distance the wild ribs extend ;  
Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,  
And finish instantly the new machine.

Δεινον δ' ανερος ορσει ενι στηθεσσιw ερωτα.  
 Ως εφ'αθ' οι δε μαλ' ωκα θεας υπακουσαν εφετμεων.  
 Αυτικα δη τυπον εργου ιδυησι πραπιδεσσι  
 Τευξεν Ερωσ, ος υπαρχος επισταται οιος εταιρων.  
 Οι δ' αλλοι παρεσαν' μαλα δε κεχαροντο ιδοντες'  
 Παντες δ' ες φιλον εργον αμα τρεπον' οι μεν οϊστους  
 Σχιζον λειοωντες, αραια βραχιονα ειναι.  
 Οι δ' ες πυρ φυσας σπουδη τρεπον, αιψα δ' αυτημη  
 Ωρνυτ' αμαιομακετοιο πυρος μενος ορμαινουσα.  
 Εν δε βαλον χαλχεας βελεος πικροιο ακωκας'  
 Τας δ' ηπειτα τυπασσιν ευστρεπτης τε πυραγραις  
 Κοψαν αμειβοντες, και αμφοτερωθι πονησαν.  
 Ενθα μεν αξονα δαιδαλεον, τυτθον περ εοντα  
 Εκκαμον, εμβολον εργου, οθεν ρ' ακτινες ιασι,  
 Τεκτονος ιδμοσυνησι παρηοραι ενθα και ενθα.  
 Τας μαλακοισιν επειτα παπυρου πτυγμασιν αμφι,  
 Ισον απ' αλληλων πασας διαχωριζοντες,  
 Κρυψαν ερεψαμενοι' τεκνημα τε εξετελεσσαν  
 Ευ και επισταμενωσ, μεγαν εργον, θαυμα ιδεσθαι.

## APPENDIX I.

DANIEL PRINCE, BOOKSELLER.

ALDERMAN EAGLESTONE has obligingly furnished the following additional particulars :—

Daniel Prince's shop was at the corner of New College Lane. He appears to have been University publisher, and the books published by him have on the title-page a woodcut of the Sheldonian Theatre with the old lantern on the top.

J. Cooke seems to have succeeded Prince as University publisher, and was in turn succeeded by Messrs. Parker of Broad Street.

In a house in Broad Street belonging to the City, now leased to Mr. Bever, Dentist, in the front room on the ground floor to the left as you enter is a painting on a panel representing a book-sale taking place, it is thought, either in Prince's or Cooke's shop. Cooke was certainly at one time a lessee of the city.

In the same house there is on a partition wall on the first floor a representation of the 'Dance of Death.'

## APPENDIX J.

THE COLLEGE AND APPLEBY SCHOOL.

THE Grammar School at Appleby in Westmoreland 'as now established is not ancients than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But there was some kind of a school before<sup>1</sup>.'

By indenture dated 12 May, 13 Eliz. 1571, between William Yaxley, of Yaxley, co. Suffolk, Esq., Alane Scott, Provost of the Queen's College, and Philip Johnson, Fellow of the same; and Tho. Warwicke Clerk, Vicar of Morland, co. Westmoreland; and Reynold Hartley, of Appleby, Gent., it was agreed in consideration of the provision of a yearly annuity of viii pounds, secured by the purchase of lands and tenements of Appleby of that yearly value, that the Provost and Scholars of Queen's should have the nomination of the schoolmaster teaching a free grammar school at Appleby, and that the scholars of the said school should have a preference of admission into the College before others so far as the Statutes of the College will permit and suffer.

Three years later the School was virtually re-founded by Queen Elizabeth; and in the letters patent the ten Governors appointed in them are to appoint a master and usher, and make statutes and ordinances from time to time.

In 1671 the ten Governors at the time executed an indenture with the Provost and Scholars of Queen's College wherein, in consideration of the

<sup>1</sup> Nicolson and Burns, Hist. of Westm. and Cumb. i. 329.

great love and affection of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Barlow, Provost of Queen's College, Dr. Thomas Smith, Prebendary of the Church of Durham (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), and Mr. Randal Sanderson, Rector of Weyhill, manifested unto the said free school by their free gift of £600, that the said school, now of late much decayed, may henceforth be provided of an able master, the Governors grant to the said Provost and Scholars and their successors the nomination of the schoolmaster for the time to come, whom the Provost and Scholars covenant to remove within one month after notice of any miscarriage which may deserve it.

In accordance with this agreement the College continued to appoint Head Masters throughout the eighteenth century.

The authors of the History of Westmoreland<sup>1</sup>, while of opinion that the above-mentioned agreement is undoubtedly void in law, yet consider it manifestly for the advantage of the school and neighbourhood. Richard Jackson whom the College first appointed is said to have been one of the most eminent teachers of his time, and Richard Yates who held the office from 1721 for more than 50 years, 'furnished during that time nearly half the Foundation of Queen's College.'

On Jan. 17, 1782, it was 'agreed at a meeting of the Provost and Fellows that an offer of Appleby School be made to James Coward, M.A., on condition that he shall quit the Foundation or the School at the expiration of three years.' (Coll. Reg.)

On April 7, 1785, the foregoing Register having been recited, it was agreed that, 'whereas since that time the original Trustees of the said school have refused to confirm the nomination of the College in the election of a schoolmaster, which we are assured by Council learned in the Law they might legally do, the said James Coward who received his appointment from the Trustees themselves be allowed to hold the mastership of the said school consistently with his views upon the Foundation.' (Coll. Reg.)

Coward was elected Fellow in 1787, and seems from the College Register to have come into residence in January 1795; he was presented to the living of Bletchington, April 4, 1803, and continued in residence till the November of that year. It does not appear that since Coward's time the College has made any further appointments to Appleby School.

In 1818, Carlisle (Endowed Grammar Schools, vol. ii, p. 695) quotes the letters patent as empowering the Governors to appoint the Master, without reference to any other practice. The person appointed seems up to the latest appointment to have been always a Queen's man.

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## APPENDIX K.

### CHANCELLOR'S LETTER AS TO DR. JAMES' DEGREE.

THE following is extracted from the Acts of Convocation. (Arch. BK. 37, 1776-1793, fol. 146 vers., 147 rect.)

Term<sup>o</sup> Sti. Hilarii 1782. Convoc.

<sup>1</sup> Nicolson and Burns, *ut sup.* p. 330.

Die Jov. viz. Vicesimo Octavo Die Mensis Februarii Anno Dom. 1782 causa convocationis erat ut Literae ab honoratissimo Cancellario ad Senatum data legerentur et ut alia negotia Academica peragerentur.

To the Rev. Dr. Dennis, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to be communicated to the Heads of Houses, and proposed in Convocation.

[Then after a letter in behalf of Thomas Viner, Student in Civil Law of University College, for the degree of B.C.L. follows.]

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,

I have been moved in behalf of John James, M.A., of Queen's College, who is considerably above standing for the degree of D.D., but was prevented from proceeding regularly to the degree of B.D. by the care of a church at a considerable distance from the University. He therefore humbly prays that by Favour of Convocation he may be allowed to accumulate the degrees of B.D. and D.D., paying fees for both degrees, but doing exercise for that of D.D. in order to his being a Candidate for the degree of D.D. this term. To this request, &c. ut sup. [I give my consent, and am, Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen, your affectionate friend and servant,]

NORTH.

DOWNING STREET,  
Feb. 21, 1782.

Binas hasce literas venerabilis Domus ratas habuit.

Supplicat, &c. Joan. James, A.M. Stud. in S. Theol. e Coll. Reg. quatenus pro gradibus cumulandis in S. Theologia secum per venerabilem Domum dispensatum fuerit, ut liceat sibi Lectiones in Schola Theol. pro forma habendas perinde ac si Baccalaureus in eadem facultate fuisset peragere. Conceditur.

Supplicat, &c. Joan. James, A.M. Stud. in S. Theol. e Coll. Reg. ut liceat sibi Lectiones in Schola Theol. pro forma habendas horis alias non permissis et uno die peragere. Causa est quòd distinctos dies commodè expectare non potest. Conceditur.

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#### APPENDIX L.

THE text of young James' prize poem is here printed from the copy actually sent in for competition. It is contained in a quarto note book  $9'' \times 7\frac{1}{2}''$ , and is written only on one side of each leaf. On the inside of the cover is Vol: I. On the recto of the first leaf are the names of the judges written against their initials which are presumably autographs.

J. Randolph, Professor of Poetry & Greek, of Ch. Ch.	. J. R.
J. Davenport, Proctor, of St. J. Col.	. J. D.
T. Warton, Emeritus Profess <sup>r</sup> of Poetry, of Trin. Col.	. T. W.
J. Bandinell, Public Orator, of Jesus Col.	. J. B.
T. Hardcastle, Proctor, of Mert. Col.	. T. H.
S. Dennis, Vice Chancellor, of St. John's Col.	. S. D.

Then follows the name of the poem and the motto, which are repeated on the recto of the second leaf on which the poem begins.

Besides this text, for the purposes of this Appendix, use has been made of four other documents :—

A. A MS. of the first 158 lines of the first draft, corresponding to the first 166 lines of the poem in young James' handwriting on a sheet and a leaf of foolscap paper written on both sides. This appears to be the copy sent to Mr. Boucher, and is corrected in his handwriting. In the notes to the text, as here printed, s. m. (*secunda manu*) refers to Boucher's corrections and p. m. (*prima manu*) to the uncorrected text where it can be made out.

B. A MS. of the last lines of the poem numbered 95–190 corresponding to lines 103–198 of the poem as eventually sent in. This is prefixed to letter No. XCVI addressed to his father, and dated May 15, 1782.

C. Notes and Corrections on the blank versos of the copy sent in for competition.

D. The text as printed in *Poemata Praemiis Cancellarii Academicis Donata et in Theatro Sheldoniano Recitata*, vol. i. Oxonii, 1810. 'Columbus' occupies pp. 107–120.

The signature at the end and the note 'Praem. consequi,' &c. were of course added after the MS. had been returned to the writer.

## COLUMBUS.

Ἰνδῶν ἐρατεινῇ πεπταται αἶα. Διονυσ. Περιηγ.

Te quoque, cui magnum labentia sæcula nomen  
 Assensu tribuère uno; quem laudibus, alti  
 Consilii patrem, & rerum, *Columbe*, novarum,  
 Certatim decorat, seroquè *Europa* sepulchro;  
 Te quoque Musa suo, quamvis circum horrida miscet 5  
 Praelia *Iber*, strepituquè ciet stridente tumultus,  
 Prosequitur studio venerans. Tibi gestit honores,  
 Immemor infestæ gentis, necdum invida famæ,  
 Ferre auctos, cingens navali tempora lauro.  
 Te duce, jam terrarum oras penetrare latentes, 10  
 Oceani veteris thalamos, atque ultima mundi  
 Regna datum. patuère agri, quà nulla priores  
 Littoribus clausis tulerant vestigia nautæ.  
 Nam *Libyæ* objectis extremæ ubi frangitur unda  
 Oris, & gremio solem longinqua cadentem 15

The motto is found only in the copy sent in.

1. Te, cui praeclarum labentia. C, D.
4. decorat, meritisque Europa trophaeis. C, D.
5. Musa pio, quamvis. D.
9. auctos, et parva lubens dare sarta sepulcro. C, D.
13. Ad portum advecti legerunt carbasa nautae. C, D.
14. frangitur oris. A p. m.
15. Unda et sub gremio. A p. m.

Excipit, immensi tractu maris, hic Pater olim  
 Divisas penitus terras ingentiaquè arva  
 Seposuit procul, & vasto circum æquore vinxit.  
 Ni fecisset enim, mox pondere concita iniquo  
 Omnia, & incertis turbatus motibus orbis, 20  
 Quippe ruant : iterum dominantibus obruta tellus  
 Sidat aquis, dum monstra super phocæquè natantes  
 Pro pecudum vitis, hominum pro gente vagentur.  
 Id metuens, æquis libratum lancibus orbem  
 Hinc atque hinc secuit Genitor, partesquè locavit 25  
 Oppositas : hanc olim bello opibusquè potentem  
*Europam, Nomadumquè plagas, Eöaque regna :*  
 Illam *Atlantiacos* immani mole prementem  
 Fluctus ; illam adeò lato, volventibus annis,  
 Insignem imperio & fato meliore futuram. 30  
 Jamque, explorati repetitis cursibus, orbis  
 Dimidium patuit, jam navita littus, amicâ  
 Fretus acu, spernit, victorquè & noctis & austri,  
 Alta petit maria, & pelago spatiatur aperto.  
 Quid Tibi *Phœnicum* classem, *Hannonisquè* meatus, 35  
 Aut \**Diam*, ignoti primo salis aequora rostro  
 Expertum, referam ? meliori en ! sydere natus  
 Alter adest, majorquè viri se attollit imago !  
 Hunc † Rivalis honos, laudumquè immensa cupido,  
 Et positi sub sole novo spes credita mundi 40  
 Accendit, quem inter fluctus nimbosquè sequaces  
 Eductum, varias artes, usumquè profundi  
*Nereïdês*, unum ante alios, docuère magistræ.  
 Ille tamen fastusquè graves turpemquè repulsam,  
 Septem hyemes supplex alienis finibus errans, 45  
 Passus ; multa dolens animo, ne pectoris ingens  
 Consilium caderet, virtusquè periret inanis.  
 Jam verò rerum lucet felicior ordo ;  
 Fæmina dux facti : famæ præsaga futuræ  
 Ipsa *Isabella* viros acuit, promptisquè benigna 50  
 Praesidiis urget. Video per littus *Iberum*  
 Instare ardentes ; tandemquè vocantibus auris

33. spernit, ventisq. vocantibus audax. A p. m.

34. Prona petit. A p. m.

36. \* Barthol. Diaz. (Note in C and D.)  
 primo Maris aequora. A.

37. en ! omina nactus. A. en ! sidere natus. D.

39. † sc. Diaz. (Note to Rivalis in C.)  
 honos, hunc laudum. A.

40. om. A.

43. ~ s. m. Nereïdes primum ante alios. C, D.

48. vero melior rerum mihi nascitur ordo. A p. m.

49-51. famæ—urget. om. A.

Per mare, cunctatam nimium, procedere classem.

Vade, age! grande decus sæcli! te prospera jussit  
Religio, te certa animi conscendere fluctus 55

Auguria, & nullis virtus cessura periclis!

Tres illum perhibent totos longo ordine menses  
Per maris occidui spatia, atque inamabile marmor  
Rumpere iter, dum tristis hyems insuetaque cæli  
Exagitet rabies, cum jam spes perdita terræ, 60

Et socii increpitent ægrum, jubeantque reverti.  
Ipse tamen solus vultus ac verba minantùm  
Sustinet, inceptum peragens iter; ipse labores  
Perferre ingentes gaudet, proramque per altum  
Clavo hærens regere, & ponto invigilare tumentis. 65

Fata trahunt, atque ipsa augur fiducia, lævis  
Ominibus major. Tandem, post tanta pericla,  
Jam haerenti rebus dubiis, animoque labanti,  
Ecce! procul tandem ignotæ telluris imago  
Visa per obscuram noctem, spes suscitatur ægras! 70

Advortunt proras: fremit omnis nauta, solumque  
Praecipit exoptatum animo, terræque propinque  
Obtutu immoritur, spirantemque aëra captat.

Ipse heros primus, telis insignis & ostro,  
Ipse, reus votorum, ausis felicibus auctor, 75  
Exsilit in littus: socii simul agmine denso  
Corripiunt ripas amplexi, atque oscula figunt.

Haec adeò parva inventi primordia mundi  
Cepêre, oceani lassum. Jacet \*insula ponti  
Exiguo tractu; salvâ rate nomina ducit, 80  
Inde inter socias non despicienda *Bahamas*.

53. mare tardatam nimium. D.

55. Relligio. D.

58. occidui atq. illaetabilis undas. A p. m. (Wants a syllable.) Note in A s. m.

60. exagitat. D.

61-63. aegrum, tamen ipse minarum

Atque operis patiens, cursum tenet, ipse labores. C, D.

64. gaudet, navemq. per undas. A.

65. regere et ventis dare vela vocatis. A p. m.

67. Tandem, discrimine acerbo. C, D.

68. Dum gemit et mediis vehitur vix pinus in undis. C, D.

71. obvertunt proram. A s. m.

71-73. fremituque excedere navi,

optatisq. parant vestigia ponere Terris. A p. m.

74. insignis et auro. A. sic etiam in textu. p. m.

75. votorum, ausi mirabilis auctor. D.

78. Haec illum parva. A.

79. \* St. Salvador (note in A p. m., C, D.)

80. tractu; incolumi rate nomina duxit. A.

81. Inde parum socias inter despecta Bahamas. A.

Cedit terra viris ; quid enim certasse sub armis  
 Contra fata deûm, contra ipsa *Typhoëa* tela  
 Profuerit, quos nondum acies *Bellona* cruentas  
 Dirigere edocuit, castrisque exercita vita ? 85  
 Illos longa quies, illos blando ubere nutrit  
 Æternum veris gremium, dum segnis amorum  
 Militia in vacuas exercet vulnera mentes,  
 Et lusus circum suaves, & mollior æther  
 Mulcet, odoratumquè nemus, solesquè propinqui. 90  
 Scilicet his rerum nulla experientia, nulla  
 Vis animi. Classis trepidè mirantur *Iberæ*  
 Extantes malos, ventisque tumentia vela.  
 Ipsos quin etiam delapsos nubibus, altos  
 Credunt advenisse Deos, seu fortè volanti 95  
 Vectus equo, rutilis horret novus hospes in armis,  
 Attonitos quatiens animos ; seu saepe nigrantes  
 Cum sonitu nimbos simulataquè fulmina miscet.  
 Ergo sacro passim supplex veneratus honore  
 Indigena, ignotas herbas insuetaq: sorta 100  
 Affert, atque novi fragrantia munera mali,  
 Et numen facili sperat placare puellâ.  
 Jamque iterum Zephyrus felici à littore classem  
 Æquatæquè ferunt auræ. Juvat astra retrorsum  
 Servata, & patriam, charasquè revisere sedes. 105  
 At non securos rerum immunesquè pericli  
 Tendere iter fas est. Iterum niger urget ab alto,  
 Montanos fluctus insanaquè murmura volvens,  
 Nimbus, & adverso strident Aquilone procellæ.  
 Quis tibi tum misero suspendit pectora sensus, 110  
 Heu quantus, Columbe, pavor, discrimina sæva  
 Cernenti, ne jam iratis moriaris in undis  
 Infelix operum victor, simul ipsa trophæa

86. Illos blanda quies. D.

87-93. gremium, dum mollior aether

Aspirat, Zephyrusq. tepens, Solesq. propinqui,

Scilicet his rerum nulla experientia, nulla

Vis animi. Classis trepidè mirantur Iberæ

Ingentes malos, ventisq. tumentia vela. A p. m.

87-89. segnis amorum—suaves et. om. D.

91-93. om. A s. m.

94. quin etiam desertis nubibus. A p. m.

95-98. Deos, cum saepe nigrantes

Cum sonitu nimbos simulataque fulmina miscent. A p. m.

102. Inscius, et rudibus compellat numina votis. C, D.

Post 102. Hiatus—de cubâ et Hispaniolâ repertis. A.

103. Zephyrus cunctantem à littore. A p. m., B.

104. Aequataque vocant auræ. A p. m., B. Trade winds. Note in A s. m.

105. carasque. D.

Irrita, & ingentis pereant vestigia facti!  
 Non verò tantos nequicquam obiisse labores 115  
 Fata volunt: *Tagus* hospitio quin dives amico  
 Excipit, & patrias tutum dimittit ad oras.  
 Undique fama volat, trepidoquè *Hispania* fervet  
 Visendi studio. Quae te Regina movebant  
 Gaudia, gratantem reduces, quos ipsa per æquor 120  
 Egisti, auxilio & præsentî numine firmans?  
 Quid memorem, quali vultu es mirata canentem  
 Monstra maris, caeliquè minas, molemquè laborum?  
 Quid, cum parta novâ ostentat regione trophæa,  
 Insolitasquè hominum formas, terræquè repertæ 125  
 Primitias, auriquè nimis venerabile donum?  
 Scilicet has certè laudes, hæc præmia cœpti  
 Sera tenes heros, tardâ jam tempora lauro  
 Velans, & longè quæsito exceptus honore.  
 Interea crebris rursus stant æquora velis; 130  
 Ad portus gens tota ruit, tua numina in undas  
 Certa sequi, erroresquè tuos. Nil tædia longi  
 Exterrent pelagi, quos demum excita morantes  
 Increpitat virtus, prædæquè arrecta cupido.  
 Tollere vela iterum, validos incidere funes 135  
 Dux jubet. Illum adèd majoribus æquora fatis  
 Ulteriora vocant, ac rerum augustior ordo.  
 En! ubi centenis fluviorum fontibus agmen  
 Effundit, pelago volvens *Oronoco* sonanti,  
 Mille per immanes populos, sensêre ruentem 140  
 Littora, & ex imo gemitum Pater edidit amne!  
 Illum allabentem jam nunc pavet excita tellus  
*Guaianæ* attonito motu, & quâ cæditur atrum  
*Honduræ* nemus, aut series ubi *Mexica* rerum  
 Artifici filo plumâquè interprete pingit, 145  
 Usque ad *Amazonidum* ripas, *Platæ*què fluenta.

116. Fata sinunt. A p. m. hospitio te dives. C, D.  
 117. patrias tandem demittit. A p. m. patrias tutos dimittit. A s. m., B.  
 119. (Isabella). Note in A p. m.  
 122. Quid referam. B.  
 127. has tandem laudes. A. haec debita coepti. C.  
 128. Præmia habes, heros. C. Debita habes, Heros! D.  
 131. Ad portum gens. D.  
 133. exterrent cursus. A. pelagi, quos serò accensa morantes. C, D.  
 135. iterum, tortos incidere. A, B.  
 138. fluviorum è fontibus. A.  
 141. Flumina, et ex imo. A, B.  
 142. allabentem. A p. m. tremit. A p. m., B.  
 143. Guaianæ insolito motu, quaq. horrida caedes. A p. m., B. Guaianæ;  
 attonitæ motu. D.  
 144. Exercet Paria, aut. A p. m., B. Mexico. D.

Undique conveniunt gentes, quas nuncia latè  
 Fama ciet. Rapto celerans subit efferus arcu,  
 Quem, cursu assiduo gaudentem & cæde ferinâ,  
*Cumana* exercet sylvis, quemquè avia propter 150  
 Littora piscosis pascit *Nicaragua* stagnis  
 Maxima, semesoquè recens *Caribanus* ab hoste.  
 Esse etenim in fatiis (sic multos fama per annos  
 Tradiderat) fore longinquis è sedibus olim  
 Qui bello obstantes populos invitaquè regna 155  
 Vinceret, & patrios premeret sub calce penates.  
 Illum adeò auguriis quem nunc nova tela ferentem  
 Externosquè vident habitus, illum sibi regem  
 Portendi metuunt: illi contraria demens  
 Arma parat, clavamquè rapit, vibratquè sagittas 160  
 Incola, & insolitâ formidine sævior instat.  
 Quid referam, quoties plumbi exitiale volantis  
 Pondus, sulphureasquè exterritus impe e flammâs  
 Barbarus extimuit; vel quum densa agmina ducens,  
 Conseruit trepidas mutato numine pugnas 165  
 Fortior, Hispanâquè infecit clade *Belemum*?  
 At neque pulsæ acies retro, crudeliaquè astra  
 Dejiciant animos; quanquam te, quicquid amari  
 Sors habet, infractæquè rates, morbiquè, famesquè,  
 Et virtus mercede carens, & frigida Regis 170  
 Dextra, Pater, cruciet! viden' ut novus ordo nepotum,  
 Par ingressus iter, surgat, qui tollere nomen  
 Possit humo, & famam factis celebrare jacentem!  
 Aspice quàm latè variis *Eurofa* triumphis  
 Ferveat! hinc victor tranat *Vespusius* altum, 175  
 Plus æquo felix. Illinc micat acer in armis,  
 Cui patrios fines sceptrumquè coactus avitum

150. quemque ardua propter. D.

152. Caribæus. A, B, D.

154. longinquis ex sedibus. A, B.

155. populos et non sua regna. A p. m., B.

156. sub lege Penates. A p. m., B.

157. adeo fatiis, quem jam nova. A p. m., B.

159. Portendi exhorrent. Illo contraria. A, B.

161. sævior errat. A p. m.

163. Pondus, sulphureoque furentes impete flammâs. C, D.

166. infecit cæde Belemum. A.

167. At neq. pulsæ demum acies. B.

168. animos, quamvis Te. B.

171. Dextra premat, Genitor! viden'. B. pater! cruciat, viden'. D.

172. qui nomina possint. B.

173. Tollere humo, et famam. B. factis efferre jacentem! C, D.

177. fines, urbemq. expulsus avitam. B.

*Montezuma* dabit. Nec Tu, *Peruvia*, bello  
 Longe impar, stabis; quam nil arma ærea contra  
 Sol auctor gentis, nihil auri prodiga tellus 180  
 Juerit! ecce, etiam peregrinâ à sede profecta  
 Æmula gens *Britonum* zonas tentare nivales  
 Extremasquè erit ausa plagas, ubi Barbarus olim  
 Dediscet sævos mores, truculentaquè ponet  
 Ora, & squallenti comburet numine Divos. 185

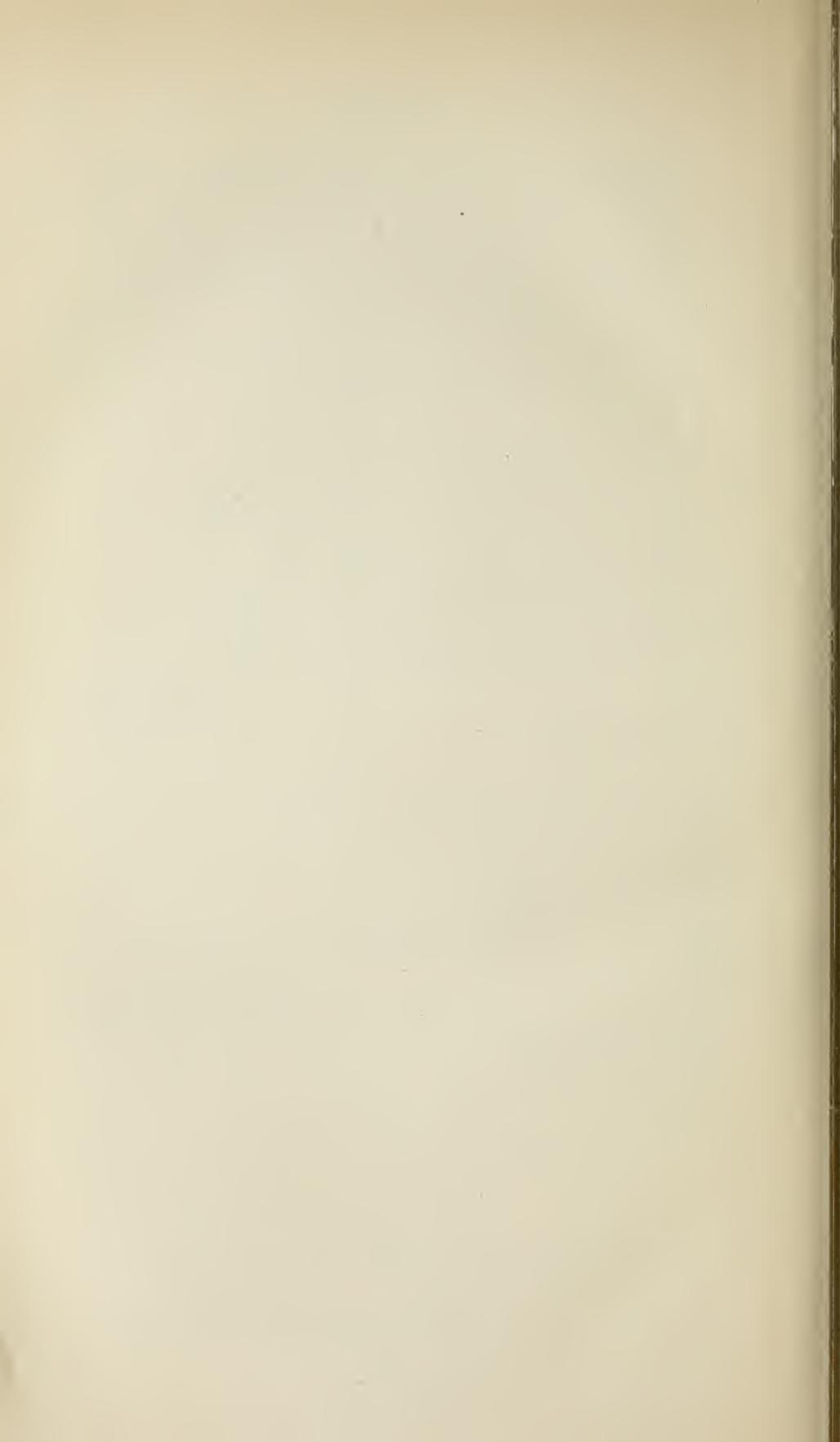
Fortunata nimis *Britonum* gens, si modo regna  
 Parta fovere sinu, pacisquè imponere leges  
 Fata sinant, justoquè amplecti fœdere natos!

Hæc aded, hæc tandem duræ solatia sortis  
 Accipies, magnoquè animum oblectabis honore 190  
 Optime Dux! nam quid robur celeresquè sagittas  
*Herculis*, aut *Bacchum* spoliis curruquè superbum,  
 Cladem *Asiæ* pestemquè, moror? te honestius ornat  
 Molitum meliora decus. Te maxima tellus,  
 Docta artes pulchras, fœdisquè erepta tenebris 195  
 Numine te auspiciisquè tuis, Patremquè, boniquè  
 Suspicit auctorem. His saltem lætabere donis  
 Scilicet: hæc manes descendet fama sub imos.

Præm. consequi:  
 In Theatro recitati  
 Jul: 2. 1782.

J. JAMES  
 è Col. Reg. Oxon.  
 1782

178. dabit. Quid Te, *Peruvia*. B.  
 179. impar, memorem, quam. B.  
 180. gentis, nil auri. B.  
 181. peregrina e sede. D.  
 183. Extremasque est ausa. B.  
 184. mores, informiaque ora. C, D.  
 185. Exuet, et divôm (divûm, D) squallentia numina franget. C, D.  
 187. imponere morem. B.  
 191. robur laurusq. cruentas. B.  
 193. Pestemq. morer? Te pulcrius ornat. B. Te sanctius ornat. C, D.  
 195. artes varias, foedisq. B.  
 196. Virtute auspiciisque. C, D.



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